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BY
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THE

ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA

A Record of the Tour of T. R. H. The Prince and Princess of Wales in India and Burma, from November 1905 to March 1906.

BY

STANLEY REED,

Special Correspondent of the "Times of India."

With Preface by SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, BART., G.C.I.E., *Chief of the Staff.*

BOMBAY:
BENNETT, COLEMAN & CO.,
THE "TIMES OF INDIA" OFFICE.

1906.

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entailed in the production of this Book was done at the Works of
BENNETT, COLEMAN & CO.,
The Times Press, Bombay.

The admirable series of photographs from which this
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BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

TO

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

PREFACE

By Sir Walter Lawrence, Bart., G.C.I.E., *Chief of Staff.*

IT was the wish of the Prince of Wales that the chief incidents of the tour of Their Royal Highnesses in India should be recorded in a continuous and permanent form. With the approval and permission of His Royal Highness, Mr. Stanley Reed was entrusted with the work. As a member of the staff of the *Times of India* he has a wide and peculiar knowledge of Indian affairs, he was with Their Royal Highnesses from the day they landed at Bombay to the day when they embarked at Karachi, and those whose duty it was to study the various accounts written of the tour considered that Mr Stanley Reed's letters were accurate, full, and continuous. With an enterprise worthy of itself and of the great City—Bombay—the *Times of India* has spared no pains nor expense in producing the book, and the author's bright pages and the beauty of the illustrations combine to make a volume at once attractive and worthy of its Indian origin. There is need for such a work. There were very few books or records regarding the Indian tour of the King-Emperor to assist the Prince of Wales when he drew up in February 1905 his preliminary programme, and a continuous and detailed account such as Mr Stanley Reed has presented would have been of great value to His Royal Highness and to those who helped to plan out the programme of the long journey through India The route taken was adopted with the idea of avoiding the oppressive heat of the South at the outset of the journey, but it was governed by three fixed dates The dates of the great field manœuvres in the Punjab, of the New Year's gathering in Calcutta, and of the shooting camp at Nepal could not be altered, and the plan of the tour was drawn so as to fit in with these three points. On the whole the route chosen served its purpose admirably. Their Royal Highnesses saw nearly all the places of chief importance, and were enabled to realise that India is a continent embracing countries of essential and striking differences In his speech at the Guildhall * the Prince

* *See* page 469.

of Wales gave a brief and graphic sketch of his wanderings. The larger picture is now given in Mr. Stanley Reed's book.

It is difficult to bring India vividly to the minds of those who have not travelled in the East, and the ordinary reader can hardly realise the enormous distances which Their Royal Highnesses travelled; and the laborious days and nights which were spent by India's Royal guests. Mr. Stanley Reed has not dwelt on the overpowering heat of Bombay, Rangoon and Mysore; nor on the bitter cold of Rawal Pindi, Peshawar and Quetta. To those who live in India the subject of weather and temperature is commonplace, but to Their Royal Highnesses, travelling thousands of miles; with engagements and ceremonials awaiting them from early morning to midnight, temperature was of considerable importance.

The author has given a faithful record of the more public ceremonials in which Their Royal Highnesses took part, but he was not in a position to notice the interviews, and conversations, which the Prince of Wales had with every type and shade of thought in India. These quiet conversations with Ruling Chiefs and leading Indians were perhaps fraught with more real usefulness than many of the splendid pageants in which India delights and excels.

Similarly Mr. Stanley Reed had no opportunity for knowing of the frequent interviews given by Her Royal Highness to Indian ladies, nor of the private sight-seeing, in which the Prince and Princess delighted whenever a chance occurred. Such chances were infrequent. They do not come to Princes and Viceroys. But though the tour was official, one may venture the assertion that Their Royal Highnesses have seen glimpses of the real and typical life of most classes in India, and it was largely due to their unflagging interest and sympathy in the lives alike of the lowly peasant and the Prince that they were enabled to get through the long and tiring journey, untired. It is no light thing to sleep twenty-eight nights in an Indian train, however luxurious, for the dust and the heat are no respecters of Royal trains.

It must be confessed that the programme was too ambitious, but it was very difficult for the Prince of Wales to refuse the pressing and affectionate invitations which poured in on him when the tour was announced. Many places of great interest had to be left out of the programme, but when once it was decided that Their Royal Highnesses would halt at a locality, it was hard to refuse the endless suggestions which filled and

more than filled the twelve hours. A Royal tour comes at rare intervals in India, and it is the signal for the almost magic growth of new Institutions. The track of the tour is usefully marked by Hospitals and Schools, but they must all be opened by the Prince. If the tour were still to be made, or if in the years to come another Royal visit is paid to India, certain days or parts of days should be strictly set aside for rest. The only rest on this tour was the Sunday, and on an Indian tour of such duration this is not sufficient.

There have been many changes during the thirty years which have elapsed since the King-Emperor paid his memorable and still remembered visit to India. The extension of the railway system made it possible for Their Royal Highnesses to visit Udaipur, the beautiful capital of His Highness the Maharana, Chief of Mewar, to study the problem of the Frontier at Peshawar and Quetta, and to see Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, annexed to the British Empire long after the King-Emperor's Indian tour. Railways have made great changes and education and civilisation have also worked perceptible alterations in the last thirty years. But though civilisation has changed much, it has not in any way affected the punctilious regard of the Indian Feudatories for ceremonial and etiquette, nor has it lessened in the slightest degree the veneration and devotion to the British Crown which they feel and display with charming abandon and pride. By an almost impromptu utterance * at the Durbar at Indore, the Prince convinced the Chiefs that he sympathised with them in their proud and proper desire to maintain the privileges of their position secure from innovation and eclipse. It came naturally to His Royal Highness and he was carrying out one of the King-Emperor's parting behests.

Nothing could have exceeded the warmth and real pleasure with which Their Royal Highnesses were greeted at the various capitals of Indore, Udaipur, Jaipur, Bikanir, Jammu and Kashmir, Mysore and Hyderabad. It has been my privilege to visit these Courts more than once, and nothing struck me on the tour more than the subtle difference which distinguished the reception of Their Royal Highnesses from the reception of a Viceroy. It was a remarkable difference—and there was no mistaking the feelings of veneration and love for the King-Emperor's son for those of respect which are always displayed towards the King-Emperor's representative. I saw the same difference in British territory. There are huge and courteous

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* *See* page 68.

crowds when a Viceroy passes, but the faces are different, and I have never seen before such outbursts of genuine simple affection as I saw when Their Royal Highnesses drove through the streets of the big cities. In the East it is the little things that count. Mr. Stanley Reed has mentioned some of the little acts of kindness which won the people to the Prince and Princess. I could give daily instances of the ready sympathy and the quick consideration which make the whole world kin, and from quite an early date on the tour Their Royal Highnesses felt that they were at home among these gentle kindly people, and the feeling was reciprocated.

It is curious and almost saddening to realise the enormous ignorance which prevails about the real facts of India. Quite recently in the dull season letters appeared in the Press headed "Our dead Failure in India." There certainly were during the tour no signs of failure in administration or in official efficiency. If so it was not patent during the Prince's tour, and inefficiency and failure were very cleverly concealed. There was no failure on the railways. Running day and night over thousands of miles, sometimes with change of gauge, Their Royal Highnesses arrived punctually to the minute. There was no failure on the part of the Civil Service and the Police. Huge crowds were marshalled, and some millions must have gazed on Their Royal Highnesses in dense lines in the streets, packed in the verandahs and on the roofs of houses, or perched on trees; and there was never an accident and rarely had the policeman to assert his authority. There was no failure, if experts may be believed, or if the impressions of non-experts may be accepted, in the splendid troops, British and Indian, which carried out manœuvres on a large scale in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi. In all Departments the Prince noticed efficiency, and he has left his opinion on record in speeches and letters, which now form part of the official literature of India.

The failure must then be sought in the condition of the people. Well, if the people, the millions, uneducated and unsophisticated, who constitute what is known as the Indian people, are unhappy, underfed, and badly governed, they too most cleverly played a part. One of the objects of the Prince of Wales was to see and be seen by the masses of the people. Long hours were given up to the drives through the crowded cities, and the pace was so regulated as to allow Their Royal Highnesses to see the people, and to stop whenever some object of special interest presented itself. They saw some millions of the people, and though the season had been unpropitious in India the general impression left with Their Royal Highnesses

was that of a healthy and contented and smiling people. The Prince visited a camp where timely provision was being made for a famine that happily did not come. If liability to famine connotes failure, those who have some knowledge of the meteorology, agriculture and irrigation of India must admit that in certain precarious tracts there must come failure. But it is unfair, almost impious, to attribute such failure to British rule, and happily the patient people, whose lot is cast in the zone of uncertain rainfall, know well that their misfortunes are not of human origin.

The journey through India was fortunate from beginning to end. There were no drawbacks, and everything went smoothly. Considering the size of the party accompanying Their Royal Highnesses it was remarkable that there was no sickness: considering the length of the journey and the heavy list of engagements, it was wonderful that each engagement was punctually fulfilled. Some confusion and dislocation of the programme was anticipated owing to the change of Viceroys, but the change had little effect on the administration of the Provincial Governments, and each Province vied with the other in strenuous efforts to make the Royal visit a success, and each succeeded. And as a crowning blessing to a journey, so free from trouble, the year of the tour will also be remembered as the year of bounteous rains and bumper harvests.

It is difficult to estimate the results of the tour. It may safely be said that the experiences gained during the long journey have inspired in the Prince and Princess of Wales an increased sympathy and an abiding interest in the welfare of the Indian peoples. To the people of British India and to the Feudatory Princes the kindly and unaffected consideration of Their Royal Highnesses forms another link in the strong chain which bound them in goodwill and gratitude to the good Queen and binds them to the King-Emperor. The splendid pageants of the King-Emperor's Coronation were concentrated at Delhi. The journey of the Prince has diffused the tradition of the Royal House through every Province of India and through Burma. May I, who was honoured by the confidence of Their Royal Hignnesses and was present at every interview, be allowed to express an opinion? It is based on my own observations, on a careful study of every word which has been written on the tour, and on a wide correspondence with Indians and Anglo-Indians of every degree—it is that the conscientious and dutiful discharge of the mission entrusted to Their Royal Highnesses by the King and his Government has strengthened the force of the British connection with India.

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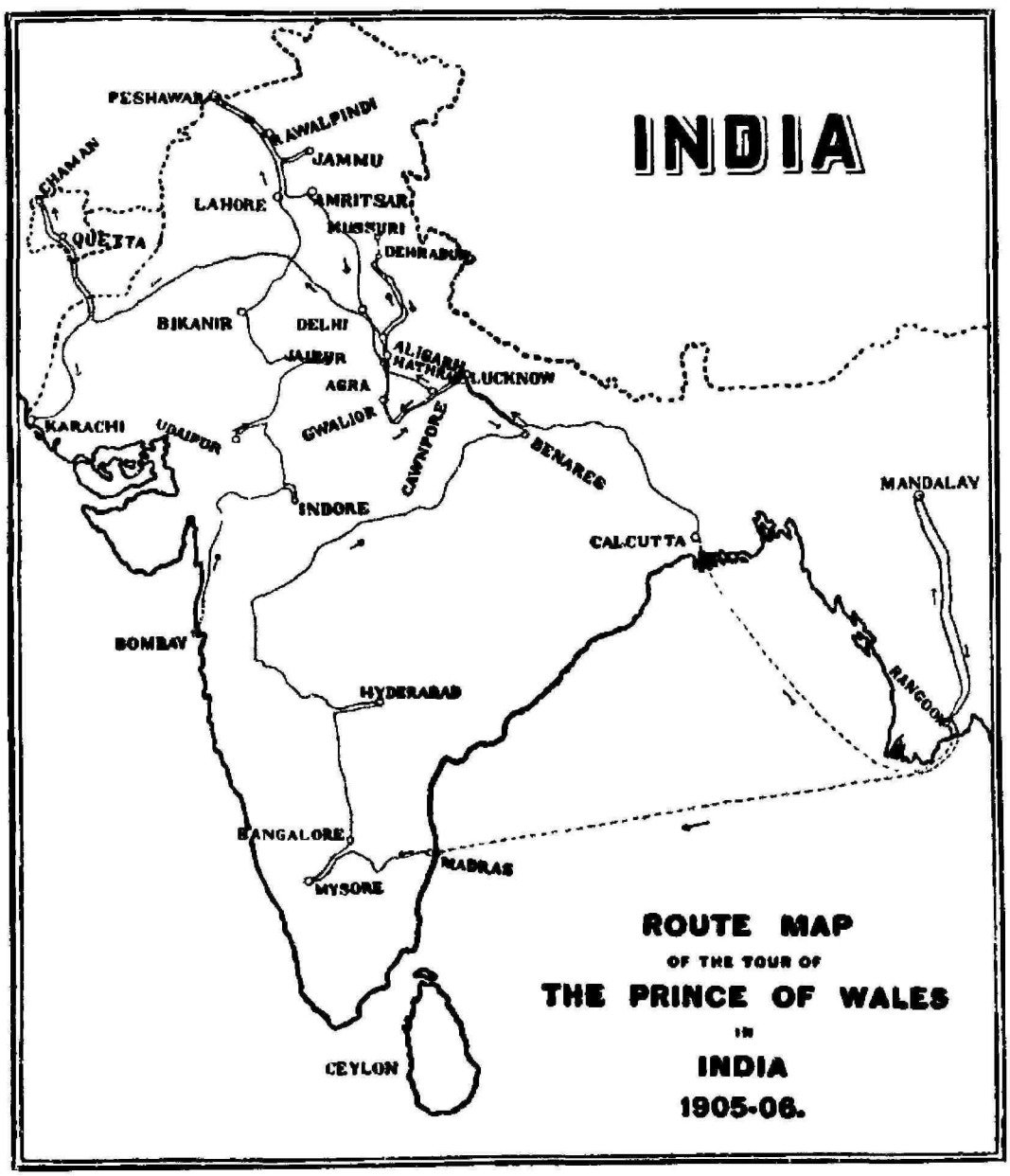
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CHAPTER I.

"The Island of Good Life."

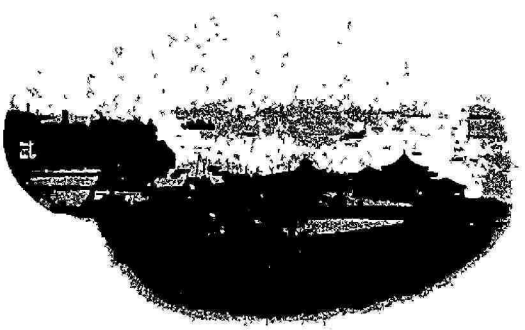
THE VOYAGE TO INDIA—A MESSAGE OF WELCOME—FIRST SIGHT OF BOMBAY—THE NEW INDIA—INDIAN LOYALTY—CEREMONIAL VISITS—THE LANDING—THE CORPORATION'S ADDRESS—FIRST SPEECH ON INDIAN SOIL—PROFOUND IMPRESSION CREATED—PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY—THE CLASH OF RACE AND CREED—JOY OF THE PEOPLE—AN INDIAN VIEW.

November 9th.

THE white-hulled *Renown*, her lighter guns removed and her cabins transformed to provide accommodation for the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite, slipped her moorings at Genoa on October 21st. Leaving Victoria Station two days earlier, Their Royal Highnesses had travelled overland to join their naval yacht in the ancient Italian port, and the battleship steamed into "The tideless sea" on the first stage in the second Royal progress through India. This being Trafalgar Day a special short service was held on board at noon. On Monday, the twenty-third, the Mediterranean Fleet of eight battleships, with their attendant cruisers and destroyers, was sighted off Pellaro and they escorted the *Renown* through the Straits of Messina. There was a brief halt at Port Said for the grimy duty of coaling, and the *Renown* passed through the Suez Canal on the twenty-eighth, reaching Aden, the westernmost point of the Indian Empire, five days later. Their Royal Highnesses did not land, for they made acquaintance with the dubious charms of Aden, its landscape with the beauty of a cinder heap and the climate of an ashpit, when they travelled round the Empire on the *Ophir*; but here they came in touch, through the cable, with the Government whose jurisdiction they had entered. In a graceful message the Viceroy tendered the greetings of the Dependency: "On the arrival of Your Royal Highnesses at the first outpost of the Indian Empire, may I venture to offer you a Loyal and enthusiastic welcome? All India has no other desire than to make your visit a memorable and unbroken success." The telegraph flashed back the Prince of Wales' reply: "On our arrival in Indian waters the Princess

of Wales and I wish to take the earliest opportunity of sending a warm message of esteem and goodwill to you and to the people of India. We are much touched by your kind message of welcome."

This morning those on the *Renown* saw the island of Bombay loom through the steamy mist at sunrise. The approach to Bombay illustrates very vividly the new India that has arisen, at the touch of Britain's wand, on the ruins of the crumbling mediæval empires. First is dimly discerned the low-lying western shore, flat as Venice from the Adriatic, wrapped in umbrageous growth, and slowly disclosing Saracenic dome and Gothic campanile. Northward the land rises to the wooded slopes of Malabar Hill, which curve westward till they enfold a bay as noble as the familiar waters of Naples. This is Bombay "The Island of Good Life," the spicy East of tradition and of romance. But when the incoming steamer rounds the sharp promontory that guards the splendid harbour against the battering monsoon seas, it enters an atmosphere as alien to the romantic East as that of Manchester or Liverpool. Along the eastern foreshore rise rank on rank of the "skyscrapers" into which the middle classes have been driven by the increasing pressure of population upon a narrow island. Stately liners and weather-beaten tramps tug at their moorings in the swift-flowing tideway. Under their lee shelter a multitude of country craft, as high-pooped as the caravels of Columbus, whose leg-of-mutton sails wing them, as they have for centuries, to Muscat, Aden and Zanzibar. Over their forward-raking masts rise the buildings of a great commercial city, the storehouses of a prosperous sea-port, whilst the sky is blackened with the smoke of hundreds of factories grinding out the cloth and the yarn that press harder the products of Lancashire year by year. This is the new India, evolved under the ægis of British rule, which is shaking the ancient fabric of Oriental society to its foundations.



Apollo Bunder, Bombay.

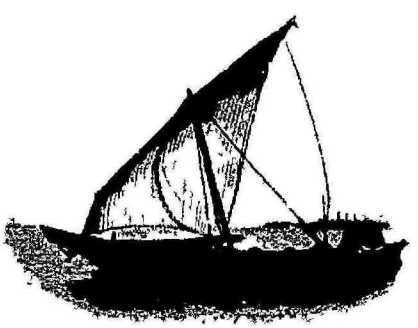
When His Majesty the King-Emperor set foot in Bombay thirty years ago, almost to a day, the forces that are now vibrating had scarcely been set in motion. The Suez Canal and the cable had removed the remoteness of the West; the telegraph and the railways had broken down the barriers that divided India into an agglomeration of inaccessible countries; English was beginning to provide people whose tongues are as

different as French and Russian with a common medium of expression; Western thought and culture were storming the moss-grown walls of eastern learning; and mills smoking in Bombay and on the banks of the Hughli were creating a new industrial population. But these movements were in their infancy; they have gained force year by year until India is stirred by new thoughts and ambitions, and the ripples are spreading outward until they lave the bases of Indian conservatism—the women and the villages. The Prince and Princess came to an India scarcely recognisable in some respects as the country visited by His Majesty; but amid all these changes, which go far deeper than the casual observer imagines, the sentiment of personal loyalty and devotion, which is near to the Indian heart, has not waned. On the contrary, it has grown stronger as the peoples have found in Queen Victoria and King Edward their ideal of benevolent sovereignty. In 1876, however, the country was strange to the personality of royalty; the reception of the then Prince of Wales was tinged with an awe and timidity that slowly yielded to his tact and charm of manner. There was reverence and respect in the greeting that India gave to Their Royal Highnesses to-day, but dominated by joy and pride in the occasion. In the interval India has learnt to regard the Royal family as the permanent factor in the British connection and to recognise that their sympathy with the country is not surpassed by the most patriotic of her own children.

It was in this spirit that India made ready to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Bombay equipped herself for the duties of host. The joyous note that sounded throughout the days of preparation was deepened by the prosperous condition of the city. During the past decade Western India has experienced a disastrous succession of misfortunes, famine following famine, and plague scourging the population year after year. The depressing effect of these calamities on the capital city was accentuated by the unprofitableness of the textile industry. Now all these adverse influences have passed away. The harvest is abundant except in a few of the Deccan districts, the pestilence is almost non-existent, and the material well-being of the citizens is greater than at any period in modern times. Add to this the entire absence of any of those causes of friction that sometimes darken the political atmosphere, and there did not exist one spot to dim the brightness of the day. Apparently many people were alert long before sunrise, for as soon as it was light the streets were alive with pedestrians of all sorts. Some were engaged in putting the finishing touches to the house decorations, but the majority wended their way to the harbour front, which was as

crowded at seven o'clock as Epsom Downs on Derby Day. There they gazed steadily out to sea as if they expected the *Renown* and her escort to come in sight hours before the official time. In India we are not apt to take much account of the weather, after the rains; but in this respect it was November at its best. With the rising of the sun a pleasant breeze set in, so that instead of the usual mist of early morning veiling the distant hills and wrapping the shipping in a tenuous haze, the islands and the mainland stood out sharply, even the contour of the old pirate stronghold of Kenheri was clearly visible, and every detail of the sombre warships, H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and *Perseus*, and the Portuguese gunboat *San Gabriel*, present by command of King Carlos, was in bold relief. Exactly as eight bells struck the shrill call of the bugle rang out from the flagship. In a trice every vessel broke out into a dancing array of flags in honour of His Majesty the King-Emperor's birthday.

For the last hour the presence of the *Renown* and her escort had been indicated on the horizon beyond the outer lightship, and now the sharp crack of three guns showed that they had entered the harbour. First came the *Fox* and the *Proserpine*, acting as outriders, steaming abreast. Next the *Renown*, flying His Royal Highness's flag as Master of Trinity House at the fore and his own standard at the main. The towering bulk of the *Terrible* brought up the rear. In this array the warships steamed slowly into the harbour until they were obscured by the smoke of the guns as they roared out the Royal salute. When the vapour lifted it was seen that the formation of the incoming squadron had changed. The *Fox* and the *Proserpine* bustled ahead and took station in line with the warships of the East Indies Squadron As the *Terrible*, owing to her great draught, could not approach the shore, she was despatched on a lonely cruise to the north-east and the *Renown* moored opposite the Apollo Bunder. When the cables had finished rattling through the hawse pipes, the squadron simultaneously "dressed ship" and the opening phase in the arrival of the Royal visitors was completed.



A Native Boat

A long wait was in store. The *Renown* was at her moorings three-quarters of an hour before programme time, and no further major ceremony was due until the State departure of His Excellency the Viceroy four hours hence.

His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies Station, Admiral Poe, and his Staff proceeded on board the Royal ship, and the Commanders of the men-of-war followed, but as this service was rendered in the boats it was quietly and expeditiously performed. Yet one other interesting observance remained. By a happy thought the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses was arranged to coincide with His Majesty the King-Emperor's birthday, and, as we have recorded, early in the day ships were dressed in celebration of the event. But the Imperial salute yet remained to be fired and the commands of His Royal Highness as to this were awaited. The crack of the first gun from the *Hyacinth* precisely at noon indicated the hour selected, and the further Royal salute of thirty-one guns then roared out from all the warships in the harbour. The crowd melted away, traffic almost ceased, and everyone retired to prepare for the great events of the afternoon.

The wait proved less tedious than was expected. With a view to giving Their Royal Highnesses more daylight for their progress through the town the Viceroy expedited his departure by a quarter of an hour. This brought the whole programme forward, and by half past one o'clock the troops commenced to line the streets. Now too the privileged guests bidden to receive the Prince in the *shamiana* began to arrive: Native Chiefs in their gorgeous equipages and still more brilliant robes; High Court Judges in wig and gown; Secretaries in their handsome uniforms of blue and gold, and Consuls in the official dress of a dozen nationalities. By the time the Viceroy was due the *shamiana* presented a mass of colour; scarcely a plain black was to be seen; but most striking of these variegated groups was that of the Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency. They literally blazed with cloth of gold and costly gems, which found an appropriate background in the flowing white robes of their principal officers of State who sat behind them.

The ring of horses' hoofs on the hard macadam and the distant rumble of the guns announced the approach of His Excellency the Viceroy. As the head of the procession rounded the Wellington Fountain—the centre of a dense throng of spectators—it presented a gallant sight—Hussars in their spotless summer kit, Horse Artillery in immaculate white, the dark blue lungis of the Native Cavalry and the brilliant headgear of the Body-guard. Up the broad highway they came, turned sharply under the triumphal arch leading from the *shamiana* to the dais where the Corporation presented their address, and then melted away into the network of roads beyond. British Hussars and lean-visaged Sikhs, sturdy Gunners and

Imperial Service Cavalry from Kathiawar—a seemingly endless procession—until the splendid men of the Viceregal Bodyguard immediately preceded Lord Curzon's carriage which drew smartly up under the archway. Lord and Lady Curzon at once alighted, the carriage passed on with the remainder of the escort, who disappeared to take up their positions for the Royal procession. His Excellency wore diplomatic uniform, with the ribbon of the Star of India. Lady Curzon was gowned in an exquisite dress of dove grey, with a large hat to match. It was a source of considerable pain to everyone present to see how ill His Excellency looked; he walked with a stick and his whole bearing was that of a tired man. But the indomitable will triumphed over his physical weakness, and when Lord Curzon stopped to talk with one or another of his friends, the eye kindled, the manner was as earnest and vigorous as in his strongest days. At the Bunder-head there was a halt for few minutes, which His Excellency spent in conversing with those around him. Then, precisely at three o'clock, accompanied by Lady Curzon, he descended the steps and set out for the *Renown*. Once again the guns roared out the Royal salute, once again the men-of-war were manned. To the booming of these guns the launch shot out from the shore, and was soon lost to view in the smoky haze created by the firing of the salute.

His Excellency the Governor's arrival was most unobtrusive. Lord Lamington drove up under the usual escort, alighted, and walked straight to the Bunder-head. He was accompanied on board by an official deputation from the Bombay Presidency—the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, in wig and gown; the Bishop of Bombay, the Rt. Rev. W. R. Pym, D.D., an imposing figure in his flowing robes; and the Members of Council, the Hon. Mr. E. M. H. Fulton, C.S.I., and the Hon'ble Mr. J. W. P. Muir-Mackenzie, in their Secretariat uniform. When His Excellency's flag was hoisted on his boat the warships were manned, the guards paraded, and the salute was fired. Arrived on the *Renown* the members of the Bombay deputation were presented to Their Royal Highnesses by His Excellency the Governor.

The short half-hour which followed passed quickly. Busy launches were plying between the *Renown* and the shore bringing the members of Their Royal Highnesses' Staff, including Sir Walter Lawrence, K.C.I.E., the Chief of Staff, who earlier in the afternoon was quietly active ashore, completing the arrangements for the landing. Soon too His Excellency the Governor returned, under the usual salutes, with the members

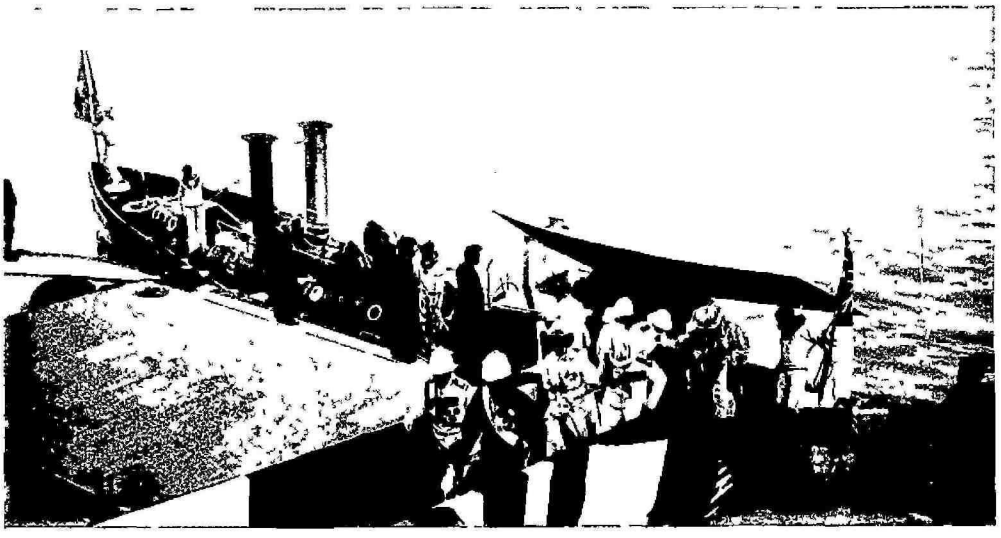
of the Bombay deputation. There was a brief pause, the waterway from the *Renown* to the shore was cleared, and a few moments of tense expectation supervened. Then a puff of white smoke from the starboard quarter of the *Hyacinth*, a sharp detonation—Their Royal Highnesses had left the ship which had borne them so well to India. Promptly the challenge from the Flagship was taken up by the war vessels, and the Royal salute boomed round the Fleet. A few minutes passed before the tiny launch of the *Renown*, a speck of vivid green with upper works of gleaming white, appeared round the bow of the battleship. The cruisers were now manned in full naval fashion, and as each was passed the guards paraded and the bugles rang out the salute.

Absolutely unattended the gallant little craft sturdily ploughed her way through the water. Save for the cracking naval artillery there was no sound, only an atmosphere of strained expectation. The object of every gaze, the launch drew near the shore and was brought alongside the landing pier with seamanlike precision. Strong arms made her fast to the gangway, a small ladder was hooked to the gunwale, and His Excellency the Viceroy, followed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and finally by Her Excellency Lady Curzon landed upon India's strand. It was an historic event calculated to stimulate a joyous pride in that phenomenal aggregation of nations which constitutes the British Empire, a veneration for that subtle link, stronger than any steel bonds—loyalty to a revered throne—which welds together these peoples beyond the seas. The heir to all the Britains come with his gracious consort to complete his world-tour by a long journey in the strange land which is the brightest jewel in the Imperial crown. But the British are a people averse to rhapsodizing, and the ceremony was stamped with such a quiet dignity, such a wise absence of pomp and glitter, that these feelings remained in their proper place—locked in the recesses of each man's heart. At the foot of the steps were grouped the officers of the Staff, conspicuous amongst them the chivalrous Sir Pertab Singh, in the rich uniform of Honorary Colonel of the Imperial Cadet Corps, and three Native aides-de-camp, a grizzled native officer from the Punjab, a hawk-eyed Pathan and a wiry Gurkha. As His Royal Highness set foot in India Sir Pertab Singh, the mirror of Rajput chivalry and fit representative of the warrior races of Hindustan, stepped forward, and,

H.M.S. "Renown.

bowing profoundly, laid his sword first at the feet of the Prince of Wales, and then at those of Her Royal Highness—the oriental symbol of homage and devotion. For a few moments the Prince conversed with his Staff and then, still accompanied by Lord Curzon, the Princess of Wales and Lady Curzon following, he ascended the steps to the Bunder-head, where the high officials were in waiting.

His Royal Highness wore the cool white summer uniform of a Vice-admiral, with a sun helmet, the only decoration being the ribbon of the Star of India. Her Royal Highness paid an equally graceful compliment to the premier Indian Order, her costume being an extremely simple one



Landing at the Apollo Bunder

of white, with a toque to match, relieved only by a few touches of the same delicate shade of blue. The Prince of Wales looked in the best of health, bronzed and strengthened by the voyage. The whole ceremony in the *shamiana* was characterised by a grave simplicity. His Royal Highness was received by His Excellency Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., Governor of Bombay, and his Staff; H.E. Rear-Admiral E. S. Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in India, and his Staff; the Hon. Sir Lawrence H. Jenkins, Kt, K.C.I.E., Chief Justice, High Court, Bombay; the Right Rev. W. R. Pym, D.D., Bishop of Bombay; the Hon. Mr. E. M. H. Fulton, C.S.I., and the Hon. Mr. J. W. P. Muir-Mackenzie, Members of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay; and

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., Commanding the Western Command, and his Staff, the presentations being made by Lord Lamington himself. Then, preceded by the Governor, the Prince walked slowly along the line of honoured officers and Chiefs, each one of whom was presented in turn. First came the Consuls, then the Judges of the High Court, afterwards the leading gentlemen of the Presidency and the Native Chiefs. As each presentation was made His Royal Highness shook hands with unaffected cordiality. This part of the ceremony over, the Prince of Wales inspected the smart guard-of-honour of the Royal Scots, and, followed by his Staff, walked under the triumphal arch to the dais where he was to receive the Corporation's address.

Seats were provided for the Royal visitors whilst the address was being read. Disdaining these the Prince and Princess of Wales advanced to the front of the dais and stood during the whole ceremony. This then was the position. On the dais were Their Royal Highnesses and Lord and Lady Curzon; behind, their brilliant Staffs, and in front first the members of the Municipality and then some four thousand of the leading citizens, seated in chairs. Facing the Prince and Princess was the handsome facade of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club Chambers, one of numerous evidences of the solid enterprise of the British community. On their left the many-storied residential blocks; on their right the Apollo Bunder, splashed with the scarlet uniforms of His Excellency the Governor's Sikh Bodyguard, and the smart Cadets of the Rajkumar College, waiting to take their place in the procession. Many of those who had been presented now joined the circle, waiting to hear His Royal Highness's speech, and no gathering could have been more representative of the Presidency and of the city which is its capital. It was marked by one characteristic that could not be paralleled outside Bombay. Mingled with the bright-eyed and fair-complexioned daughters of Britain was no mean sprinkling of Parsi ladies, distinguished by their gentle features and graceful dress of broidered silks. Elsewhere in India the rigours of the purdah shut off well-born women from all participation in public ceremonies. The partial removal of that barrier in Bombay is one of the many debts the city owes to the enlightened people who made the Western Presidency their home when driven from Persia for their reforming zeal thirteen centuries ago. The Honourable Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta, K.C.I.E., the President of the Corporation; Mr. W. D. Sheppard, Municipal Commissioner; and Mr. Sassoon J. David, Sheriff of Bombay, were presented to Their Royal Highnesses. Then Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta,

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READING THE BOMBAY MUNICIPAL ADDRESS.

speaking in clear strident tones, welcomed the Royal visitors in the following terms :—

May it please Your Royal Highnesses,—We, the President and Members of the Municipal Corporation of the City of Bombay, beg to tender to Your Royal Highnesses in the name and on behalf of all its inhabitants an earnest, enthusiastic and loyal welcome on your first landing on the shores of India.

A part of the dowry brought to an English Sovereign by his Portuguese bride, Bombay has been long associated with the Royal Family of England, and may justly lay claim to be a Royal City, and we therefore proudly consider that it is only in the fitness of things that this City should lead the hearty greetings and rejoicings that eagerly await Your Royal Highnesses throughout the length and breadth of this country.

Under the ægis of the British Crown and its wise and generous policy of equality, sympathy and toleration, this City has marvellously thriven as an important centre of trade, commerce and industry. At the time when it came to King Charles II., it was an insignificant cluster of islets, as shown on one panel of the casket which will hold this address, with a sparse population of 10,000 souls, whose only trade was in dried fish and cocoanuts. Bombay now takes a high place among the great cities of the Empire and of the world, and the foundations of its growth and prosperity are so deeply laid that though we have of recent years passed through dire visitations of pestilence and disease, aggravated by agricultural distress throughout the Presidency, this growth and prosperity have not only not been permanently checked but have continued to increase. We gratefully see in this wonderful transformation the righteous beneficence of British rule, founded on justice and equality, making no distinctions of colour or creed, and extending equal opportunities to men of varied creeds and nations who inherit ancient civilizations from widely separate families of mankind.

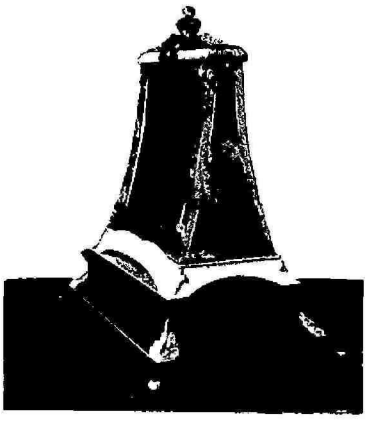
It is thirty years almost to a day that we had the inestimable privilege of welcoming Your Royal Highness's August father, our most gracious Sovereign, the then Prince of Wales, on his historic visit to this country, the happy memories whereof are yet cherished throughout the land, among high and low, with pride and affection. We may be pardoned for fondly believing that it was during that visit that His Imperial Majesty first displayed those great qualities of head and heart which have to-day enabled him to play so noble a part in the peaceful destinies of mankind and to win the esteem and admiration of the whole world, and which then contributed powerfully to develop the loyalty of the people of India into personal attachment to the Royal Family of England, the foundations of which had been laid deep in the hearts of the people of this country by the sympathy and solicitude which the great and good Queen-Empress Victoria had constantly shown for their well-being and advancement.

We pray Your Royal Highnesses to convey to His Majesty our feelings of unalterable loyalty and personal attachment, and our gratitude for the proof he has once more given of his great care and regard for his Indian subjects in sending

not only his Royal Son and Heir to become personally acquainted with them, but in doing them the high grace of sending him accompanied by his Royal Consort the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness's gracious and kindly presence amongst us cannot but deeply touch the heart of the country, of people of all classes and all grades alike, who will value beyond measure so striking a token of her womanly sympathy and solicitude for them. We joyously hail with heartfelt greetings the first Princess of Wales to set foot on the soil of India.

We now pray that benign Providence may watch over Your Royal Highnesses' progress throughout this country and bring it to a blessed and happy conclusion, so that it may prove fruitful of results, binding together closer and still more close the ties which unite the two countries, whom a wonderful dispensation of Providence has brought together from distant ends of the world, to the lasting glory of your Royal House and of the great Empire over which it presides.

The address was enclosed in a casket, in the shape of a cabinet gracefully curving outwards toward its base, that preserved many episodes in the history of Bombay. On the principal panel was a map of India, with the sea in gold and silver, the land in silver-gilt and the mountains in high relief. All the principal towns were represented by precious stones—the Provincial capitals—Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Allahabad, Lahore and Dacca—in emeralds; the other fifty towns in cabochon rubies. The opposite panel was divided into a pair of doors: one depicting Bombay as it was in 1661 when Sir Abraham Shipman came to take possession of it for King Charles as part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza—seven petty islands, linked by swamps over which the sea roared at high tide; the other modern Bombay, the islets welded by costly reclamations, the home of nearly a million people and the finest city in India. Round the map of India and the panelled doors ran pierced floral scrolls in gold, in which were shown peacocks and parrots studded with gems, reproducing the true colourings of the birds. Amid many other characteristic emblems two were notable—reproductions of the statues of her late Majesty Queen Victoria and His Majesty the King-Emperor, and the panels from the latter showing His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, receiving the Chiefs on arriving in Bombay thirty years ago, and greeting a deputation of Indian ladies.



Bombay Municipal Casket.

In reply His Royal Highness said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay,—I thank you most sincerely for the kind and enthusiastic welcome which you have given to the Princess of Wales and myself. We are both deeply

moved by your touching allusion to her presence here. She is, indeed, proud to be the first Princess of Wales to have set foot on these shores. (Cheers.)

The words of your address, eloquent as they are, will not, however, convey to our fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire what we see here to-day. Nor do they render full justice to the efforts and good-will of the citizens of this great western port of India, which culminate in this splendid ceremony.

Just thirty years ago, all but a day, my dear father, the King-Emperor, was standing not far from this very spot, and was saying that it had been the dream of his life to see India. (Loud cheers.) The Princess and I have had similar anticipations; and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the manner in which you and your fellow-workers have brought these dreams to realisation. In thus following in the footsteps of my father, we are but carrying out the tradition established by him, and one which, I trust, will be repeated as generation succeeds generation. I hope, and, indeed, I am confident, that the same loving interest in this great Continent, which was inspired in my father's heart by his visit to India, and which has never abated, will equally come to us. (Cheers.)

If, as we travel through the various countries which make up this great Empire, the Princess and I can win the sympathy and good-will of the peoples of India, we shall secure a precious result from the voyage which we have been privileged to undertake. It is the last stage of our memorable and happy mission of four years ago to His Majesty's great Dominions across the Seas. Though strangers to this beautiful city, we have read much and heard much of your trials and achievements. As the capital of Western India, and the port which links this Eastern continent with Europe, Bombay has had to adapt herself, more, perhaps, than any other Oriental city, to the requirements of modern life. She has to live up to her position, and as the threshold of this picturesque and fascinating land of India that position is somewhat exacting. But if I may judge from a brief impression from the sea, and from what I have observed here, Bombay does not fall short of her obligations. Apart from the beauty of her buildings and her natural advantages, she has thoughts for trade facilities, and for what is of equal, or, perhaps, greater importance, for the health and well-being of nearly 800,000 people.

I am delighted to be associated with the new Dock, and with the first large street which the City Improvement Trust has constructed. Like all great cities which depend on commerce, Bombay has had her vicissitudes, and your Municipal history has its counterpart in many other cities of our Empire which I have had the pleasure of visiting. Your period of prosperity has endowed you with buildings and other possessions, of which you may well be proud (Cheers.) But it also brought you a population, perhaps inconveniently large, and you are now wisely grappling with the problems which have beset us in the West—the problems of wide streets and healthy industrial quarters.

I wish you, Mr. Chairman, and all who are working for the welfare of Bombay, God-speed. I can imagine no nobler work than the endeavour of the individual to do something for his town.

There is one drawback to journeys such as that on which the Princess and I are now starting. Time is all too short to see everything, and to tell everyone who has joined in greeting us how heartily grateful we are. I have inherited from my father (cheers) and from our late beloved Sovereign (cheers) your first Queen-Empress, a love for India and for Indians. (Cheers.) From my youth I have associated the name of India with qualities of kindness, loyalty, courtesy and bravery, and I doubt not that these early ideas will be confirmed and strengthened by the experiences which await me in the next few months. (Cheers.) We cannot, as we should like, see all your many institutions, but we hope to have opportunities of gaining some insight into those of a similar character in other parts of India. We both hope to carry home with us, not only a warm sympathy and affection for the people of India, but an increased and abiding interest in India's wants and problems, and an acquaintance with the various classes, official and non-official, British and Indian, which, under God's providence, are labouring to one end—the well-being of India and the happiness of her peoples. (Cheers.)

I will not fail to convey to the King-Emperor the expression of your loyal devotion to his Throne and person. (Cheers.) And, remembering that to-day we celebrate His Majesty's birthday, these assurances will come to him with especial gratification. (Cheers.) And I feel sure that this great company will join with me in wishing him very many happy returns of the day. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

It is impossible for anyone who is not familiar with India, and who does not, therefore, understand the extraordinary veneration in which the peoples of this country hold the Royal House of England, quite to appreciate the anxiety with which His Royal Highness's speech was awaited. A new generation has grown up since His Majesty King Edward made his historic tour, and though the recollection of that visit is still a fragrant memory, few are left who retain a direct impression of it. Indians of all classes have learnt that the wise and beneficent principles embodied in the reign of the first Queen-Empress were inherited by her son. They looked, with tense anxiety, to see how far they would pass to her grandson, who will ultimately stand to them as the symbol of the British connection. The Prince of Wales' gracious words more than satisfied the most ardent expectations. They were delivered in clear and measured tones that penetrated to the farthest part of the audience, and His Royal Highness's earnest and sympathetic message struck a chord that at once gave a ready response. When he said that the tradition established by the visits of his father and himself to India was one "which, I trust, will be repeated as generation succeeds generation," the spontaneity of the acknowledgment showed how warmly the hope is cherished by every race and creed in the Dependency. In no city in the East is civic patriotism more robust than in Bombay,

and it was with special pleasure that those who are engaged in municipal government heard the Prince declare his conviction that he could imagine no "nobler work than the endeavour of the individual to do something for his town." The sincere veneration for the memory of "Victoria the Good," and the profound attachment to the person of His Majesty the King-Emperor, which were evoked by references in the latter portion of the speech, were grateful recognitions of all that India owes to the Royal Family. The

Passing the Sailors' Home, Bombay.

audience was not one given to much demonstration, and the feelings inspired by His Royal Highness's message were too deep to find noisy expression, but his words were carried away by everyone of his audience.

One pleasing Oriental observance remained,—the presentation of bouquets and the garlanding of Her Royal Highness. There was a smiling discussion between the Princess of Wales and Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta as to whether the garland should be worn in the traditional manner, round the neck, but Her Royal Highness compromised by carrying it on her

arm. The ceremonies attending the landing were now over; then commenced the Royal progress through the town.

The units of the procession which escorted the Royal carriage through the streets of the city to Government House represented many phases of the present order in India. At their head rode a smart English Police Officer, one of the little corps which directs the force of native constabulary who keep the peace in Bombay, followed by the Staff Officers of the Quartermaster-General's Department. Then came the Band and a squadron of the 10th Hussars, the crack cavalry regiment of the British Army. With a record of war service extending from the Peninsula, the Tenth saw further hard campaigning in South Africa; a hard-bitten, soldierly body, many of the men wearing the South African medal, well-mounted and faultlessly equipped and bearing themselves as men who have faced the realities of war. The hoarse rattle of guns told of the coming of "P" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. Whatever critics may have to say of the British Army none has expressed anything but admiration for the gallant Gunners, and the only fault that could be found with the splendid Battery was that their guns should have been on the scrap heap. In the sharpest contrast succeeded a squadron of the 33rd Queen's Own Light Cavalry, sombre-visaged Jats and Sikhs, Kaimkhanis and Mussulman Rajputs. Led by their Commanding Officer, Colonel Grantham, they looked the picture of what light cavalry should be,—lean and hard as nails, not an ounce of superfluous weight on the horse, with the rifle carried in an ingenious fashion that has earned the admiration of the great Kitchener, and swords tucked under the near saddle flap. They were in full dress uniform—dark-blue lungis with red kullas, blue blouses, white breeches and putties. Even more interesting was the representative detachment of Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers which was then led past by Major Talbot. The Chiefs of Junagadh, Bhavnagar and Navanagar are proud to maintain Lancer squadrons who are at once a source of strength to the *Raj* and afford an outlet to the martial spirits in the States; as they moved gallantly along, worthy comrades of the Regular Cavalry, these patriotic Princes had good cause to rejoice in their participation in the Marquis of Dufferin's well-timed plan to bring a proportion of the retainers of the Native States into line with the regiments of the standing Army.

With nodding plumes and gallant bearing, superbly horsed, the personal Staff of the Lieutenant-General Commanding and the Staff Officers of the Western Command followed. Sir Archibald Hunter rode alone,

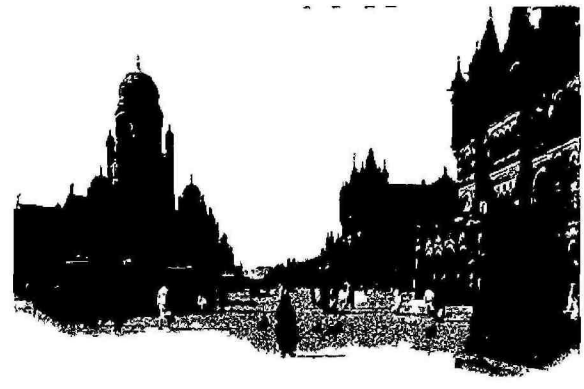
mounted on a magnificent dark charger, the cynosure of all eyes, the quondam sword arm of the Egyptian Army and, as the late G. W. Steevens so happily wrote, "the true knight-errant—a paladin drifted into his wrong century." Another troop of the gallant Tenth rattled past, and brought into view the gleaming lance-points and scarlet and white pennons of the Governor of Bombay's Bodyguard. Many a time has this corps challenged comparison with the finest ceremonial troops in India and gained rather than lost by the contrast. In their well-fitting scarlet and gold, horsed to perfection, and carrying themselves with conscious dignity, they looked, what they are, as fine a body of cavalry as exists in Asia. The Bodyguard immediately preceded the Royal carriage, an open landaulette drawn by four splendid bays, with Indian postilions in scarlet. As a cool breeze had fortunately sprung up and the sun was sinking rapidly in the West, there was little need of the gorgeous emblems of royalty in the East—the gold-embroidered umbrella and punkah which the scarlet-coated footmen bore behind the Prince and Princess, who were keenly interested in everything they saw.

After the departure of the Royal carriage there was naturally something in the nature of an anti-climax; everyone had come to see the Prince and Princess, and when they passed from view the main purpose of the day was accomplished. Yet there was still much in the procession well worth observing, many typical phases in the structure which goes to make the *Raj* in India the virile, living force it is. Immediately behind the carriage naturally came further sections of the scarlet-coated Bodyguard. Then one of the most interesting units in the procession, the Cadets of the Rajkumar College at Rajkot. The sons of the ruling Princes of Kathiawar and other Native States in the Presidency, the Cadets undergo at Rajkot an educational and disciplinary course based upon the best traditions of English public school life. These are the lads who will constitute the next generation of ruling Princes, their companions and advisers, and in them centre the hopes of wise progress in the future. A healthy, alert, disciplined little corps of sixteen, they were mounted on wiry Kathi and Arab ponies. A sky-blue lungi, ornamented, in the case of officers, with a jewelled aigrette, black tunic braided in gold and faced with scarlet, red cummerbund, with white breeches and jack-boots, formed a strikingly handsome uniform. They made a gallant little body, led by Kumar Laxmanwalla of Bhilka. Another vista of waving plumes announced the advent of the Brigadiers and their staffs,—Brigadier-General S. C. H. Munro, C.B., Commanding the Ahmednagar Brigade; Brigadier-General R. M Greenfield, Com-

manding the Bombay Brigade; and Major-General G. L. R. Richardson, C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., Commanding the 6th (Poona) Division. Perhaps some may have been puzzled to observe the soldierly figure of Lieutenant Cassim Shah in the uniform of a British officer with a flowing turban. A nephew of His Highness the Aga Khan, he is one of the first of the Imperial Cadets—created by Lord Curzon to supply an outlet for the military ambitions of the Indian aristocracy and to provide the only career possible to them under the *Raj*—to obtain a commission in the British Army, and right worthy of it he looked.

The drive from the Apollo Bunder to Government House carried the Prince and Princess through the most characteristic scenes in the civic life of Bombay. First through the modern town that has grown up beyond the line of the old ramparts and upon land filched from the sea—a quarter distinguished by its broad boulevards and splendid architecture; then through the densely-populated native town; and finally, touching the hem of the mill district, to the shady slopes of Malabar Hill, where the wealthy of all communities love to dwell. As the Royal cortege moved off at a walk from the Bunder, as far as the eye could range stretched a splendid array of nodding plumes and flashing swords and dancing pennons, helmet and turban, horse and artillery. Each balcony and window was bright with keen eyes and animated faces, with gay frocks and brilliant *saris*. Behind the stolid ranks of the Infantry was wedged a mass of humanity, clad in the variegated, yet always graceful, colours of the East. As the shrill notes of the bugle gave the signal to advance, every verandah and vantage point broke into a fluttering kaleidoscope of handkerchiefs and flags, and from ten thousand throats rose a joyous cry of welcome, an earnest outpouring of the deep spring of loyalty which exists in every true heart, and welled over at the advent of the heir to the British throne. Through scenes such as these Their Royal Highnesses passed the handsome Home which Khande Rao of Baroda built to shelter the seamen of the port, in commemoration of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, the fountain which preserves Bombay's connection with the Duke of Wellington, to the floral trophy erected to the name of the greatest of her Governors, Sir Bartle Frere. Here, in the heart of the modern city, the Koli fishermen had bridged the road with a scroll, fringed with emblems of the Sacred Fish, and bearing this inscription: "The Koli early settlers greet the Prince and Princess of Wales under the Sacred Fish Banner"—a reminder of the day when the Island of Bombaim was peopled only by hardy fisher folk whose rude huts clustered under the palm trees. Nor could the trading instincts of these enterprising

peoples permit them to miss the opening for a little cheap advertisement. One small shopkeeper improved the occasion by allowing his loyal message "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales. Long live our Noble King" artfully to lead to this announcement "Further reductions at the popular sale expressly for the Royal visit." Another individual wished his "Royal patrons" long life at an expenditure of much red paint and white calico, and delicately reminded them that his wares were "Of English make, as supplied to Queen Alexandra." But though the expression was occasionally quaint the sentiment was unmistakeable. A continuous roar of welcome greeted the Royal carriage as soon as it was discerned, the school-children, massed on giant stands, joining their shrill trebles—a reception the more remarkable because the Oriental is not commonly given to vocal expression and expresses his greeting by reverential *salaams*.



Bombay: The Modern Quarter.

Alone among the modern cities of India Bombay reproduces the character and charm of the older centres of population. The native town is no mere desert of dull, unattractive, squalid barracks. The houses ascend four, five and six storeys, their façades are broken with airy balconies enriched with graceful carving and painted all colours of the rainbow. Indeed, the most populous streets bear a far closer resemblance to those of Amritsar and Lahore than to anything in the other towns that have grown up under British rule, and they are always crowded with representatives of every race in Asia. Here, in the decorations, the oriental love of colour ran riot. Emerald and orange, crimson and azure, everywhere met the eye, and were flashed back from the crowds who thronged the streets and studded even the house-tops in their gayest attire. At every stage one was reminded of the wide variety of races who coalesce into the population of this many-tongued city. The Parsis welcomed Their Royal Highnesses as they passed the fire-temple with these words: "Parsis pray that the consecrated fire of the heart of the British Empire may burn bright and flourish for ever." The emancipated women-folk of this community broke the garishness of the street decorations with a vision

Bombay: The Native Town.

of silks of the most delicate hues. The Jains exhibited the temple insignia usually exposed only on festival days. The Marwaris offered prayers at the Mumbadevi temple for the safe-keeping of the Prince and Princess, and here the temple girls were massed, robed in accordion-pleated skirts like those of an Empire ballerina and loaded with jewels. In the Bhendy Bazaar, which ranks with the Chandni Chowk of Delhi and the Burra Bazaar of Calcutta as one of the famous highways of the Orient, the clash of races was indescribable. The giant Afridi, who sniped the Sirkar's troops in '97 and has just settled an old blood feud, jostled the mild Hindu. The Arab in his brown bournous elbowed the fair Parsi. Mahomedan and Chinaman, Sindis in their inverted "toppers" and jet black negroes rubbed shoulders in their desire to greet the Emperor's son, whilst the storied houses rippled with the chatter and the gay *saris* of the women of a dozen nationalities. Passing from the Bhendy Bazaar, the Moslems welcomed the Royal visitors with this graceful reference to Queen Alexandra :—

> "Son of a Sea King's daughter over the sea
> We Moslems welcome thee!"

On the fringe of the mill district the operatives were massed in tens of thousands. A sharp turn brought the procession from this, the least attractive part of Bombay, to the shores of the bay which is the natural glory of the city. Here school-children cheered in piping treble and waved their little flags. Breasting the slope of Malabar Hill the horses soon passed into the leafy shade of the avenue to Government House, where Lord Lamington and Lady Ampthill—who acted as hostess in the absence from India of Lady Lamington—received the Prince and Princess.

As a rule an oriental crowd melts like a hailstone in the sun as soon as the purpose which brought it together is fulfilled. It was remarked, however, that on this occasion the people remained still for a while, spell-bound by the pomp of the procession and by the feeling of personal loyalty which is so strong in the East. The presence of the heir to the throne

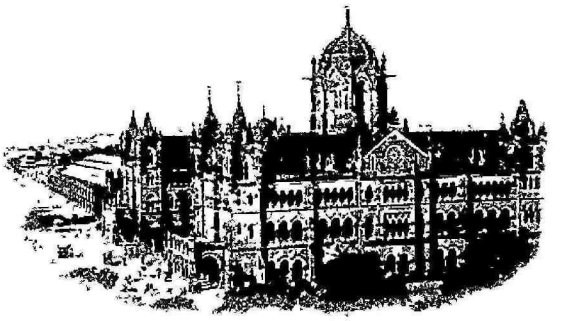
in their midst is a new experience to this generation. Those who welcomed the King-Emperor have either passed away or are greybeards, receiving no more respect than is commonly accorded to the old by lusty youth. In the thirty years that have elapsed since then many forces have been at work breaking down the old dim reverence for the *Sahib Log*, the mystic interest attaching to the strange gray island in the West. So the demeanour of these myriads who lined the streets was watched with no ordinary interest, and three special features impressed all observers the transparent spontaneity of the greeting, the joy of the people in the occasion, the deep reverence for the Prince and Princess. It was only for the Shahzada and his Princess that these patient lakhs had eyes.

Nothing, however, is more difficult than for the Englishman to raise even a corner of the curtain that screens the Indian mind, or to discern the thoughts hidden by their calm exterior. This task was accomplished by an observant Hindu gentleman, who spent the day on foot amongst the crowd, and these are the impressions he gleaned :—

"India believes in heredity. Her castes, her institutions, her whole "social and economic constitution is based on heredity. That is why, "when the people welcome the Prince, they think of the Good Queen "whom they revere and her noble son who now fills the ancient "throne of England. Him some of them have seen and heard. Some "of them—old men now—have felt the sunshine of his presence and "remember his considerate kindness to high and low. Inheritors of "such qualities, how can India be less cordial to them than to their "parents? Such are the unspoken thoughts of tens of thousands of those "who took a direct part, however small, in the magnificent reception "of to-day. High and low, rich and poor alike, felt them and showed "by their presence, their manner, their unaffected happiness, that they "rejoiced in them. The sight of Royalty is auspicious. Loyalty "to King and King's son is part of the ancient culture of this great "and historic land. For many a long year will those who had the "privelege of seeing the faces of the Prince and Princess attribute their "happiness to this memorable incident.

"And the common people who were densely packed on either side of "the roadway were no less strongly moved. I was in the thick of "the crowd for four hours, walking till progress was physically "impossible owing to the surging mass of humanity. Not a single

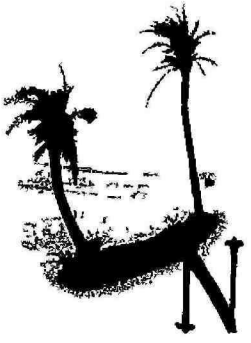
"angry word was heard amongst the thousands gathered on the road "sides. We asked one man—a coolie—what he expected from the "Prince's visit, and were surprised to hear him say: 'He is a "Prince who comes to his realm. What should we expect!' The "majority of the remarks we heard, however, showed that the people "expected some great good from the visit. When pressed to say what, "a stalwart rustic brushed us off by remarking: 'Who can know what "is in the King's heart?' The idiom and imagery of the Old Testament "are among the everyday language of the common people of India. "Another was asked: 'Are you glad of the Prince's coming!' 'We are,' "he replied. 'We only hope that he will be.'"



Victoria Terminus: Bombay.

CHAPTER II.

The Progress of a Great City.



VISITS FROM INDIAN CHIEFS—THE ANNALS OF WESTERN INDIA—A DESCENDANT OF SHIVAJI—ORIENTAL CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES—AN ADMINISTRATIVE TANGLE—THE FALLEN GREATNESS OF GUJARAT—NEW AND OLD BOMBAY—GREAT SANITARY WORKS—THE PEOPLE'S FAIR—RETURN VISITS TO CHIEFS—A MEMORIAL MUSEUM—THE PRINCESS AND INDIAN LADIES.

November 10th.

NO oriental ceremony is more highly esteemed or more rigorously observed than the interchange of State visits. No assemblage of Indian Chiefs, no meeting between the Chiefs and the representatives of the ruling Power is complete until the formal courtesies have been paid and returned. It was for these reasons that His Royal Highness opened the crowded day that followed his arrival in India with the reception of the ten leading Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency at Government House. State visits are necessarily conventional and regulated by the most rigid etiquette; but the tedium of ceremonial was pleasantly broken by the charming surroundings of Malabar Point. Rather summer-house than official residence, the airy informality of the buildings, the laughing dancing sea, and the wind-swept gardens, mock at precisianism. This suggestion of *plein air* broke the tedium of what would otherwise have been a monotonously strict ceremony.

Yet for those who will look below the surface no Indian function can ever be dull. The history of the ruling houses whose Chiefs paid homage to the Prince to-day is an abridged edition of the annals of Western India, and in their persons the great feudatories represent a most interesting and important factor in the governance of the Dependency. The islets of yellow that break the prevailing British red in the map of India depict the territories of the Native Chiefs, great and small, whose jurisdiction extends over nearly seven hundred thousand square miles and a population of sixty-two millions of people. Some, like the Nizam of Hyderabad or the Maharaja of Kash-

mir, rule over a country as large as France ; others are no more important than were the German Barons of the Middle Ages. Some preserve in their States the customs, manners and ideas of the India before the British; others conduct their affairs in a spirit of enlightened humanity which falls little short of the principles of the *Raj*. But all have their part in the tangled history of India, their straitly defined rights and privileges, and each typifies some phase of the welter induced by the waves of invasion that passed over the Himalayas until all were overtopped by the little band of adventurers who set out from the West.

The first to be received was the present head of the old Deccan Mahratta houses, His Highness Sir Shahu Chhatrapati Maharaj, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., Maharaja of Kolhapur. The Maharaja traces his descent from the great Shivaji who founded the Mahratta kingdom, and rules over nearly three thousand square miles of country in the south-western corner of the Bombay Presidency. The ceremonial on all these occasions is the same. The Maharaja, accompanied by his subordinate Jaghirdars and principal State officials, drove up to the accompaniment of a thunderous artillery salute, and was received by a guard of honour. On alighting he was conducted to the Presence Chamber, where he was met by His Royal Highness. Together they walked to the scarlet-clothed dais, whereon stood the gilded chairs of State, the Prince in the simple white uniform of a rear-admiral, the Maharaja, a tall and imposing figure in a brilliant costume of shimmering silk. Behind the State chairs chobdars in their scarlet liveries bore the Eastern emblems of Empire—the waving *chowri*, or fly-whisk made of the hair of yaks' tails ; the *moorcha*, or mace of peacocks' feathers and gold ; the blazing *suraj makhi* to stir the heated air. In the vestibule the stalwart horsemen of the Governor's Bodyguard stood to attention, and a fitting background to all this colour was formed by a screen of the subtly-carved blackwood, in which work the patient craftsmen of Bombay excel. When His Royal Highness and the Maharaja were seated, those in attendance followed suit, the Staff on the left, the retainers of Kolhapur on the right. The Maharaja has the special privelege of not presenting any *nazar*, or tribute—a prescribed number of gold mohurs in a silken purse which, after the oriental fashion, is touched and remitted—a privelege comparable to that of keeping on one's hat before His Majesty. The feudatories and retainers of Kolhapur were presented in order of precedence, each offering a *nazar* proportioned to his rank, which was also touched and remitted. The Prince having conversed with his guest for a few minutes, scarlet-robed retainers advanced, bearing *attar* and *pan-supari* in richly-chased silver vessels. These are the Indian

H. H. The Maharaja of Kolhapur, G.C.S.I.

equivalents of bread and salt *attar* of roses, which is sprinkled on the recipient, and betel-nut and other spices wrapped in pan-leaf, which is so widely chewed on account of its astringent qualities. An officer of the Political Department rendered the same courtesy to the feudatories and retainers, and the reception was over. The Prince of Wales accompanied the Maharaja to the door of the Presence Chamber, where he bade him farewell, and His Highness left with the honours that marked his arrival.

Scarcely had the guns announcing the departure of the Maharaja of Kolhapur ceased than they spoke again heralding the advent of His Highness the Rao of Cutch. The Rao rules over the most interesting part of Western India. In the fifteenth century his ancestors, sweeping down from Lower Sind, established themselves in a dry and sandy peninsula thrust into the Arabian Sea. There they were isolated by the desert and the Rann of Cutch, a shallow arm of the sea submerged only in the season of flood. Debarred from frequent contact with the outside world and compelled to struggle with a churlish soil, they developed into daring navigators and a hardy frugal people. These qualities they retain; although with the advent of steam the Cutchis have lost most of the East African and Arabian trade, they form one of the most enterprising and wealthy of the mercantile communities established in Bombay under the *Pax Britannica*. As the State is still difficult of access—although it may be pierced by the new strategic railway from Bombay to Sind—its people retain more of the elements of a distinct nationality than any of the dependencies of the Bombay Government, and are knit together by their strong character and personal loyalty to their Chief. The Rao, a handsome manly figure in brave garb set off by resolute bearing, looked worthy to control a hardy people. His Jadeja Bhayad, or feudal nobility, also attracted more than passing notice—bold, robust types, still bearing traces of the qualities that made their ancestors the most daring raiders in Western India.

After the Rao of Cutch came the leading Chiefs of the most complex administrative unit in India. The little peninsula of Kathiawar, which lies immediately south of Cutch, is only twenty-three thousand square miles in extent, but eighty-two chieftains of various grades exercise jurisdiction. Rajputs are superposed on the original Kathis, who bred the finest horses in India. The Rajputs then went down before the Mughals, who set up a Nawab in overlordship. The Mughal sovereignty was shaken by the Mahrattas and its Lieutenant compelled to pay tribute to the Gaekwar of Baroda, and finally order was established out of this chaos by

the British Government. But although peace reigns in Kathiawar its administration is a Chinese puzzle. Every Chief and Thakur has his strictly-defined rights, which must not be infringed upon, and in this archipelago of jurisdictions are scattered islets which belong to the Indian Government and to Baroda. It is a situation rendered workable only by the exercise of infinite tact and patience, and its complexity was illustrated in the personality of the Chiefs who came to pay allegiance. First in order of precedence was H. H. the Nawab of Junagadh, the Mahomedan ruler of a Hindu State, and a relic of the days of Muslim supremacy. The State was torn from the Rajputs by the Mughals, and in Akbar's day became a dependency of the Court of Delhi. Early in the eighteenth century Sherkhan Babi, a soldier of fortune, expelled the Mughal Deputy-Governor and established the rule of his house, which the present Nawab represents. He was followed by the Jam of Navanagar, a distant kinsman of the Rao of Cutch, for it was through Cutch that the Jadeja Rajputs advanced to conquest in Kathiawar. Then came the Thakur Saheb of Bhavnagar, a most distinguished exemplar of the modern school of Indian Chiefs. He is an ex-student of the Rajkumar College, set up to educate the cadets of the ruling houses according to the best principles of the English public school system. The Thakur Saheb retains a keen affection for his old college, which he supports with princely liberality, but he does not let the western knowledge he acquired there impair his attachment to his State, nor his exact fulfilment of his duties as a ruler. Indeed the administration of Bhavnagar is a happy blending of occidental enlightenment with the old patriarchal relations between an Indian Prince and his subjects, and for long has entitled Bhavnagar to the distinction of the model State of Kathiawar. Another survival from the days of Rajput supremacy followed—the Raja of the hilly State of Rajpipla, largely peopled by those little jungle people, the Bhils, who preserve the traditions of the India before the first Aryan invasion. The founder of the House was an offshoot of the old Rajput Chiefs of Ujjain in Central India, who, having quarrelled with his father, established himself in the almost inaccessible hills which now form the backbone of the State. Those same hills are still a famous hunting ground for big game, and the Raja is famed for the hospitable and sporting characteristics which are so specially associated with all of Rajput stock. The Nawab of Cambay, who followed the Raja of Rajpipla, is, as his title implies, a Mahomedan, and one of the few relics in Gujarat proper of the brilliant Mahomedan kingdom of Gujarat, whose rulers created at Ahmedabad monuments to their architectural

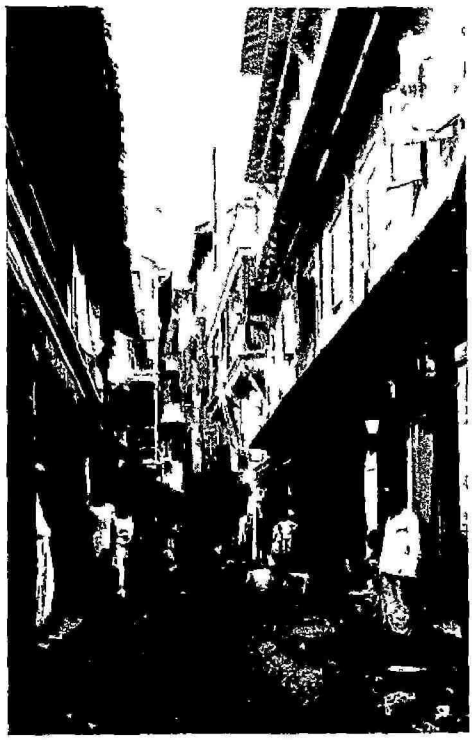
H. H. The Nawab of Junagadh, K.C.S.I.

taste and splendour only less magnificent than those of the Mughal sovereigns at Delhi and Agra. "Ichabod" is now written over the old port, which is still the capital of the State. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it was one of the chief ports of the Anhelwara kingdom, and four hundred years earlier it received the Parsis on their expulsion from Persia. During the ascendancy of the Mahomedan kings of Gujarat it rose to be one of the chief centres of Indian trade; now through the silting up of the harbour and the growth in the size of ocean carriers, it attracts no more than a humble coasting traffic. The transition was abrupt from Muslim to Rajput again; from the Nawab, seated at the head of the historic Gulf of Cambay, to the representative of one of the oldest ruling races of the Kathiawar Peninsula, the Jethwa Rajput Rana of Porebandar—a narrow strip of territory fronting the Arabian Sea, which exports the stone as largely used in the buildings of Bombay as is Bath-stone in the West of England. The Raj Saheb of Dhrangadhra, a giant in stature and the impersonation of good nature, and the Thakur Saheb of Gondal, a fertile State in the heart of Kathiawar, closed the list. The Thakur Saheb of Gondal has imbibed western culture more freely than any other ruling Chief, and graduated in medicine with distinction at Edinburgh. His domain is *administered with the almost affectionate care and efficiency that distin*guish the management of an English estate.

In India one is for ever being reminded of the persistency with which the West is knocking at the worm-eaten doors of the East, and often the clash is almost painfully abrupt. This morning was spent by His Royal Highness in receiving Chiefs who trace their descent from dynasties preceding the Mahomedan eruption over the Himalayas, with forms and ceremonies that were hoary before the Mughals set up their kingdom at Delhi. This afternoon he assisted in an enterprise as alien to the old spirit of the Orient as women's suffrage or representative institutions,—the opening of a new street which stands to Bombay in the same relation as Kingsway and Aldwych to London.

The municipal history of Bombay in many ways reminds one of the progress of the old walled cities of Europe that have been caught in the vortex of the modern industrial movement. Originally the inhabitants crowded within the walls of the stout fort, which was the title deed of Great Britain's hold on the Island of Bombaim. Then, as the fear of Mahratta aggression passed away with Wellesley's brilliant campaign culminating at Assaye, the growing population oozed through the walls and a new

H. H. The Thakur Sahib of Bhavnagar, K.C.S.I.



Congested Bombay

quarter grew up under their shade. It needed a Governor of the genius of Bartle Frere to realise that the old order had passed away; he it was who threw down the ramparts and laid the foundations of the modern quarter which makes Bombay to-day the handsomest city in Asia. But wise Bartle Frere left no worthy imitators, and with the rise of the mill industry, quickly bringing a large increase of the population, his boulevards discharged through a delta thickly populated beyond belief. The dearness of land in a long narrow island drove up the tenement buildings four, five and six storeys; the main tide of traffic flowing north and south, no lateral arteries were cut admitting the sea-sweetened south-west wind, which, blowing direct from the Antarctic Circle, should be the greatest hygienic asset of Bombay. As long as the public health ran its normal course all was well. The poor did not complain; *kismet*, it was fate, the price to be paid for desertion of the overcrowded ancestral holding for a livelihood in the great city; the rich did not care. But as soon as plague made its appearance a heavy price had to be paid for the neglect of a generation that had deliberately sinned against the light.

In the early days of the pestilence there was much light talk of stamping out the plague, and the seasonal activity of the bacillus lent a superficial support to the view. Gradually it came to be painfully realised that to attack the pest with the ordinary sanitary weapons was about as effective as assaulting Metz and Thorn with bows and arrows, that plague was largely a disease of locality, and that the only way to eradicate it was to uproot the conditions which gave it harbourage. When the city came to be surveyed in the light of this bitter experience, it was found that if they had been deliberately planned for the purpose many districts could not have been made better foci of disease. The enormous tenements, locally known as chawls,

were wedged together so tightly that ventilation and sanitation were impracticable. These chawls, again, were mere nests of rooms, dark and fetid, opening out of unlighted passages, which were but channels for foul air. In accordance with the custom of the country each room was supposed to be the residence of a single family, but the pressure of rents often drove two or three to herd together in one apartment. Between these streets of chawls and the sea there interposed an impenetrable barrier of lofty houses, frustrating every attempt of the wind to stir the noxious air. To attempt to check the spread of plague in these circumstances was to undertake the role of Mrs. Partington. The Government of Lord Sandhurst, therefore, called into existence a new body, the Improvement Trust, to Hausmanize Bombay, and amply endowed it with funds. The work committed to it was threefold—to remodel the worst districts by razing the old dwellings and planning new quarters, to cut wide channels through the densest seats of population and admit the sea breezes to the southern portions of the city, and to prevent the blight of the jerry-builder from overtaking the undeveloped areas of the Island. The completion of the first new street synchronised with the Royal visit. The Prince and Princess identified themselves with it, and Her Royal Highness permitted the highway to be called after her—Princess Street.

The ceremony was made the occasion for one of the progresses through the city which rendered the visit to Bombay a real people's holiday. The route lay through the most characteristic middle-class streets of the city, where the stucco houses, washed with dazzling white and azure blue, wherein the Parsi merchants and shroffs used to dwell, have blossomed into ranks of busy shops, over which still wave a few graceful palms, the relics of the groves of Girgaum. At the foot of Malabar Hill the Prince and Princess were met by the trustees of the spired Hindu temple dedicated to Babulnath, which clings to the scarped slope, and presented with bouquets, whilst a Sanskrit sloke composed in their honour was recited. Then, plunging into streets flanked with Venetian masts and alive with people, they met with a typically oriental greeting. Gilded caskets filled with rose leaves were torn open as the carriage passed, showering the fragrant petals on the occupants. The white-robed Parsi priests gathered by their Fire Temple and offered up prayers in Zend. The graver side of life in Bombay was encountered when by the roadside was discerned a funeral procession halting on its march to the beautiful gardens on Malabar Hill, where the Parsis expose their dead to be devoured by vultures, so that, in accordance with the precepts of Zoroaster, the earth may not be defiled—the mourners in their snowy

garments standing hand in hand, the body swathed in bleached cere cloths borne on a rude iron bier. As priest and mourner reverently *salaamed*, the Prince uncovered, and remained so until the *cortège* was passed.

The whole population of Bombay seems to be in the streets in these days, for it is difficult to believe that there can be more people in the city than the hundreds of thousands who congregate wherever a glimpse of Their Royal Highnesses may be gleaned. The opening of Princess Street was only an item in the Royal progress; the bits of street which could be seen therefrom only fragments of the long route embraced in the evening drive. Yet the densely-massed spectators appeared to number their tens and tens of thousands. As far as the eye could reach was a serried mass of humanity behind the officers who kept the route. Verandah and window were crowded to suffocation point. And one pleasant feature in the rejoicing is that the women and the children are having an uncommonly good time. Western peoples are apt to look upon Eastern women as debarred from all the joys of life which cannot be found in the diligent discharge of domestic duties. Like all sweeping generalisations it is far from accurate, and certainly the women and the children were the favoured ones, for to them were allotted the best positions in the verandahs and balconies.

The ceremony was of the simplest. Driving up under an escort of British and Native Cavalry, Their Royal Highnesses halted by the veiled memorial tablet. Mr. Owen Dunn, the Chairman of the Improvement Trust, through whose agency the work is being carried out, begged permission to call the new thoroughfare "Princess Street" in commemoration of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to the city of Bombay, and as a permanent memorial of the first Princess of Wales to set foot in India. Sanction having been accorded, the Princess pressed the button of an electric attachment and the curtain rolled back, revealing the title in the clearest relief. Mr. Owen Dunn presented to Their Royal Highnesses brochures containing a brief history of the Trust and the scheme, with details as to the cost—more than half a million sterling in the first instance, but when the frontages and other assets are realised it is expected that the net outlay will not be more than eighty thousand pounds. In acknowledging this gift, and expressing his pleasure at being associated with the work, the Prince recalled the services of the Governor who established the Improvement Trust, Lord Sandhurst, to whose steadfast courage in the dark days of plague and famine but tardy justice was done.

This was the first stage on the progress; the second was to open the "People's Fair," designed so that the poorest of the poor might have some

H. H. The Rao of Cutch, G.C.I.E.

share in the general rejoicing. In a half-occidentalised city like Bombay it is no easy matter to devise any amusement in which the proletariat may share. Whatever it is must be cheap, for the poorer people cannot pay even a few annas for admission, and simple, so as to appeal to tastes that are almost childlike in their primitiveness. After an experience of some years it has come to be recognised that nothing gives more pleasure than an Eastern adaptation of an old English Fair, with plenty of light and music, merry-go-rounds and monstrosity shows, strolling players and switchback railways. Half the *maidan*, or park, in the centre of the city, was set apart for this Indian replica of the English country revels, and the Prince and Princess drove through by way of intimating that the fun of the fair might commence. As they passed under the entrance arch, the Indian girls attending the principal schools rose and sang the National Anthem in Gujarati. It is minor episodes such as these which illustrate how surely, if silently, the leaven of social reform is working in India. Here were gathered the flower of high-caste Hindu girlhood, dressed in gay *saris* and sparkling with jewels. The Parsi ladies, too, who have made considerable strides towards emancipation, flecked the prevailing red with their draperies of fawn and sapphire and grey. In the days when the King visited India this incident could not have been conceived by orthodox Indians; to-day it took its place in the programme without comment. A little later the school children of British parentage, clad in spotless muslins, raised their shrill trebles in a song of welcome. If any doubts existed as to the popularity of the Fair they were dissolved when the barriers were thrown down and the public admitted. The people came singly and in pairs, in batches and in battalions, hand in hand or following each other in Indian file. *Arhe! Waa! Tobba!* they called to each other in sheer glee as they gazed open-mouthed at the booths and illuminations.

The drive through the Native town to Government House produced a repetition of the fervent scenes that followed the landing. They presented, however, one remarkable feature. The Prince and Princess passed through the most thickly populated parts of the city. The clash of race and creed is illustrated by the mere recital of those communities who presented flowers—the Sunni Mahomedans at the Juma Masjid, the Jains and Hindus at the Mumbadevi Temple, and the Shiah Mahomedans near their mosque. It is one of the penalties attending the greatness of "The Gateway," that the city should shelter a considerable proportion of the rougher members of society, who chiefly congregate in the vicinity of the Docks, Bhendy Bazaar and Grant Road. Yet order was easily kept by the native constabulary posted at wide

intervals, and there was not a trace of any feeling but of genuine pleasure in the presence of the Prince and Princess.

There was yet another ceremony before the long programme of the day was completed—a levée at the Secretariat, when the principal Europeans and Natives were presented. The Prince of Wales drove to the Secretariat accompanied by a travelling escort of the 10th Hussars, and was preceded to the Presence Chamber by a brilliant Staff. The scene within the Chamber was one of no little dignity. His Royal Highness stood in front of the gilded chair of State; he was wearing the uniform of a vice-admiral of the British Navy, with the ribbon of the Star of India. On his left was the Governor of Bombay, and on right and left the Staffs, representing almost every rank in the Royal Navy and the uniforms of the most famous regiments in the British Army. Then as those entitled to the private entrée were received, there was a constant procession of handsome uniforms, both civil and military, of judges in wig and gown, and of Native Chiefs in their magnificent silks and embroideries. When the private entree gave way to the public entrée, the atmosphere became greyer, for now black and white predominated. As there were fifteen hundred presentations it was midnight before the ceremony was over, and the Prince was able to escape from the moist sultriness of the heated room. It was one of those steamy, breathless nights sometimes justifying the gibe that life in Bombay is like living at the bottom of a well, and making the transplantation of English ceremonies and dress to a tropical climate a biting comment upon our commonsense. The Indian ladies who accepted the invitation of Her Royal Highness to a *purdah* party at Malabar Point were in more pleasant surroundings.

November 11th. The morning opened with the return visits to the principal Chiefs who were received at Malabar Point on Friday. The escort was furnished by the Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers—a graceful compliment to the Native Rulers who maintain first-class troops for the service of the *Raj*, if ever the occasion arises. The Chiefs vied with one another in their efforts to do His Royal Highness honour. Their houses were gaily decorated and the Durbar Chambers elaborately appointed, whilst no oriental observance which marks respect and appreciation was omitted. The ceremonies upon all these occasions follow time-prescribed formulæ,—the meeting of the guest at the entrance, the conversation on the dais, the presentation of the retainers followed by *attar* and *pan*, and the decorous departure. The Chiefs so visited were the Maharaja of Kolhapur, the Rana of Porebander, the Nawab of

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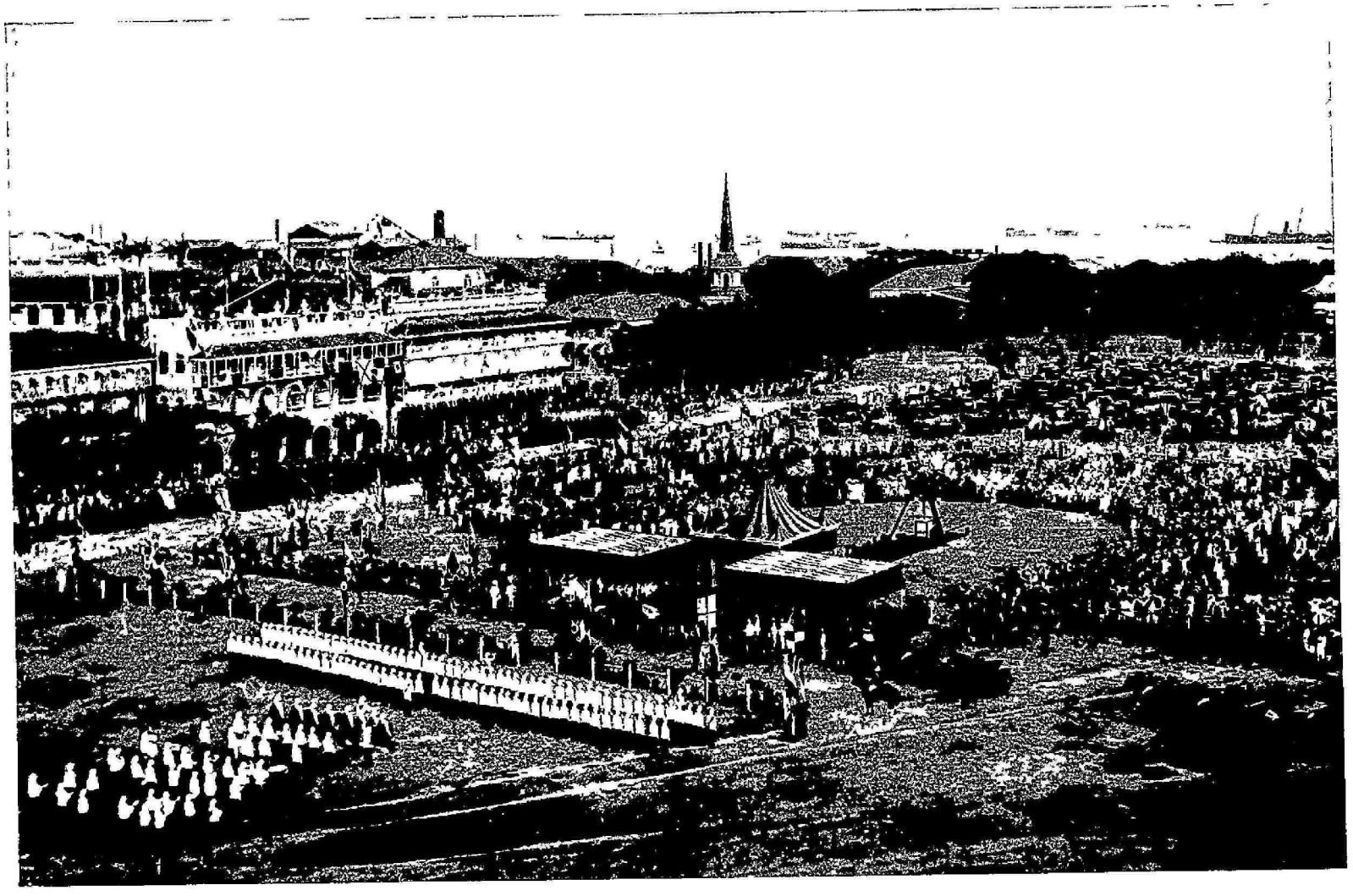
Cambay, the Raj Saheb of Dhrangadra and the Thakur Saheb of Bhavnagar. Returning by way of Breach Candy, the Prince of Wales must have been reminded by the name of the days when the Arabian Sea roared through the strait at high tide, and receding left what is now the heart of the Island and the seat of the mill industry, a pestilential swamp. The damming of the tide by the Vellard, or embankment, named after the Governor Hornby of those times, laid the foundations of modern Bombay. There was another reminder of the early days of Bombay when, as he passed the Walkeshwar Temples, the Hindu Mahajan Committee offered their greetings and the Pundits invoked blessings upon His Royal Highness. Walkeshwar was a centre of Hindu pilgrimage in the days when Malabar Hill was given over to the jackal, and to drive down Sini Road was the last stage in the training of the Bombay Artillery. By a coincidence the first three days of the Royal visit to India were sacred to Shiva, the patron deity of Walkeshwar, and the lotuses held out to the Prince were esteemed peculiarly sacred as they had been laid at Shiva's shrine.

In opening Princess Street Their Royal Highnesses associated themselves with one of the great works for improving the position of the working classes which are specially characteristic of the last lustrum of the nineteenth century. In laying the foundation stone of the Bombay Museum this afternoon they participated in a movement that India has also borrowed from the West, but very tardily. In this, as in other directions, the later generations of Bombay citizens have lagged behind their predecessors. Mackintosh and a handful of clever coadjutors established the Bombay Asiatic Society before what is now the parent association in Great Britain was founded. Later, the Bombay Anthropological Society commenced its useful work. There the impulse towards scientific knowledge largely spent itself. In the more strenuous life and more ardent pursuit of wealth that have replaced the cultured leisureliness of the beginning of the dead century, learning for its own sake has come to be faintly wooed. Though the old scientific bodies pursued their unhurried course, and the Natural History Society rose to the foremost place in India, there was no attempt to link the forces of Government with private enterprise, or to bring the art and archæological treasures of the Presidency into an easily accessible collection in the care of a skilled staff. So it happened that Bombay, which was the pioneer, came to be distanced not only by comparatively insignificant towns in England and on the Continent, but by eastern cities like Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, and Lahore. It was due to the initiative of Lord Lamington that steps were taken to fill the lacuna. Surprised to find that there was in the second city

of the Empire no central library, no museum representative of the arts and crafts of the Presidency, no trained staff to give direction to the scientific and quasi-scientific societies at work, he set afoot inquiries as to how best to remedy the deficiency. At a Town's meeting it was unanimously decided that the museum should be the city's permanent memorial of the Royal Visit, and this point reached, funds flowed in with surprising facility. The Government gave three lakhs of rupees. An enterprising Khoja citizen, Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim, made a generous donation of three lakhs, whilst the Municipality and the public did their part. Before H.M.S. *Renown* entered Bombay Harbour a building fund of seventy-five thousand pounds was assured and an adequate income for maintenance. A site was acquired in the heart of the city, and the way to the early completion of the project was made smooth. There is no parallel in India for an enterprise of this costliness and magnitude passing so speedily through all the preliminary stages.

The drive through the streets revealed no abatement either of the popular interest or of the transparent happiness of the citizens. Arrived at the scene of the ceremony the Prince and Princess were received by Lord Lamington and the members of the Museum Committee, and having taken their places in the pavilion the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, read an address setting forth the objects of the Museum. In this he explained that it was the desire of the citizens to "rear a noble and enduring monument which shall, alike by its proportions and its design and the objects to which it is devoted, be for ever a symbol of their abounding loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor, and a token to posterity of your welcome and valued stay in their midst. They seek, therefore, to erect upon this spot a group of buildings which shall be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of the City, and which, as a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, will be fittingly flanked by the equestrian statue of your illustrious Father, and the statue of Your Royal Highness, about to be presented to the city by our well-known citizen and Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David. These buildings will recall to future generations the privilege now enjoyed by us of being the first in India to tender humble and loyal greetings to Your Royal Highnesses upon your arrival in the country, and will further serve to spread amongst the citizens a greater regard for those ideas of educational and artistic progress which your august House has done so much to foster."

The Prince's reply was again heard by everyone present. After accepting as entirely apposite the memorial the generous citizens of Bombay had decided to raise, and alluding to the sympathy shown by His Majesty



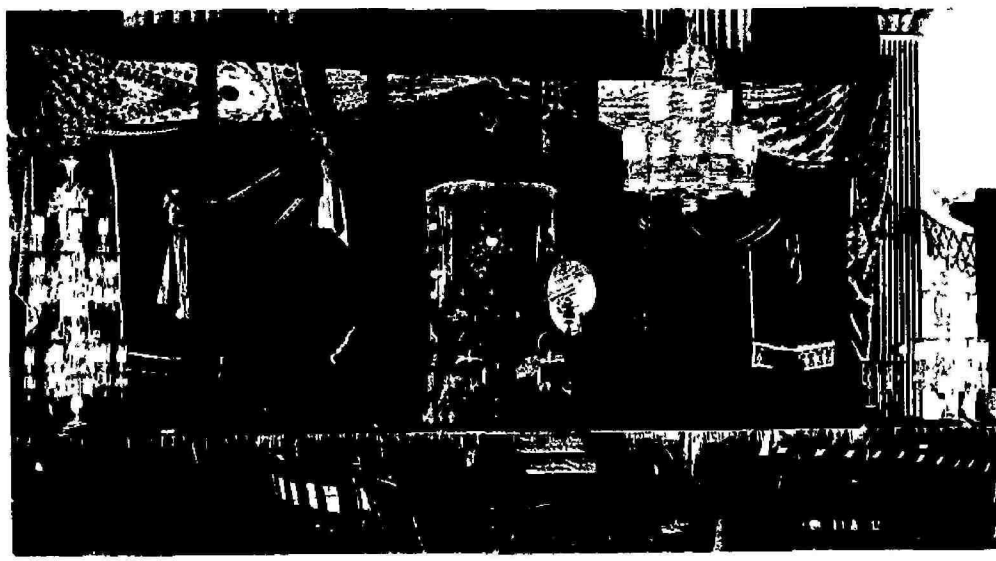
BOMBAY MUSEUM : FOUNDATION STONE LAYING.

in the educational and artistic progress of the people, he added :- "It interests me to find that in this land, so strange at present to me, you are following ideas which are very familiar to us in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. Day by day we are grasping the importance of education by object lessons, and I anticipate the happiest results from the Museum, Library and Art Gallery which will one day stand upon this spot. If, as you assure us, the buildings, of which I am proud to lay the foundation stone to-day, are to be 'fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments' of this beautiful city, then we shall feel that our visit has not only brought pleasure to ourselves, but permanent advantage and happiness to the citizens of Bombay, and to the thousands of strangers who visit this busy centre of commerce and Government."

The foundation stone was laid with the time-honoured formulæ, and when His Royal Highness had declared the corner-stone well and truly laid Lord Lamington announced that permission had been accorded to call the memorial the Prince of Wales' Museum of Western India. Here the paths of the Prince and Princess diverged. His Royal Highness drove to the Royal Indian Marine Dockyard—the headquarters of the smart service which plays an important part in the defence of India—and there took launch for H. M. S. *Hyacinth*, the flagship of the East Indies Squadron, to visit Rear Admiral Poe. The Princess of Wales' carriage passed through Colaba, the little cantonment where the handful of British troops garrisoning the city are quartered, before drawing up before the old-fashioned pillared front of the Town Hall, where Her Royal Highness was received by the Committee of Indian Ladies who had organised a novel entertainment in her honour.

This gathering was one of the most magnificent and oriental ceremonies Her Royal Highness can hope to see during the Indian tour. First, on reaching the steps, a pathway was laid, beginning with royal red and ending with a cloth of shining gold, leading into the building up to the platform. The old Town Hall (famed for its unkempt ugliness) was unrecognisable. All the walls were hung with the richest of Indian embroideries and shawls, the pillars were swathed in flame-coloured scarves of silk and flowers, and the whole building lit by soft candle light from cut glass chandeliers. The throne (a copy of the famous throne of Nur Jehan, called Takht-i-Taus) was truly a marvellous creation in gold and deep crimson, twenty feet high. The top was formed like a half umbrella of solid gold, edged with golden-tasselled fringes; the pillars, arms and seat shone in vivid bril-

liance as if wrought through with precious gems. Poised on each arm was a peacock shining in its own radiant colours of greens and blues. The two steps leading to the throne were exquisite in golden reds, bordered with deep fringes. On each side of this wonderful creation a lady stood in beautiful raiment swinging a large punkah of gold woven on crimson. The floor of the whole hall was covered with Persian carpets of exquisite design, those on the platform being of silk. The dresses and jewels of the Indian ladies surpass description, and the beauty unveiled by some of the ladies was a joy to look upon.



The Princess' Throne at the Indian Ladies' Reception.

Three ceremonies were performed on the steps leading up to the Hall. The first was by Lady Petit, being of Parsi origin, called "Vedhavi Levani." A sugar sweet was waved round Her Royal Highness's head three times for her life to be filled with sweetness; then a cocoanut was broken at the Princess's feet, with a prayer that all difficulties may so part and fall away from her. The second ceremony was for the Hindu ladies, called "Arti," and Mrs. Chandavarker was chosen as their representative. A lamp resting on a tray was passed round Her Royal Highness with the wish that light might always shine on her path. Next came the Begum Mumtazan Nasrullakhan, who performed the "Ameen" ceremony on behalf of the Mahomedan community, assisted by a tribe of the sweetest little maidens with nets of white flowers resting on their dark hair. These threw gold and

silver at the feet of the Princess to remind her that "the poor are always with us."

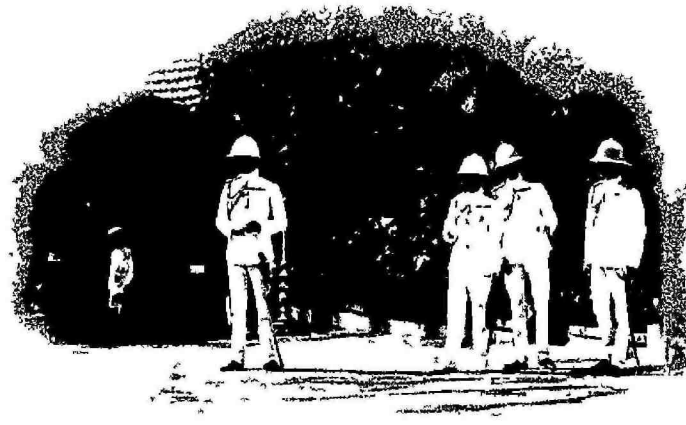
After all these ceremonies were over Her Royal Highness stepped into the Hall amidst a fresh outburst of cheers, and a rainbow-coloured shower of real pearls thrown over her by Mrs. Nuvulchund Hirachund. The Princess moved slowly down the Hall, bowing to all, stepped on to the platform, and seated herself on the throne. Then the Executive Committee were presented. The different modes of salutation to the Princess from each caste were unique and charming. One lady was quite overcome by her warm-hearted feelings, and seized Her Royal Highness's hand and laid her head on it again and again. Three addresses followed—the first read in Urdu by the Begum of Janjira, the second by Lady Bhalchandra in Marathi, the third was to be read by Lady Jamsetji, but the Princess kindly allowed her daughter, Miss Jamsetji, to do so for her.

At the end of these addresses Her Royal Highness rose and in a clear voice returned her thanks in the following words :—

> Lady Jamsetji and Ladies,—I thank you all very warmly for your kind and graceful greetings. I know the feelings which have prompted you to present this address to me, and you certainly have succeeded in making my first impressions of the women of India bright, happy, and hopeful. One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters; for I believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned.
>
> If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then, to use the words of your address, I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will.

Then followed the presentation of an album containing five addresses in different languages, and fifteen water-colour sketches of the different castes. Her Royal Highness had a little coffee and cake, brought by Mrs. Ali Akbar, Mrs. Jehangir Petit and Miss Chandavarker. In the receiving of these refreshments the Princess pleased all the ladies immensely. Indian songs were sung by Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi girls. The Hindu maids entered with jingling bells and silver lotas. And last came ten tiny Parsi children and ten girls. Each child saluted, and not one forgot to step backwards from the throne. They all danced round a lamp singing and clapping their hands. The tiny little ones held out their arms as laying a childish blessing on the Princess and the evening closed.

The busy and eventful day terminated with a reception at Government House after dinner. Few indeed are the official residences which can compare with Malabar Point in natural beauty. The unequalled view of Back Bay from the horn of that magnificent crescent, the scarcely less charming scene looking out to sea over the Walkeshwar Temples, the restful boscage and graceful palms—these have a grace that familiarity can never stale. And seen as they were this evening, under the light of a brilliant tropical moon, their charm was intensified. True, the straggling collection of bungalows which go to make up Government House do not accord with the common conception of a lordly official dwelling such as Bartle Frere deemed necessary for the Governor of this Presidency. And yet to many it seems that the simplicity of Malabar Point, with its tiled roof and wide verandahs, is more in accordance with the atmosphere of its surroundings than a more pretentious habitation might be. The Chiefs wore their handsomest robes and finest jewels, and the scarlet of military uniforms blazed amid a kaleidoscopic array of dainty toilets. Sober black seemed a little out of place on such an occasion. Their Royal Highnesses greeted the Chiefs and Sirdars in the dining room, shaking hands with each one as he was named. Afterwards they made a State Progress through the assembly, bowing their welcome and greeting many of those who had had the honour of being presented to them. The Prince of Wales wore his naval uniform and Her Royal Highness a magnificent white costume, with superb jewellery. Then retiring to the State chairs set for them on the verandah overlooking Back Bay, Their Royal Highnesses received the more distinguished members of the company.



Government House A Corner of the Grounds.

CHAPTER III.

A Carnival of Light.

A Day of Rest—The Old Cathedral Church—Further Official Visits—Bombay as a Mail Port—Costly Extension Works—Steady Growth of Indian Commerce—The Anglo-Indian and his Club—Informal Tea and Stately Ball—The Lesser Chiefs of Western India—An Abyssinian Admiral—Marks of Royal Approval—Last Evening in Bombay—A Feast of Lanterns—Departure for Indore—A Visit of Happy Memories.

November 13th.

SUNDAY was a day of complete rest. The morning and afternoon were passed quietly at Government House, and in the early evening the Prince and Princess, with the Governor and Lady Ampthill, drove to the old Cathedral Church of St. Thomas to be present at Evensong. The walls of the Cathedral have looked down upon nearly two centuries of Governors of Bombay. Belonging to no known school of architecture—a mere rectangle of stone and stucco blotched with age, and with a stunted tower—not even the warmest lover of the antique could call it beautiful. Yet because the Cathedral is indissolubly linked with the days of John Company, and is one of the fast disappearing relics of the old Bombay, few would exchange its characteristic unloveliness for modern hybrid Gothic. For it was in 1675 that the Court of Directors suggested that a building should be raised and set apart for the celebration of divine worship in place of the "Hall" in the Castle. The money raised mysteriously disappeared, and the unfinished walls became a scandal and a reproach. Nearly forty years later, one Richard Cobbe, a Chaplain to the East India Company, so stoutly rebuked the religious apathy of his generation that on Christmas Day, 1718, the Church was opened, to the

Bombay Cathedral.

great joy of the little company of English people in the Island. Within these venerable walls the Evensong was uplifted, and the Lord Bishop, taking as his text the words of the Psalmist:—"Walk about Zion, and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, set up her house that He may tell them that come after. For this God is our God for ever and ever, He shall be our Guide unto death"—preached on patriotism.

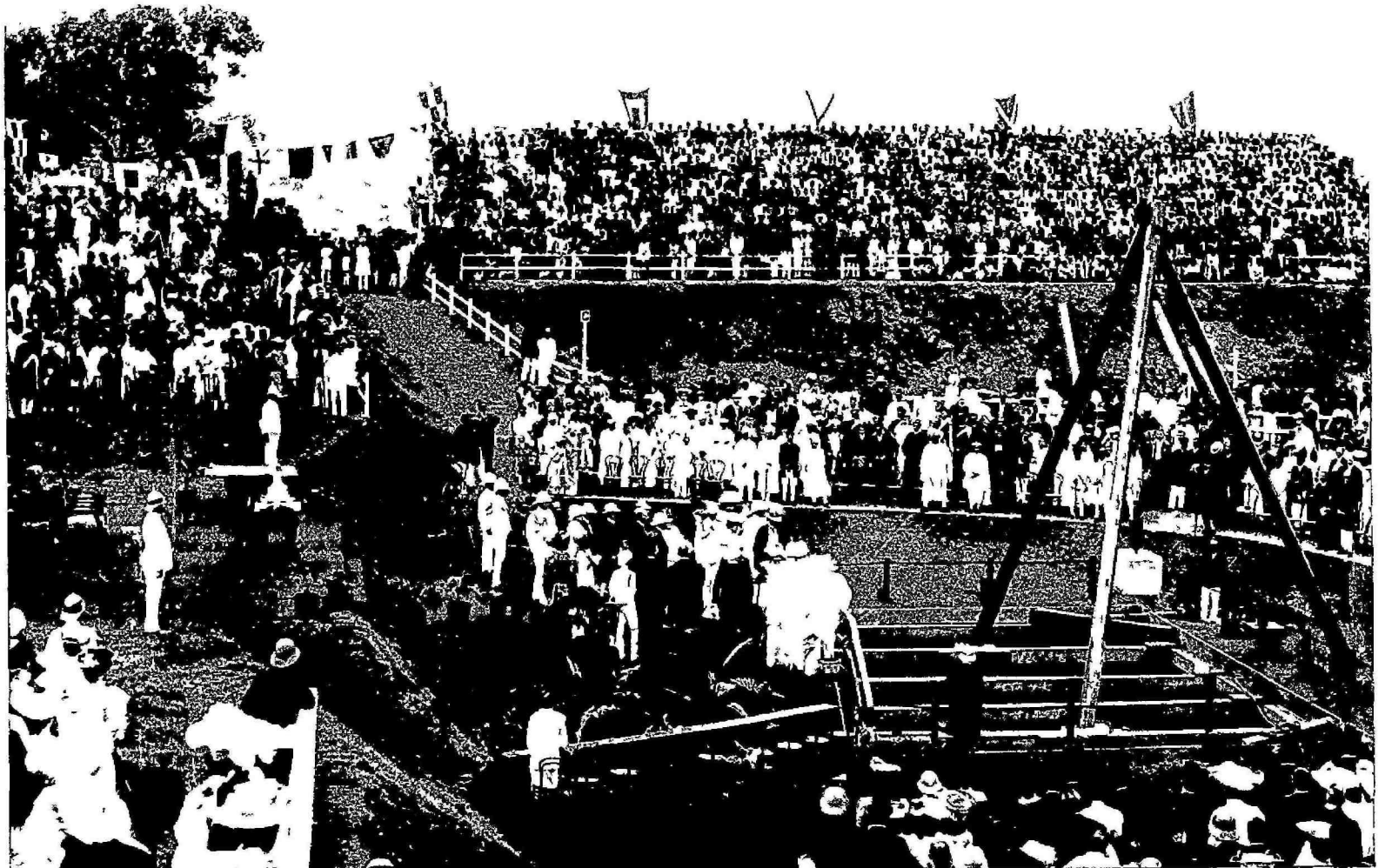
The first official engagement to-day was to return the visits of the Ruling Chiefs who were received on Friday, and whose ceremonial calls were not repaid on Saturday. Again His Royal Highness was escorted only by the Kathiawar Imperial Service Lancers, out of compliment to the patriotic Chiefs who hold an efficient contingent of their domestic troops at the disposal of the *Raj*, and in this fashion the Prince drove first to the residence of the Raja of Rajpipla. Thence to the crest of Malabar Hill to visit the Nawab of Junagadh, to the Thakur Saheb of Gondal, to the Rao of Cutch, who received his Royal visitor clad in the splendid dress of a Jadeja Rajput, and to the Jam of Navanagar. The ceremonies on all these occasions follow a rigidly-prescribed etiquette, and nothing was left undone according to the eastern code to show that the Prince was one whom the Chiefs delighted to honour.

To-day passengers to Bombay by the great mail steamers land in a manner recalling the practices of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rather than those of the twentieth. The big ships lie a mile or so from the shore, and there is a hot and fatiguing transhipment to the tender before the quayside can be reached. Although the city has a virtual monopoly of the mail and ocean passenger traffic from India, and in the handling of goods is the cheapest and best managed port in the East, not until three years ago was any systematic policy inaugurated to provide it with the facilities that obtain at every other first-class seaport. The enterprise at which the Prince and Princess assisted to-day will remove that reproach, and make Bombay the best-equipped centre of sea-borne trade in Asia. Briefly, it embraces a wet dock with an area of fifty acres and three miles of quay space, a dry dock a thousand feet long and a hundred feet wide, and a new mole to which the largest steamers may moor at any state of the tide and discharge their passengers into mail trains drawn up alongside. All these works are constructed on the basis of accommodating steamers a thousand feet long and of a hundred feet beam—that is, although vessels engaged in the eastern trade are bound down by the limitations of the Suez Canal, the new dock will take

ships two hundred feet longer than the leviathians now being constructed for the Cunard Company. We often talk of the magnitude of the sea-borne trade of India and the variety of her resources without understanding very clearly what we mean. The extent of both is very forcibly brought home when it is realised that the new dock and the subsidiary works will cost three millions sterling, to be added to the capital debt of the Bombay Port Trust already aggregating four million pounds. Yet not only are these schemes necessary to meet the growing trade of the Port, but the whole of the money will be raised in the local market without difficulty.

By a curious fatality the weather, which has been abnormally hot for the season of the year, was sulky, sullen clouds obscuring the sun such as we usually associate with the existence of an atmospheric disturbance in the Arabian Sea. Yet although this was the fourth State drive through all parts of the City and the earlier curiosity of the people has been satisfied, there was not the least diminution in the really extraordinary warmth of the welcome that greeted Their Royal Highnesses from all sides, and from none more than the native community. The Prince and Princess were received by His Excellency the Governor, who presented the Hon. Mr. Walter Hughes, C.I.E., Chairman of the Port Trustees, and he in turn the members of the Trust in order of seniority. The Princess accepted from Mrs. Walter Hughes a bouquet, held in a jewel-embossed golden stem of characteristic Indian workmanship, and the ceremony commenced. First the Chairman read the Trustees' address, which mentioned that when the King laid the foundation stone of the first wet dock undertaken by the Port Trust the value of the sea-borne trade of Bombay was forty-five millions sterling: it is now ninety-eight millions. The tonnage of the shipping then entering the port was one and a half million tons: it is now three and three-quarter million. Then the Port Trust was in its infancy: it owned only part of the foreshore and possessed a revenue of but £134,000. Now it owns practically the whole harbour frontage, including a large landed estate, and its revenues aggregate £450,000 a year. The address further made allusion to the important circumstances that as the new dock will accommodate the largest battleship afloat, a first-class naval base has been added to the resources of the Empire without any charge upon the public funds, and so carefully have the resources of the Trust been husbanded that an expenditure of three millions sterling can be faced without making any increase in the charges on trade.

The address was enclosed in a casket of singularly striking and graceful design. In general style the work was English renaissance of



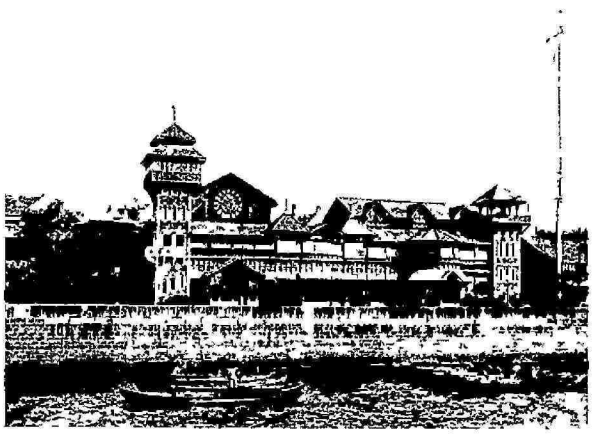
LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF BOMBAY'S NEW DOCK.

the later Jacobean period, the body of the casket having the boldly-projecting mouldings and concave sides typical of that time. These concavities held ivory panels painted to represent Bombay in 1611, 1711, and 1811, and in 1911 as it will be when the new dock is completed. The casket stood upon a carved projecting base, at each of the four corners of which was a winged sea-horse amidst breaking waves. Casket and base formed a pedestal for the principal feature of the design—a model of a ship of the reign of Charles II, and of the time when Bombay was first acquired by the British Crown from the Portuguese. Although no drawing or model of the actual ship that conveyed Sir Abraham Shipman from England to take over the new possession is known to exist, yet many pictures and models of other vessels are available, and these were consulted with a view to making the model typical of the period.

The Prince was now asked to sign the plans, which he did, and at the same time was shown the drawings of Prince's Dock to which the King appended his signature thirty years ago. The next step was to release the brake holding the foundation stone, which slid rapidly into its place. The Chief Engineer reported that the stone was bedded, and His Royal Highness declared it well and truly laid. As a sailor, it was naturally the naval aspect of the new works that first appealed to the Prince. He emphasised this side of the enterprise when in his speech he remarked that "as a sailor I am especially interested to hear that this new dock is designed to meet, not only the requirements of the mercantile marine but also of the Royal Navy, and will be able to accommodate the largest of our modern battleships. You, Mr. Chairman, and your co-Trustees are to be complimented on your far-seeing policy. For, profiting by past experiences, you have determined that the work which we now inaugurate shall not be calculated for present demands alone, but be sufficient to meet all possible needs and development of commerce for many years to come. The fact that the suggestion of the Board of Admiralty to increase the width of the entrance of the new wet and dry docks from ninety to one hundred feet was readily complied with, is indeed a proof that the spirit of patriotism inspires the administration of the Trust."

It was but a short drive from the Docks to the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, where for an hour the Prince and Princess joined in the social life of Anglo-Indian community. None of those who only England know can appreciate the part the club plays in the life of the Englishman abroad, and throughout the East no doors are flung more widely open than those of the Yacht Club in Bombay. For as this is "The Gateway City" so must every Englishman serving in India pass through it periodically on his journeyings

home. How many there are who place amongst the happiest recollections of their sojourn in the East the hours spent in the light and graceful building fronting the harbour, with its verdant lawn, the music of the military bands, the frou-frou of ladies' frocks and the atmosphere of civilisation and of home? The Prince and Princess shared in this, the lighter side of life in the East; with an entire absence of formality and restraint. They took tea on the lawn, the Governor and Lady Ampthill being of the party, and sat listening to the band of the 10th Hussars and the rhythm of the tide, whilst the waves shimmered with gold "in the rosy sunset rays." In India there is no twilight worthy of the name, but just for one glorious hour the ebbing day has a charm all its own. No one could wish to spend it more happily than did the Prince and Princess this evening, when the air was soft with the sea-sweetened breeze, the bosom of the harbour was furrowed by the keels of the ocean liners and dotted with slate-grey warships tugging at their anchors, and for a brief minute the rugged hills of the mainland were wrapped in purple haze before retiring behind the purdah of the night.



The Royal Bombay Yacht Club

The lightness and grace of the Yacht Club represent the modern taste of the Anglo-Indian, the solid magnificence and opulent spaciousness of the Byculla Club, where the Prince and Princess were guests at a Ball, the fashion of three-quarters of a century ago. In many ways the Byculla Club is typical of the generation when the Englishman in India went home once, or at the most twice, in the course of his service. It lies in a quarter of the town deserted by the wealthier residents in favour of the wooded slopes of Malabar Hill. Its Corinthian porticoes and lofty halls, decorated with almost puritanical severity, have little in common with modern ideas of architecture and comfort. Yet if the early Victorians were old-fashioned and prim, they had shrewd ideas of the value of solidity and repose, and the Byculla Club is the one corner of busy, overcrowded Bombay where is preserved the expansive, leisurely life of Jos. Sedley's times. The Club Ball was the social event of

H. H. The Jam Saheb of Jamnagar.

the visit, and brought within the hospitable old walls, which have looked down upon generations of Anglo-Indian revels, guests from every part of the Presidency : from Bombay, where the season is as crowded as in the Riviera, and from remote upcountry stations, where a dance is the dissipation of the year and a score of white faces a mob. It was an evening, too, to make the stranger within the gates wonder at the manner of men and women who represent Anglo-Saxondom in the Tropics. For the moist steamy air was unstirred by the faintest breeze, and the beautiful gardens, sparkling with fairy lights and glowing softly with Chinese lanterns, seemed to call every sensible man and woman. Yet an hour before Their Royal Highnesses arrived there were hundreds of couples in the great ball-room dancing as vigorously as at the Portland Rooms, with no thought of the morrow and complete abandonment to the joy of the present. On this happy throng descended the Prince and Princess of Wales a little after ten o'clock and almost immediately took their places for the state quadrille, when Her Royal Highness had Mr. Leslie Crawford, the President of the Club, for her partner and the Prince danced with Lady Ampthill. When the music died away the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, where they remained in conversation with the principal guests until the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England" announced the serving of supper. It was midnight before the Prince and Princess left for Government House, and nearly dawn before the last of the guests quitted the precincts of the hospitable Club.

The Byculla Club, Bombay.

November 14th.

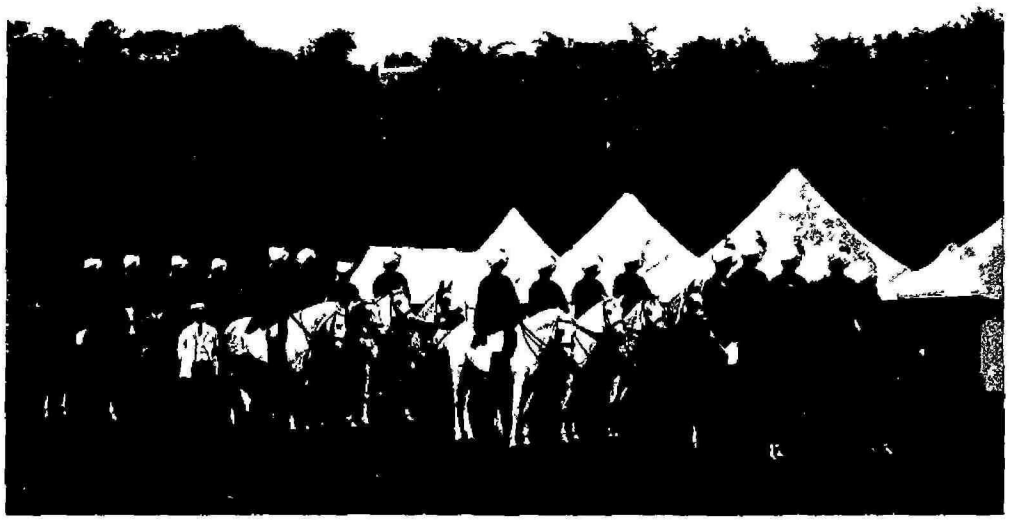
This morning was again spent in the observance of the ceremonial courtesies to which custom entitles the Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency. On this occasion the lesser Chiefs were received—those whose status gives them a claim to offer homage to

their suzerain, although not to an individual visit. Foremost among them was the Nawab of Janjira, the only ruling Chief in India of Abyssinian stock. Four and a half centuries ago his ancestor, an Abyssinian in the service of the Mahomedan Kings of Ahmednagar, seized possession of the Island of Janjira, immediately south of Bombay, and nobody was strong enough to turn him out. Alone amongst the Western India princelets, the ancestors of the Nawab, as admiral of the Ahmednagar and Bijapur Kingdoms of the Mughal, offered a successful resistance to the rising power of the Mahrattas. He was followed by the Sar Desai of Savantwadi, a chieftain whose territory abuts on the Portuguese possessions of Goa, and who takes his title from the office of Sar Desai of the South Konkan, conferred on his family by Shivaji. Next the Sisodia Rajput Chief, the Raja of Dharampur, whose family has reigned for seven hundred years in Dharampur. Then came the Raja of Bansda, the Rajput Chief of forest-covered hills in Surat, the Raja of Baria, another Rajput driven by the Mahomedan pressure from the north to carve out a principality in Gujarat, the Raja of Sunth, the Raj Saheb of Venkaner and the Thakur Saheb of Wadhwan from Kathiawar, and many other lesser Chiefs: the Pant Sachiv of Bhor, the Naik Nimbalker of Phaltan, the Chief of Mudhol, the Chief of Miraj (senior), the Chief of Jamkhandi, Jaghirdars of the old Satara Kingdom; the Chief of Kurundwad (senior), the Chief of Ramdurg, the two Chiefs of Kurundwad (junior), from the Southern Maratha Country; the Koli Raja of Jawhar and the Rawalji of Mansa.

When all the Chiefs were assembled the Prince entered the Durbar Room to a salute of thirty-one guns. After His Royal Highness had taken his seat the Chiefs were presented in turn and paid him homage, the Nawab of Janjira offering a *nazar* of seventy-five gold mohurs, the Chiefs of the second grade fifty-one gold mohurs, and the others thirty-one gold mohurs each. Each Chief having offered his tribute, *attar* and *pan* were distributed to the Nawab and the second class Chiefs by the Prince, to the others by the Hon. Mr. S. W. Edgerley, I.C.S., Chief Secretary to Government, and to the attendants on the Chiefs by officers of the Political Department. The departure of the Chiefs was as ceremonious as the assembly.

There was an echo of the Chiefs' visits when a little later in the day the Prince received the Kumars of the Rajkumar College, who rode so gallantly in the Royal Progress. For these are the cadets of the ruling houses of the Presidency, some of whom will, in the ordinary course, succeed to the thrones of their forbears, others to commands in the Imperial Service Troops,

whilst for all work of some character will be found within their ancestral domains. It was to fit the cadets adequately to perform these duties under the changed conditions of modern India that Government established the Chiefs' Colleges at Rajkot, Ajmere, Lahore and Indore, and laid down a system o training approximating, as far as eastern customs and ideals will allow, to the best traditions of the English public schools. The Colleges have become such an accepted part of the Indian educational system that it is difficult to picture the difficulties that dogged their early days. Then the College rooms of some of the Kumars were guarded day and night by ragged retainers to prevent the young Chiefs from being forcibly abducted by the enemies of



Rajkumar College Cadets.

their Houses, while others were watched by special officers to defeat the intrigues of poisoners. If we contrast the picture of Indian manners conjured up by these precautions with the smart soldierly young gentlemen paraded before the Prince to-day and their happy college life, we can form an idea of the silent revolution in the Native States of India. His Royal Highness expressed his pleasure at meeting the Kumars and his appreciation of their soldierly appearance in the saddle. When they came to be presented individually one "old boy" was included by the Prince's special desire, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, a cadet of the house of Navanagar. Ranjitsinhji learnt his first cricket on the dusty playing fields of Rajkot.

H. H. The Raja of Rajpipla.

Then an even more pleasant duty followed,—the investiture of those citizens who had special claims to distinction with marks of Royal approval. The list was very short, but characteristic of the life of a great occidentalised Indian city. The Civil Service was honoured in the knighthood of the Victorian Order conferred upon Mr. Steyning William Edgerley. Mr. Edgerley is one of those officials who, scorning delights and living laborious days, helps to maintain the reputation of the Indian Civil Service as the most upright and diligent cadre in the world; in him, under the immediate orders of the Governor of Bombay, centred the ultimate responsibility for the official arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses' reception. Commerce was recognised in the knighthoods with which were invested Mr. Sassoon Jacob David and Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim. If any one were to enquire into the secrets of Bombay's commercial prosperity, he could be given no better answer than the qualities embodied in Mr. David and Mr. Ebrahim. Mr. David represents those families of Jews from Baghdad of whom the Sassoons are the best known, and who, emigrating to Bombay, built up their own fortunes and those of the city with them. Mr. Ebrahim is a member of the enterprising Khoja community, the boldest and keenest traders in Western India, who have not only secured a large hold on the commerce and industry of Bombay, but a virtual monopoly of the trade of East Africa as well. The English and Scots merchants, the hard-headed men of business in the Parsi, Bhattia, Khoja and Bania communities, buttress the commercial fortunes of Bombay even more firmly than her splendid geographical advantages. Then to Mr. H. G. Gell, the Commissioner of Police, whose Force controlled the vast crowds everywhere assembled without the slightest accident, was awarded the Victorian Order of the Fourth Class.

It had been arranged that the afternoon should be spent in an excursion to the famous rock temples of Elephanta, upon an island in the northern arm of the harbour, where the colossal Trimurti, the three-faced figure of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer—preserves the earlier Hindu conception of the Trinity. But as the weather was sultry and oppressive beyond words, and there was the long railway journey to Indore to be begun after dinner, the excursion was abandoned. Instead, the Prince and Princess embarked on a launch and steamed round the harbour for an hour before drawing up alongside the *Renown*, where they dined with the officers and a few guests from shore before driving through the illuminated streets to the railway station.

The illumination of an eastern city is like nothing else in the world. There are no eccentricities of the weather to be reckoned with; given the date one can calculate the brightness of the sky, the state of the atmosphere, almost the strength of the wind, with absolute confidence. Then in the East they have a way of making small things do the work of great. Electric light and incandescent gas are creeping in, but the chief decorative illuminant is still the *buttie*—a little cup of coloured glass, half-filled with cocoanut oil, whereon floats half an inch of cotton wick. And as in the East the number and cheapness of the human "hand" compensate for the lack of mechanical developments, so the use of the *buttie*, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands, vies with modern methods in the volume of light produced and at the same time yields the softness and delicacy of design and workmanship which give the best fabrics of the Indian artisan their immeasurable advantage over the finest works of the power loom. For weeks before the carnival of light, half-naked coolies were busy weaving over all the principal buildings cobwebs of coir ropes. Clinging to these like human spiders the artists sketched their designs, pencilling them deeply with laths of teak. These a little later were covered with a growth of long wire nails, which in turn became the supports of myriads of *butties*, white and green, crimson and amber. As the lamplighters flitted from web to web, coaxing each stubborn wick into flame, Bombay became merely the setting for millions of jewels, the mistress of the fabled treasures of the Orient.

The day had been dull and a slight haze hung over the city and the harbour, obscuring the distant hills and islands and blurring the outlines of the anchored ships. The haze was thickened by the dust raised by a million trampling feet, and as the sun sank red beneath the western sea and the myriad lamps sprang into life, it turned into molten gold, through which glowed blood-red rubies, emeralds and diamonds and amethysts. It was a town from fairyland, a sea furrowed by elfin ships, each house, each ship, the perfect product of the jeweller's art. Out in the harbour the warships and the merchant liners were etched in fire, from the shore they gave the impression of subtly-fashioned diamond brooches resting on black velvet. There was a roar of voices as great snakes of coloured fire soared up, hissing, from the lighted ships. Into the inky heavens fled these fiery snakes, by ones and twos, by companies of ten and twelve, making the pale moon more pale by contrast with their crimson glories. High in the sky they hung an instant, and then with a succession of dull reports burst and fell into the sea again in showers of stars, green and blue and gold, white and royal red. Report followed

on report like the rapid firing of a pom-pom, whilst the sky was filled with writhing coils and bands of fire, with streams and storms of varied light, and the troubled sea, upon which rocked the little black-sailed feluccas, shone with magic splendour in the reflected glow. For an hour the salvoes of flame continued, then after one more frantic outburst the lights ceased and sank.

The streets were ablaze. Each dome and minaret, each arch and lintel, was outlined in coloured fire. The architectural glories of Bombay are an axiom in the East, and they were never more apparent than when the perfect proportions of the principal buildings were limned in living flame. On the seaward side, where the High Court, University and Government Offices face the ultramarine of Back Bay, the spectacle was superb, the main boulevards shone with dancing splendour, whilst over all the Rajabai Tower, a soaring column of twinkling light, was one of the most chaste and graceful sights when every part of the city was pregnant with beauty. The Floral Fountain, erected to the memory of Sir Bartle Frere, was the centre of dazzling cascades of light, iridescent floods outlining from spire to basement those stately edifices in the Fort that lend themselves so charmingly to illumination. The reflected glow brought into bold relief the statue of Flora that crowns the fountain, showing her garlanded with opal light, circled with white sapphires. In the handsome circus bordered by the Municipal Offices and the Victoria Terminus there was a splendid concentration of decorative effect. The Municipal Offices shimmered in a framework of jewels; sapphire and ruby, lapis-lazuli and beryl, sparkled, whilst from the summit of the belted dome glowed electric suns, pink as the roseate streaks of early dawn. Even the scintillating glories of the People's Fair were outshone by the flood of light from the Terminus, blazing with a counterfeit presentment of an engine and tender in incandescent lamps. The inhabitants of the native town are used to illumination, for each Dewali, when the Hindu business year begins, closes with a feast of lanterns. The most glorious Dewali was to-night outdone, the narrow streets were as bright as noon-day with the light of the myriad lamps that glowed in each tiny shop and flickered in every balcony. Even the restful bungalows of Malabar Hill had their part in the carnival, and the gardens twinkled with multi-coloured stars, just as if their umbrageous depths had been invaded by legions of giant fire-flies.

Through the incandescent streets there flowed a river of humanity. There is nothing the Oriental loves better than light and music, and the whole population was afoot to enjoy the most gorgeous illuminations in the history of the city. Viewed from above the crowd resembled an animated

The Royal Party at Government House, Bombay.

flower bed, and it rippled along as joyously as a Devonshire trout stream. This was the accompaniment to the last drive of the Prince and Princess through Bombay. Landing at the Apollo Bunder they passed along the fringe of the Bay to Grant Road station, and a few minutes later the Royal train set out for Indore.

The visit to Bombay left none but happy memories. Its dominant characteristic was seized by the Prince when, in his farewell letter to Lord Lamington, he said:—"We have been especially struck by the affectionate demeanour of the vast crowds which greeted us as we passed through the streets and bazaars. This sympathetic attitude of Bombay has made us feel that we are at home amongst one's own people." The transcendent feature of the second Royal visit to "The Gateway of India" was the frank, unaffected joy of the people in the occasion, which, so far from abating, only grew more intense as Their Royal Highnesses became better known. Little acts of thoughtful kindness, such as the letter from the Prince to the Port Trustee who was stricken with paralysis on the eve of the laying of the foundation stone of the new dock; the sense of duty displayed in the performance of the long and exhausting ceremonials; and the obvious desire to be among the people and to know something characteristic of each section—these have won the heart of Bombay, and will serve as a talisman and passport to the other countries of India.

CHAPTER IV.

Central India's Chiefs.

THE JOURNEY TO CENTRAL INDIA—A WELCOME CHANGE OF CLIMATE—VIVID DISPLAY OF COLOUR—AN ILLUMINATED INDIAN GARDEN—THE FIRST DURBAR—A HAPPY INSPIRATION OF THE PRINCE—A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN PARTY—THE SCOPE FOR WOMEN IN THE EAST—INVESTITURE OF THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL—WOMEN ON INDIAN THRONES—FIRST REVIEW OF IMPERIAL SERVICE TROOPS—YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT DOUBLY HONOURED—FRUITS OF THE VISIT.

INDORE, *November 15th.*

IT was with a sense of relief that Bombay was left behind last night, and the second stage was commenced on the long journey of Their Royal Highnesses through India. For whilst the crowds in Bombay made the state progresses a constant feast of colour, the enthusiasm evidenced on every hand proved the real joy of the people in the presence of the Heir-apparent and his gracious consort in their midst, and the sympathy and consideration of the Prince and Princess deepened the loyalty of the citizens into a feeling of passionate devotion to the Throne and the Royal House, the weather made these six days somewhat of a trial. Why is it that the Bombay climate always appears at its worst when it should be at its best? The Anglo-Indian, fleeting homewards in May and returning in a chastened mood in October, will never believe that the Island is anything but abominably steamy and oppressive. Not even the traditional oldest inhabitant can remember worse days in the middle of November than those of Their Royal Highnesses' visit. The moment the Island was passed one entered the region of cool nights and fresh mornings. Whilst the noon-tide was hot, the air was dry. Existence had become tolerable once more.

Unfortunately as Gujarat was traversed in the dark, and the route lay by the Baroda-Godhra Chord, no glimpse was afforded of the lush fields of "The Garden of India." The first vision Their Royal Highnesses had of actual India was of the Panch Mahals, that most backward of the

Bombay Districts, where nothing is to be seen but the poorest of tillage and the meanest of habitations. Thence onward the line runs through scenery most characteristic of the Central Indian plain—long undulating grass lands, with a scanty scrub, sparsely timbered with pipal, babul and some of the finer forest trees. All the wayside stations were spotlessly swept and garnished, and even at this early hour groups of picturesque villagers were gathered in the precincts of the stopping places. At Ratlam, the junction with the metre-gauge railway, time was afforded for an inspection of the Royal metre-gauge train, the acme of comfort, and illustrating what can be accomplished with Indian labour, under English supervision, in solidity of workmanship, and fine carving and inlaid work. Nearing the Chambal the character of the scene changed, great fields of millet ready for the sickle, of cotton showing bolls and of land green with the promise of the spring harvest, replacing the barrenness of the morning; a fat land betraying every sign of agricultural wealth.

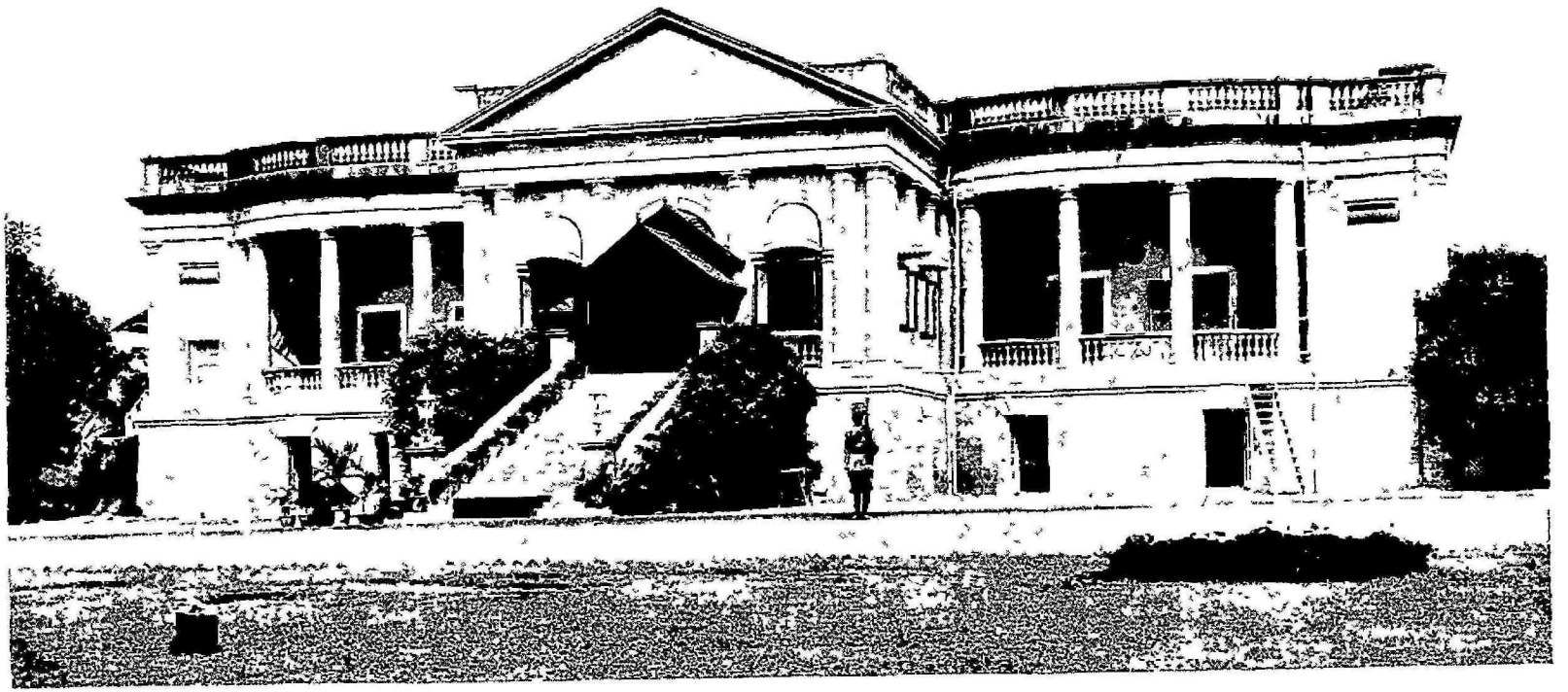
The little station of Indore does not lend itself readily to decoration, nor was anything pretentious attempted, but the spectacle was relieved from the commonplace by the extraordinary vividness of the costumes of the Chiefs. All Central India was represented here. First in order of priority was that most interesting Ruler, the Begum of Bhopal—the only Mahomedan woman in the world who rules—in the strictest purdah and dressed in a flowing lilac veil. Then the Maharaja of Rewa, clad in a costume of bright green. The Maharaja of Orchha, wearing the Star of the G.C.I.E., was in heavily gold-embroidered white silk. By comparison the fine old Maharaja of Datia was robed with ostentatious simplicity in the plainest white; the soldierly young Princes of the houses of Ratlam and Jaora, in the splendid uniform of the Imperial Cadet Corps, typified the most important development in the education of the Indian aristocracy. The Maharaja of Charkhari blazed in a surtout of emerald green lavishly braided with gold, and the Nawab of Baoni was resplendent in a costume of orange and gold surmounted by a species of crown. No less remarkable than the dresses were the types

Central India Types.

represented at this little wayside station, the Rajput with his fiercely-curled whiskers, the Mahratta with his more studious physiognomy, the Mahomedan Rulers of Bhopal and Baoni—a microcosm of the chaos from which the spread of British power rescued the Central India States.

The ceremonies attendant upon the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses were of the simplest. As the Royal train steamed into the station the Prince was standing on the platform of his saloon, wearing the uniform of a vice-admiral and the ribbon of the Star of India. Under the usual salutes he stepped on to the platform with Her Royal Highness and Sir Walter Lawrence. Sir Walter presented Major Hugh Daly, C.S.I., C.I.E., son of the famous Sir Henry Daly whose name is indelibly associated with the history of the Central India Horse. Major Daly in turn presented the young Chief who has the honour of being the first native Ruler to entertain the Royal visitors, the Maharaja Holkar of Indore, just sixteen years of age. The Rulers entitled to salutes were presented in order, commencing with the Begum of Bhopal and followed by the Maharaja of Rewa, G.C.S.I., the Maharaja of Orchha, G.C.I.E., the Maharaja of Datia, K.C.S.I., the Raja of Dhar, the Raja of Dewas, the Maharaja of Samthar, the Nawab of Jaora, the Raja of Ratlam, the Maharaja of Charkhari, K.C.I.E., the Maharaja of Bijawar, the Nawab of Baoni, the Raja of Sitamau, the Raja of Sailana, K.C.I.E., the Raja of Rajgarh, the Raja of Jhabua, the Rana of Alirajpur and the Rao of Khilchipur. This was followed by the presentation of the leading British Officers, with the General Officer Commanding the 5th Division, Major-General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., K.C.B., at their head. The guard-of-honour was inspected and the chief ceremony was over. Their Royal Highnesses drove direct to the historic Residency, which is to be their abode during their stay at Indore.

The procession, like all else in the welcome of Indore, was an epitome of the varied interests which constitute what is geographically and politically Central India. The escort was made up of a squadron of the Central India Horse, whose reputation so deservedly stands high amongst the Indian Cavalry regiments, next a squadron of Holkar's Imperial Service Cavalry, and another of the Bhopal Victoria Lancers superbly mounted on Arabs. The Royal carriage, in which Sir Walter Lawrence sat opposite the Prince and Princess, was drawn by four matchless bays, driven by two men of the Royal Horse Artillery in red and gold jackets. Then came the Chiefs in order of precedence with a display of barbaric state which provided a kaleidoscopic feast of colour. The Maharaja Holkar's carriage was of a pale lemon hue with footmen in gorgeous orange. The Begum drove in a closed



THE RESIDENCY, INDORE.

landau escorted by sowars in chocolate. The state carriage of Rewa was a blaze of silver and blue with an escort garbed in yellow. Orchha's horses jingled with bells like a Russian sleigh, whilst the Rajas of Dewas, senior and junior branches, were attended by retainers with gorgeous *chowries* of peacock feathers. As the lesser Chiefs joined the cortège the magnificence diminished, but not the interest, for now one came to groups of those quaintly-garbed horsemen on half-broken country-breds which still survive in the smaller States of the Dependency.

In full state Their Royal Highnesses thus drove through the unpretentious streets of Indore--an unpretentiousness lost beneath the loyal decorations displayed on every hand. Scarcely a house in the Sadar Bazaar went unadorned and the fine buildings of the Canadian Mission were resplendent. Behind the state troops, many of them still armed with old Enfields, who lined the streets, was a dense crowd of townsmen and thousands who had flocked in from the country-side to welcome the Heir-apparent to the Empire and his consort. An Indian crowd does not cheer, except where it has become half-occidentalised, as in a cosmopolitan city like Bombay, but the reverential *salaams*, the profound respect manifested, revealed none the less surely the loyalty of those who had come to gaze on the person of the Emperor's eldest son and to pay him homage. Through scenes such as these the Royal carriage drove until it passed within the gates of the Residency to the thunder of guns.

Their Royal Highnesses dined quietly at the Residency and there viewed the illuminations from the roof of the building. All Indore was ablaze with light, from the humblest dwellings in the city to the public offices of the Agency. The night was one of peerless splendour, the moon shone clear and cold, the sky was of purest blue, and not a breath of wind stirred the dry bracing atmosphere. Nothing therefore marred the picturesque effect of the myriads of tiny lamps and Chinese lanterns. Whilst the whole station and city looked beautiful, the most charming effect was secured in the lake in the Residency Gardens. The surface of this magnificent sheet of water is broken by numerous islets, clothed with gorgeous clusters of feathery bamboo and graceful palms. In the still moonlight their delicate foliage was reflected in the deep shadow of the placid bosom of the lake. Amongst the trees and round the mere were arranged thousands of little lamps and many-coloured lanterns, whose soft light was not only thrown into picturesque relief by the dark foliage, but was reflected with extraordinary brilliancy in the inky blackness of the shadows. On the water's fringe, from one of these islets, the soft music

of a half-concealed band answered the more militant strains of the musicians in the Residency Gardens. It was a scene of indescribable grace and charm, rendered the more enjoyable by the hospitality of the Chiefs of Bundelkhund.

Residency Gardens, Indore.

November 16th. Indore is one of the modern towns of India. It was at Kampail, eighteen miles to the south-east, that Malhar Rao, the shepherd's son, who carved out a great Mahratta state, established his capital: it was from Kampail that he set out in 1724 as a trooper of Mahratta Horse to enter the service of the Peshwa, rising until he became Commander-in-Chief and General of the right wing on the fateful day of Panipat. It was not until after the death of Malhar Rao that Ahalya Bai built the city of Indore, and in 1818 the court was removed to the new centre. It is too new to possess many objects of archæological or antiquarian interest, too prosperous to present the picturesqueness sometimes associated with poverty, not wealthy enough to boast the architectural beauties on which from time immemorial pious Indians have loved to spend their wealth. The storied gateway of the palace, the Lal Bagh, and the Residency, scarred with the b of the Mutiny, are the only features that detain the curious. Now, ever, it is relieved by the unwonted bustle and animation of the thou who have streamed into the town to join in the general rejoicings. T re sixty Chiefs in camp and their followers crowd the narrow streets. re interesting still are the rustics from the country-side—hardy Mahra asants with wisps of turbans and coarse hand-woven clothing.

Quite early to-day the stillness of th sh morning air was broken by the familiar booming of salutes. The sentatives of the Chiefs of Central India were performing the office *izaj pursi*; that is, calling at the Residency to enquire after the health eir Royal Highnesses. It was originally intended that the Prince of s should visit the camps of some of the Chiefs informally in the course morning ride, but owing to the fatigues of the journey this purpose l be abandoned. The day, therefore, opened with the *mizaj pursi*, a is was the prelude to the great state event of the visit, the public Du t which the ruling Princes,

gathered in honour of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses, were presented with the pomp and ceremony custom attaches to these functions.

The scene of this Durbar was a large *shamiana* pitched near the Residency, with harmonious hangings of red and gold and Star of India blue, with gold embroideries. On a crimson carpet at the far end stood the dais, covered with cloth of gold, with the state chairs—a silver one for the Prince and a smaller seat, a little in the rear and outside the strict area of the Durbar, for the Princess—under a handsome canopy borne upon four silver pillars. On either side of the central aisle sat the Chiefs in order of precedence, the Rao of Khilchipur as the junior of those

The Prince arriving at the Indore Durbar

received being the first to arrive and the Begum of Bhopal, the senior, last. The Chiefs wore their finest robes and most costly jewels, and their scarcely less gorgeous followers sat immediately behind them. Soon after the Begum had taken her seat the Princess arrived, attended by the Lady Eva Dugdale, entering quietly through the portal behind the dais; then to the thunders of the Royal salute His Royal Highness drove up, and a stately procession of his Staff and the political officers preceded him to the dais. Major Daly, Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, asked permission for the Durbar to open and, consent having been given, the picturesque ceremony of the presentation commenced

First came the graceful little Begum of Bhopal, veiled in a lilac *burka* and wearing a pale blue robe. Her Highness, who was far more self-

possessed than many of the robustly masculine Chiefs, enjoyed a unique privilege; she alone among the assembled Rulers offered no *nazar*. The Maharaja of Rewa, a dashing figure in lilac and green, followed; he like all the other Chiefs presenting his *nazar*, which was touched and remitted. The Maharaja of Orchha was resplendent in a pale blue watered silk streaked with salmon, and the ribbon of the Indian Empire; the Maharaja of Datia was again conspicuous by the simplicity of his attire and his splendid jewels; the Raja of Dhar wore a royal blue surtout broidered with gold; His Highness of Dewas, senior branch, cardinal, and his colleague of Dewas, junior branch, lilac silk. The Nawab of Jaora was splendidly arrayed in royal blue and a salmon pink turban; Ratlam in a white surtout and emerald green; Charkhari made a fine figure in royal blue and emerald green; and Baoni in pale yellow and green. So the gorgeous procession went on. His Royal Highness graciously acknowledged every salute, and the scarlet-clad chobdars behind the state chairs dipped their *choweries* of yaks' tails and bore aloft the golden *chatri* and the blazing *suraj mukhi*. The mere recital of these primary colours may suggest something of barbaric crudeness and display, yet so perfectly did they harmonise with the environment and spirit of the scene that there was never a suggestion of harshness or of a jarring note. The retirement from the dais was an ordeal several Chiefs found no little difficulty in facing, but there was no bating one jot of etiquette.

The presentations over, His Royal Highness, rising and addressing Major Daly, who was standing near the dais, said in a voice which was heard all over the *shamiana* :—

> Will you tell the Chiefs of Central India how glad I am to have this opportunity of seeing them. As they already know, I had hoped to meet some of them at Agra where I should have exchanged visits with them. But owing to the scarcity which has befallen Rajputana our tour has been changed at the last moment, and I have been enabled to come to Indore where, by a fortunate chance, nearly all the Chiefs of Central India are assembled. I wish you to explain to them that I, like the members of my House, attach great importance to the observance of ceremonial customs, and if time had allowed I should have exchanged visits with the Chiefs as I did in Bombay. But time does not allow and I must count myself fortunate that I am able to see them at to-day's Durbar. My visit here is of a somewhat informal character and I wish you clearly to explain to all present that any omission which arises purely from a lack of time is to form no precedent, nor detract from privileges and customs which I cherish and esteem as dearly as any Chief in India.

The terms of this message, so completely in accord with the sentiments of the ruling Chiefs, who dearly cherish their ancient ceremonial privileges and are mortified at any unnecessary curtailment of them, was received with a murmur of applause from those who understood English. This satisfaction was generally reflected on the faces of all present when Major Daly read aloud a Hindustani translation of His Royal Highness' address. It was a happy inspiration of the Prince, for at the great Delhi Durbar, owing to want of time, certain ceremonious observances were omitted. There was therefore a natural anxiety on the part of the Chiefs as to the interchange of visits, and the Prince's earnest manner and well-chosen words convinced them all that in His Royal Highness they have a staunch supporter of their privileges. There now remained only the presentation of those traditional marks of oriental courtesy,—*attar* and *pan*. Two retainers clothed in scarlet stepped forward bearing silver vessels containing the *attar* and the *pan*. His Royal Highness presented these to each Ruler in turn, commencing with the Begum of Bhopal. Mr. Reynolds of the Political Department performed a like office for the principal attendants of the Chiefs, the first served being the stalwart eldest son of the Begum, who, with his little brother, was in attendance on his mother. The ceremonies were then at an end. Once again the stately procession wended its way down the crimson aisle and the Prince of Wales departed, escorted, as upon his arrival, by the Central India Horse.

The Garden Party at the Residency in the afternoon was one of the most pleasant and profitable entertainments of the visit. For there, in the grateful coolness of the declining day, Their Royal Highnesses met, with an entire absence of formality, many of those who were presented with pomp and circumstance at the Durbar in the morning. Most of the assembled Chiefs were there as the guests of Major Daly, and were again received by the Prince and Princess who greeted them with unaffected cordiality. Major Daly and Sir Walter Lawrence undertook the office of interpreters when occasion arose. This friendly intercourse was very deeply valued by the Chiefs, and it was, moreover, a charming reception. The gardens form a delightful splash of restful green in the brown plain in which the Residency stands. The band of the Central India Horse played and the performing elephant of the Raja of Datia gave a curious exhibition of his tricks. The spectacle of this huge beast, with a purple head and trunk and chain mail on the forehead and quarters, dragging his huge bulk on three legs, or walking erect, was the quaintest thing in animal training that India can show.

Is it not a remarkable illustration of the power woman wields in the world, even in the East, that the principal figure in this great gathering of Chiefs from all parts of Central India should be a woman, and one, too, who is closely veiled to all men save to those of her immediate family—the clever, capable Ruler of Bhopal? At the reception of the Royal visitors it was on the Begum of Bhopal, shrouded in her *burka*, that all eyes were bent. At the Durbar the Begum was not only the first in order of precedence, but the cynosure of all eyes as she paid homage to the Heir-apparent. This afternoon Her Highness had the honour of being accorded a private audience by the Princess of Wales at the Residency, and of showing her the

The Begum of Bhopal at the Indore Durbar

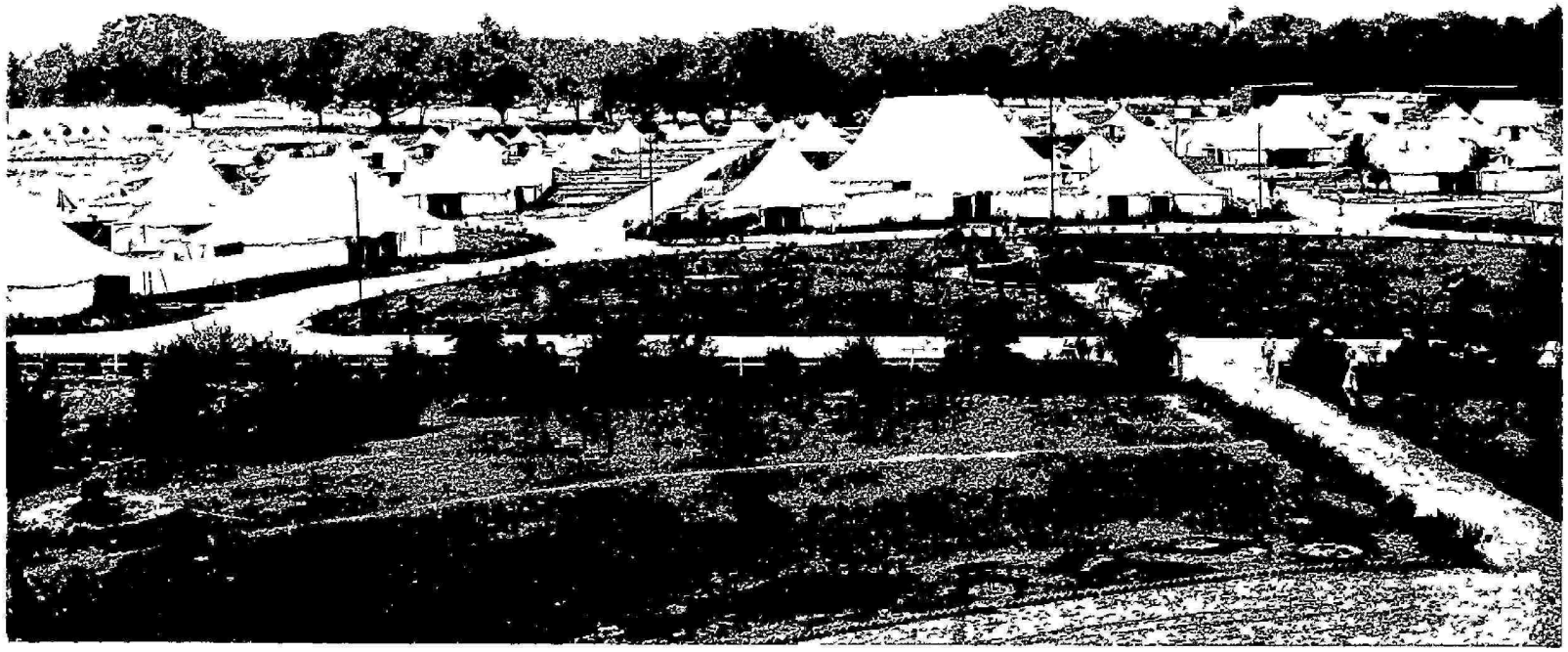
historic treasures of Bhopal which are to be housed in the Museum, which is to be an important branch of the monumental Victoria Memorial at Calcutta. These treasures include priceless embroideries, portraits of Bhopal sovereigns, and the armour and weapons of the fighting Chiefs who carved out a kingdom for themselves in Central India in the chaotic days preceding the arrival of the British. This afternoon, though in double purdah—behind the veil and within her tent—the presence of the Begum could be felt at the Garden Party. The Prince, for whom Major Daly acted as spokesman, conversed with the Begum at first through the curtain of the tent, and then Her Highness came forward in her durbar dress to acknowledge her appreciation of this honour. Her stalwart sons, the

heir to the *gadi* and the Commander of the State Forces, were presented to Their Royal Highnesses, as well as the youngest child—the charming boy of eleven years who acted as Lord Curzon's page at Delhi. Who can say that woman has not still a great part to play in India?

One other pleasant episode in the day merits chronicling. In the midst of these state ceremonies the poor were not forgotten. Through the consideration of the Camp Demonstration Committee, the *bataki* was beaten in the streets inviting all who would to feast in honour of the Royal visit. So at five o'clock the maimed, the leper and the whole, the mendicant and the refugee from withered Marwar, met at the Dhar Kothi, and were nobly regaled on *puris* of flour and wheat fried in ghee, on sweetmeats and vegetables. After sunset the Mahomedans, who were still celebrating their fast, joined the throng. None in Indore necessarily went hungry and all were made to feel that this feast was in honour of their future King and Queen.

The State Dinner was served in a large *shamiana* close to the Residency. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a General in the British Army and the ribbon of the Indian Empire, and Her Royal Highness a handsome costume of eau-de-nil with a magnificent collar and tiara of pearls and diamonds. On the right of His Royal Highness sat Major Daly, the Princess of Wales, Major-General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., Lady Eva Dugdale, Sir Walter Lawrence and the Honourable Mrs. Salkeld; on his left Mrs. Daly, Sir Arthur Bigge and Lady Creagh. The company numbered over a hundred and the *shamiana* glittered with the uniforms of the officers of the Staff and the corps stationed at Mhow. After dinner His Royal Highness proposed the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor, and Major Daly the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The gathering now broke up in preparation for the investiture.

Two honours were conferred,—the G.C.I.E. on the Begum of Bhopal and the K.C.I.E. on the Raja of Sailana. Once again the Begum became the centre of the whole of this assemblage. Does not this provoke some reflection on the elasticity of the conditions which have grown up under our rule in India? Here is the second Mahomedan State in the Dependency ruled for the third time in succession by a woman who preserves the strictest purdah. Nor is she a mere puppet in the hands of some mayor of the palace. Her Highness knows every detail of the administration of her State. She travels widely in it, receiving petitions, hearing complaints, judging for herself of the condition of her people. By all accounts she



THE ROYAL CAMP INDORE

rules it uncommonly well too, and in many respects Bhopal leads where States under a purely masculine régime lag. The line of Begums has been maintained so long and they have been so highly capable, so loyal to the *Raj*, such unique examples of what, notwithstanding the absurd restrictions custom imposes, women of character can accomplish in India, that one is tempted to regret that the line must come to an end, as Her Highness has sons and they have male children.

The procession was marshalled in the ante-room and then, preceded by their Staff in full dress, Their Royal Highnesses walked slowly to the dais whereon the chairs of State stood under a portrait of His Majesty the King-Emperor. Captain Lord Crichton, a stalwart soldierly figure, bore the insignia of the G.C.I.E. on a cushion, bowed and stepped aside. Sir Walter Lawrence now led the Begum to the dais, a graceful dignified little figure, still clad in her pale blue *burka* and wearing the rich flowing cloak of the Indian Empire upborne by two fascinating little pages, sons of her Minister. Major Daly rolled out Her Highness' titles, Lord Crichton offered the insignia and His Royal Highness placed them round the Begum's neck. A significant little incident followed. His Royal Highness shook hands with the Begum, but clinging to the Prince of Wales' palm she bent low over it and in tones of deep feeling murmured her thanks. In somewhat broken English she said : "I thank Your Royal Highness from the bottom of my heart for the distinguished honour you have done me in personally investing me with the insignia of this great Order. I pray God to bless and preserve our beloved King-Emperor and also Your Royal Highnesses." Bowing profoundly again Her Highness moved to the side of the dais, where she remained whilst the Raja of Sailana, a worthy Chief who has done much to promote the cause of education in his State, was invested with the K.C.I.E. The Prince and Princess then left the dais and spent some time in conversing with many of those present before retiring.

November 17th. This morning Their Royal Highnesses were early abroad and before breakfast were the principal figures in two bright little ceremonies,—the inspection of the Bhopal Imperial Service Lancers and the presentation of new colours to the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment. The venue was the *maidan* near the Residency, which, when the Prince and Princess arrived, was a perfect picture of mofussil India. There was the khaki plain, browned and cracked by the blazing sun, the whitewashed church, the towers of Daly College, the square unpretentious Government buildings glistering

in the dry air. In how many upcountry stations from Cape Comorin to Peshawar can this little scene be paralleled? Nothing could have been more characteristic of the outward and visible signs of British paramountcy on the plains of Hindustan.

The Prince of Wales, in the undress uniform of a British General and bestriding a handsome bay, took up his position by the saluting post, whilst Her Royal Highness and the Begum of Bhopal watched the proceedings from a small tent. First the Bhopal Victoria Lancers, commanded by

Review of the Bhopal Lancers.

Colonel Sahibzada Hamid-ullah Khan, the Begum's third son, marched past at a walk by troops. A smart, well-set-up, workmanlike body they appeared to be, well-horsed and well-equipped, raised for the most part in the State from the descendants of those Afghans who carved out the kingdom of Bhopal. They made a brave display in their dark green *lungis* and *kurtas*. The trot past by squadrons was equally good; the gallop quite creditable, horses well in hand and line well kept; then the horsemen advanced in review order and halted, facing the saluting post. His Royal Highness rode forward and warmly congratulated Colonel Hamid-ullah Khan on the soldierly appearance of his command. He said he was very pleased with the appear-

The Dewan of Rajgarh.

ance of the squadrons, complimented them on their drill and added that he especially admired the gallop.

The Lancers marched off, the York and Lancasters marched on, and the picturesque ceremony of presenting the colours commenced. A little anecdote will show that the Prince possesses in full the faculty of his House for remembering incidents and names. When he inspected the guard-of-honour of the York and Lancasters on arriving at the Residency, the Prince at once recollected having presented colours to the other battalion of the Regiment at Barbadoes, when he was serving in the Navy, fifteen years ago, and readily consented similarly to honour the first battalion now. Nowhere outside the British Empire could this incident be reproduced; the two battalions of a regiment receiving their colours from a Prince of the Blood Royal,—one in the distant West, the other, after an interval of a decade and a half, in the East. The York and Lancaster Regiment is a fine one, which deserves the double honour conferred upon it; the record of service of the 1st Battalion, the old 65th, extends from Bunker's Hill to South Africa, including the relief of Ladysmith, and it participated in some of the hottest fighting at El Teb and Tamai. Another interesting coincidence which gave point to the parade is that the Regiment received the old colours from Lady Mayo at Agra in 1871. Surely the ceremony of presenting new colours needs no description! Suffice it to say, then, that the old colours were marched round the Regiment to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the short religious service was earnestly conducted. The Prince made a brief speech, saying that he was proud to think that the colours now carried by both battalions of the Regiment were presented by him, and committing the colours to the keeping of the Corps, confident that they would remain untarnished in their hands. Colonel Mayne, in acknowledgment, said the receipt of the colours from His Royal Highness would spur the Regiment to even greater deeds in the service of their Sovereign and their country.

After breakfast there was the state visit of the Maharaja Holkar to His Royal Highness, conducted with all ceremony, and the return visit of the Prince to Holkar, while the Princess paid an informal visit to the Begum. The final engagement of the visit was the opening of the King Edward Hall, erected by the Indore Durbar in commemoration of the ascension of King

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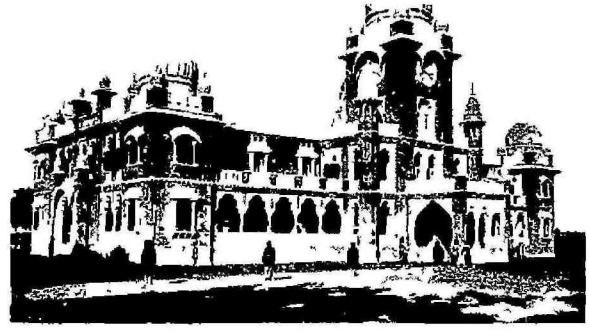
Edward to the throne. The Maharaja Holkar met Their Royal Highnesses at the steps of the building, and walking slowly up the centre of the hall they took their places in great silver howdahs, placed on red and gold carpets, on either side of which were silver palanquins. The young Maharaja, in a clear voice, read his speech, acknowledging, on behalf of the Chiefs of Central India, their sense of good fortune in that they had been able to express, for themselves and their subjects, their enthusiastic loyalty towards their suzerain and to the Royal House. As a special memento of the visit they proposed to raise a memorial in the symbolic form of new courts of justice. The Prince, standing in his howdah, declared the hall open, and pressed the button, which flooded the building with light. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess walked round the hall, and received many of the Chiefs in the garden, conversing with them for nearly an hour. When the sun sank there was a brilliant display of fireworks. The departure was quite informal. At the station the Prince thanked Major and Mrs. Daly, their attentive hosts, for all their trouble, and after a little talk with General Creagh and the Maharaja Holkar, Their Royal Highnesses entered their saloon and the train steamed out of the station.



Indore: The Edward Hall.

The visit to Indore was an unqualified success. Their Royal Highnesses met in formal durbar all the leading Chiefs embraced in the Central India Agency; they met them again *sans* ceremony at the Garden Party at the Residency and at the investiture and entered into close personal intercourse with them. Henceforward the tie which binds the Rulers of Central India to the Royal House will be more than a deep sense of loyalty and one of personal attachment to the Prince and Princess. Although there was a certain sense of disappointment at the enforced abandonment of the ceremonial visits, this disappeared before the gracious message and Their Royal Highnesses' unaffected charm of manner. Not only the Chiefs but everyone prominently occupied in the public life of these States was presented and afforded an opportunity of discussing his work.

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beautiful Pichola Lake, hemmed in by the forest-covered, sepia-tinted hills, is an exquisite oasis in the brownness of much of southern Rajputana. The palace, standing upon the very crest of a ridge running parallel to the lake, but considerably elevated above the margin of the water, flanked with octagonal towers and crowned with cupolas, owns no more striking or majestic structure in the East. The city, one of those rare instances of a town rising around and dependant entirely upon the Court, is stamped indelibly with the impress of a dominant Hinduism, which has not begun to disintegrate before occidentalising influences. And the view from the far side of the lake, with the noble proportions of the palace rising sheer from the water's edge and reflected in its bosom, the slender water palaces of Jag Mandir and Jag Newas of glistening white, with the soft brown hills in the background, is one of unforgettable beauty.

The reception Udaipur gave to Their Royal Highnesses was characteristic of a State which remains singularly true to tradition. The Maharana met the Royal visitors in the early morning, and drove with the Prince of Wales to the Residency, Her Royal Highness following with the Honourable Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana. The route lay amid scenes which have had no like in India since the review of the retainers of the Chiefs at the Delhi Durbar. All the feudatories of the State were assembled to pay honour to the Royal visitors, and many came in the fashion of centuries ago. Here were tough old Jagirdars, clad in gorgeous robes, mounted on squealing stallions whose heads were enveloped in scarlet cloths as the only means of controlling them; warriors in chain armour with huge panels of untanned hide protecting their horses' flanks and quarters; warriors in buff jerkins, their lances tied to the stirrups with string; and warriors in coats of quilted cotton. Here were, too, camelmen, and elephants with painted trunks, and rustics from the countryside by the thousand, each with a weapon, if only a broken fowling piece or a battered sword. Some sort of rude order was maintained, but little, for the stallions plunged and kicked, the camels bit, and the ponderous elephants ploughed along regardless of everybody, whilst through this bit of mediæval India a company of the state infantry, in discarded scarlet British tunics above their loin-cloths, shouldering Enfield rifles, marched serenely along utterly unconscious of the bizarre in their appearance. It was indeed a panorama of those fast-disappearing parts of India where custom and tradition have withstood the exotic influences which are robbing us of most that is picturesque in native life and character.

The formal visits of the morning introduced yet another phase of Udaipur life. The Maharana paid a state visit to His Royal Highness at

the Residency, and it was almost immediately returned by the Prince of Wales, the Princess being a most interested spectator of the ceremonies. The route lay by the Hathipol Gate, past the Juggernath Temple, and through the most typical parts of the bazaar. The native city of Udaipur, though one of cramped and rude-paved streets, is distinctively Hindu, and the many temples and tanks preserve it from any approach to flatness. Unfortunately the Durbar Hall was in the new wing of the palace, an addition satisfying to the external appearance, but containing nothing remarkable internally, except its meretricious adornments. The Sirdars, however, made a brave display in their gorgeous raiment, and the noontide sun blazing through the entrance hall up the aisle, which was lined by the Chiefs and the Staff, to where His Royal Highness sat with the Maharana on his left, made the silks and satins and jewels literally scintillate. The first to be presented was the minor Chief of Baidla, wearing the sword which was presented to his grandfather by the British Government for services rendered during the Mutiny. *Attar* and *pan* were afterwards distributed, and it was the same self-possessed young gentleman, still clinging to his cherished weapon, who presented these emblems of oriental hospitality to the members of the Staff. When His Royal Highness departed the Maharana distributed *pan* to his feudatories, who, though respectful enough now, are inclined to be a thorn in the side of Mewar, because of the extent of their feudal privileges and the limited means the Overlord possesses of coercing them in these degenerate days.

Meera Bai's Temple, Udaipur

In the afternoon Their Royal Highnesses, in the course of a pleasant drive round the Fateh Sagar Lake, saw the palace and lake bathed in the glory of the setting sun, in that exquisite hour of the Indian day which tones all harshness, softens all crudities, and even in the scorching months of May and June compensates for the burden and heat of tropic life. But the crowning glory of a splendid day was the progress to the palace by barge for the state

dinner, when the city was illuminated with a brilliancy that baffles description. The drive to the Mission Ghat from the Residency was through serried lines of twinkling lights, which crowned each fortalice and glimmered bravely on the little white fort which dominates the landscape from the summit of the highest of the hemming hills. Then as we stepped into the manned and masted barges and pushed into the unruffled blackness of the bosom of the lake a vision from fairyland burst upon us. The castellated walls, the edge of the water, the ghats and buildings, were outlined with dancing fire. The night was one of velvet blackness, not the vestige of a zephyr stirred

Udaipur The City from the Lake

the dry, cool air, and each one of the myriad little lamps shone as gallantly as if upon its efforts depended the whole decorative scheme. The barge moved on with measured stroke towards the great Pichola Lake, whose even greater glories were dimly indicated by the glow which hung over the city.

We were now traversing slowly the small lake which connects Pichola, on which the palace stands, with the Fateh Sagar, on the outskirts of the city. Shooting under the Chandpol, for all the world like the Rialto at Venice decked with stars, and through a deep, dark lock, we debouched on to Pichola, and there opened out at once a scene of amazing beauty. The lake was a dancing sheet of molten gold into which ran streaks of living fire, from ghat and step, house, palace and temple. The crowded ghats and the

approaches to the palace were sheets of flame. The vast bulk of the palace itself was illuminated with a simplicity which only heightened the general scheme. That broad face of the olden building, which bluntly fronts the lake, was crowned with but a single streak of light, the more effective from its contrast with the fire streamers which stretched in every other direction. Then in the very bosom of the lake those exquisite water palaces, Jag Mandir and Jag Newas, were sketched in fiery lines which plunged sheer into the molten gold of the lake's surface.

Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

And this was not the hard cold light of electricity, or gas, or any of the western illuminations. Each little flame was flickering gently in the still night air, and this, with the slight smoke, lent a grateful mildness and softness to the whole scene. Scarcely less remarkable was the roar of the crowd, which overbore all other sounds. The whole population of Udaipur, and half the countryside, were in the streets, demonstrating their joy in the splendid spectacle with cries and exclamations which blended into one impressive volume of sound. It was with a feeling of infinite regret that, disembarking at the palace steps and climbing the steep ascent to the courtyard, one turned to take a last look at the fairy spectacle. Nor was the natural admiration of this triumph of illuminative skill lessened by consideration of the means whereby it was obtained. Nothing more elaborate was employed than a tiny earthen saucer, a rude cotton wick, and a few drops of cocoanut oil. What a comment upon our mechanical development, when with this primitive means a decorative effect can be secured in a suitable environment yielding nothing to the costly splendours of the West!

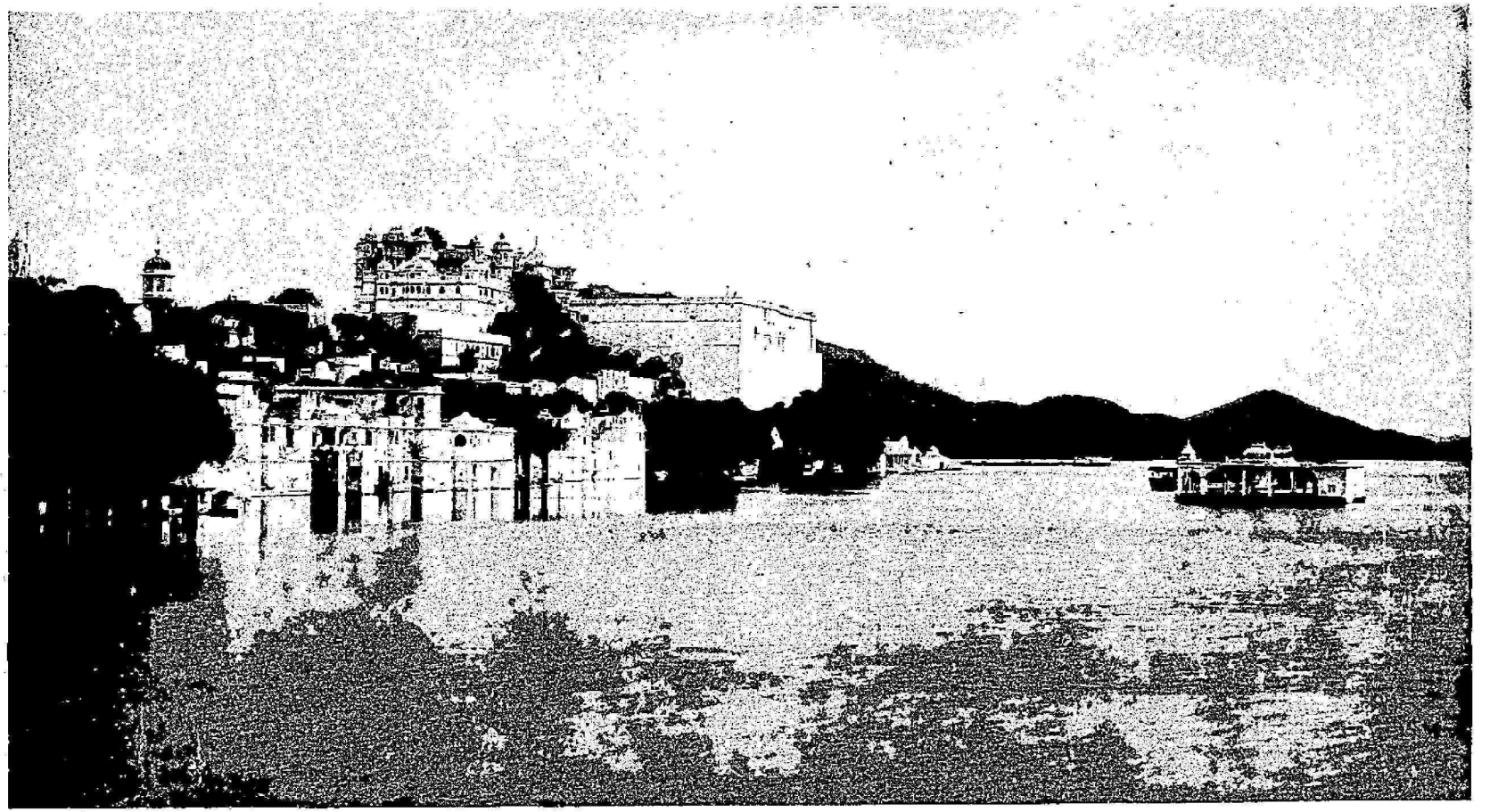
In the anteroom to the banquetting hall the Maharana awaited his Royal guests and thence the Prince led the way to the hall, the reception room of the morning, whose modernity jars after the beauty of the exterior of the palace buildings. One cannot reconcile Udaipur, the City of Sunrise, the home of the oldest dynasty in India, with glass electroliers and Bombay furniture. After dinner the Maharana joined his guests and proposed the health of the King. Then rising in his seat he stood, whilst Major Pinhey read a literal translation of his speech welcoming the Prince and Princess as the first of their station to visit Udaipur—when the King toured in India the city was beyond the scope of his itinerary owing to the lack of railway connections. Then touching on state questions for a moment the Maharana acknowledged that the British Government "has always shown great consideration to this State and taken great interest in its

well-being and prosperity. This State has always been loyal to Government and will always remain so. I assure Your Royal Highness and, through Your Royal Highness, His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, of my everlasting friendship and loyalty." The Prince's reply was singularly graceful and felicitous. "We have heard much of the Rajputs," he said, "and have had the pleasure of meeting those of your class in England; but to realise the splendid traditions of chivalry, freedom and courtesy, which are the proud possessions of the Rajput, one must see him in his own home; and for the Princess and myself I say, in all sincerity, that all we have heard and read in praise of Rajputana is dwarfed by what we have seen in one short day."

An adjournment was now made to the flat roof of the new wing of the palace to witness the fireworks. Although extraordinary iridescent effects were produced by the reflection of the set pieces on the lake, many would have been better content to watch the undimmed illuminations. After being garlanded by His Highness, some returned to camp by water, others by road, and not the least vivid picture of a memorable day was the sight of the illuminated streets, hazy with dust and dense-packed with a chattering, joyous throng.

November 20th.

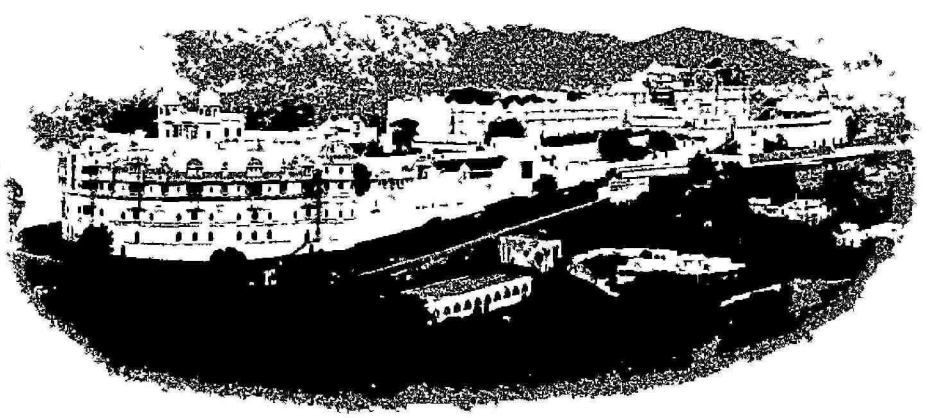
Sunday was a day of complete rest. Their Royal Highnesses attended divine service at the familiar little Mission church in the morning. Then in the early afternoon they took boat and were rowed to the island palace of Jag Mandir, in the middle of the lake, dear to the memory of all Englishmen because it was there that a small band of their countrymen found refuge in the darkest days of the Mutiny. There, under the graceful shade of the arcade commanding a view of the palace, tea was served. Afterwards a very short row led to the Khas Oodi, the quaint little tower where night and morning the wild pigs are fed. The tradition of the town is that the Khas Oodi is two centuries old and that from it the jungle swine have been fed for the whole of that period. Without subscribing to that tradition, it is a fact that the practice goes back much farther than the memory of any living Udaipuri and the present Maharana favours it sufficiently largely to extend the daily rations. Some hundreds of pig were gathered on the rough ground at the foot of the tower and liberally fed with maize. A large tiger, and subsequently a captive boar, were afterwards permitted to roam in the sunken arena overlooked by the tower, where in the old days fights between the boar and the tiger were common, and even now these combats take place on festivals and holidays. It was more interesting to turn from this tame performance to watch the never-fading beauties of the palace buildings lit by the glow of



The Palace, Udaipur, from the Lake.

the setting sun. The scene was indeed one of surpassing loveliness. The sky was flecked with light clouds, which caught the orange and purple and pink glow that overspread the land; the surface of the waters, stirred by a light breeze, assumed the hues of the rainbow; the western hills were sharply defined, with their crowning forts or isolated fanes; and as the sun sank slowly into the desert far beyond, the softly-tinted twilight bathed mountain and valley, lake and island, in one delicate sheet of colour.

The last day in Udaipur was free from ceremony and official functions. In the morning, which was delightfully cool and fresh, the Prince made his first



Udaipur The New Wing of the Palace.

acquaintance with the Indian jungle. It was originally proposed to arrange a little shoot for duck and snipe on the Pichola Lake, but birds were so scarce that this had to be abandoned for a beat for larger game. This was not unproductive, and one chinkara, three hyenas and four boars fell before His Royal Highness' rifle. The bag, however, was the least important part of the expedition. It served to introduce the Prince to Indian shooting conditions, more especially in the matter of light, which will stand him in good stead when he comes to tackle his first tiger at Jaipur.

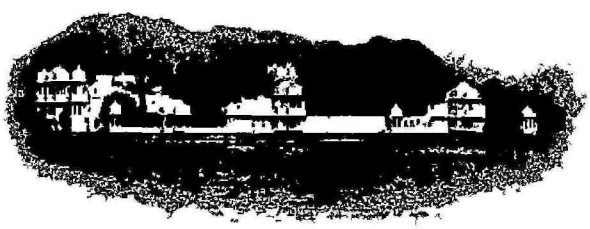
Nor must these shooting expeditions be measured in the light of mere hunting excursions. In the frank comradeship of the field and the unceremonious intercourse of the camp His Royal Highness will come to know more of the Indian Chiefs than in formal visit and public reception, and as one of the main purposes of the Royal progress is to strengthen the personal link between the great feudatories and the throne, these shooting parties constitute no mean factor in the programme which has been so cleverly drawn up. Whilst the Prince of Wales was in the jungle, the Princess drove through Udaipur to visit some of the chief lions of the town—the palace, the beautiful palace gardens with their interesting zoological collection, and the Jagdish temple. The day was one to crown the pleasant memories of Udaipur, for it was cooler than any since Their Royal Highnesses landed in India. In the late afternoon the Maharana called at the Residency to bid farewell to his Royal guests, who leave none but the happiest impressions behind them. Then quite quietly, to a salute from the guns of Eklingarh fort, the Prince and Princess left for Jaipur.

It was with a feeling of the keenest regret that every one bade farewell to Udaipur. For here one not only saw a beautiful city under idyllic conditions, but was vouchsafed a glimpse of the India that is fast passing away—the India of those dreams that vanished at the touch of the occidentalised centres where the Anglo-Indian does most of his eastern work. Here one met the virile survivals of the feudalism which knit the gallant Rajputs into a great fighting nation, and on the Royal progress from the station saw something of the manner and garb of the men who made the annals of Mewar the most heroic epic in the history of Hindustan. Nor has it lessened the pleasures of the visit to be the guests of a Prince who corresponds, so far as is possible in these placid days, to the ideals of Rajput chivalry. So high in the social scale as to be above the social laws that bind lesser men, the Maharana of Udaipur yet chooses to lead a life of rare austerity. He is and always has been strictly monogamous, temperate almost to the point of asceticism, and whilst despising the meretricious sportsman's life which has been the ruin of other Rajput States, he keeps in hard physical condition and is a splendid rifle shot. Scorning delights and living laborious days, he finds his work in the governance of his State and his simple pleasures amongst his own people. At every state ceremony the spare dignified figure of the Maharana, his erect bearing, his refined features, have commanded unqualified respect; nor can anyone doubt that if the times demanded it, he would prove a worthy descendant of his warlike ancestors. The most pleasant episode of the visit was the evidence afforded that His Highness has not been without his

H. H. The Maharana of Udaipur, G.C.S.I.

rewards. At tea in the Jag Mandir palace on Sunday afternoon, the heir to the State was the object of the kindly interest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Maharana's only son, a few years ago his strength, even his life, were despaired of. Now there is no reason why he should not have many happy years before him and he has been passed as fit for rule. In this blessing the Maharana must find compensation for the rubs of fortune that none in high places are exempt from.

The Maharana is the Chief of his State in deed as well as in name, and is virtually his own Dewan. His ways are not our ways, his ideas are not our ideas. Consequently it is the fashion to call Udaipur backward and unprogressive; to sigh for the days when more modernised views will prevail. Well, if Udaipur is backward its people look happy; they are not unprosperous; and such difficulties as the Maharana may have with his feudatories and his Bhils are arranged without scandal and without offence. Is not this enough? Is no part of India to be safe from the Moloch which we call progress? Unhappy the day if Udaipur ever becomes the victim of the destroying influence of half-digested western practice. The heir-apparent is spoken of as kindly and intelligent and more liberal-minded than his father. The best fate that can befall him is to find some sage counsellor to show him that progress is not necessarily associated with horse-racing and polo ponies, nor is enlightenment best revealed in motor boats and motor cars, in visits to Europe and western notions. Living amongst his own people, leading them gently forward without destroying their racial habits and customs, manners and traditions, improving their material condition without disintegrating the bases of their social life, are the directions in which the enlightenment of an Indian prince can best find scope.



An Island Palace, Udaipur

CHAPTER VI.

The Pink City.

A Reproduction of Mediæval India—Rajputana after the Advent of Gunpowder—Jaipur, the "Chessboard" City—The Taint of the Jerry-builder—Unusual Marks of Oriental Respect—Good Duck Shooting—The First Tiger—A Morning's Pig-sticking—The State Banquet—The Maharaja's Princely Munificence—The Second Shoot: a Blank Day—Departure for Bikanir.

Jaipur, *November 21st.*

THE scene which met the Prince and Princess of Wales when they drove away from Jaipur station this morning was brimful of oriental life and colour. From the station a broad straight road stretches for two or three furlongs before it turns sharply to the right towards the Residency, and this was lined with the retainers of the Maharaja and his feudatories in their most picturesque and characteristic garb. One thought that at Udaipur was presented a unique reproduction of mediæval India; yet the scene this morning fully equalled it, though it dealt with an India of a century later. For here were the Maharaja's runners, lithe, active, bare-legged Nagas in green jerkins edged with gold, white turbans with feather aigrettes, and striped as to the lower extremities like a Muharram tiger. Brandishing their gauntleted swords, they pranced around with the uncouth antics which we associate with Africa rather than with India. Their musician bore a noble war-horn on which he blew a weird conch-like blast. There were apparitors by the score, gorgeously dressed in scarlet and bearing silver staves; orange-robed messengers, spearmen by the hundred, and matchlock-men in olive green, the guardians of the Maharaja's sleep. Now came camels with huge kettledrums, horses with kettledrums, and dancing horses gaily caparisoned in tinsel and green. A score of elephants themselves made a brave sight, with their gilded howdahs, trailing cloths of green and red and gold, and painted foreheads. And these served but as a further introduction to palanquins manned by red-coated bearers, bullock palanquins in red and in green, with the

horns of the splendid Gujarati oxen brightly enamelled. Then came a bullock battery with the tiniest of guns and camelmen with great swivel blunderbusses mounted on the pommels of their saddles and Sirdars on boisterous stallions. All this motley throng was arranged with an excellent eye to effect, and it formed a perfect picture of the Rajputana of the day when the gallant horsemen had come to realise that they could not prevail against the Moslem unless they descended to the use of villainous saltpetre.

Through this fascinating throng drove His Highness the Maharaja, in a carriage and four covered with a golden canopy, to receive his Royal guests, and he alighted at the station to the braying of war-horns and the strains of a most original anthem. When the train steamed into the station the Maharaja, in the simplest costume of black with a little gold embroidery, gracefully laid his sword at the feet of His Royal Highness as a token of fealty, and then performed the same ceremony to the Princess. The usual presentations followed, the leading Sirdars of Jaipur, who were in attendance upon their feudal Chief, being brought in turn before the Heir-apparent of the Overlord. The Prince and the Maharaja entered the golden-canopied carriage and drove to the Residency, followed by the Princess. If the assemblage was picturesque in the early morning, it was infinitely more so now, when on the ugly houses behind the state retainers was gathered a corrugated mass of the people of the city, greeting Their Royal Highnesses with solemnity, but with every sign of oriental respect. It was even more picturesque when the carriage having passed, the serried lines of elephants and camels, of horse and foot, melted into a lively blaze of vivid colour as each unit found its way to its accustomed station.

The remainder of the morning was given up to state visits. First, four Sirdars attended for the *mizaj pursi*, and then His Highness the Maharaja paid his formal visit. The Residency at Jaipur is one of the most handsome in Rajputana and the charming grounds, beautifully kept, are a joy to one who has an eye for flowers and trees. But British surroundings do not lend themselves gracefully to oriental ceremonies and the Prince's reception of his host could not vie in picturesqueness with the return visit. This was paid in the Durbar Hall of the palace in the centre of the city. The drive thither was through the principal of the famous pink streets of Jaipur, lined with an expectant crowd and looking even cleaner and better kept than their wont.

The Museum Jaipur

A Street Scene Jaipur

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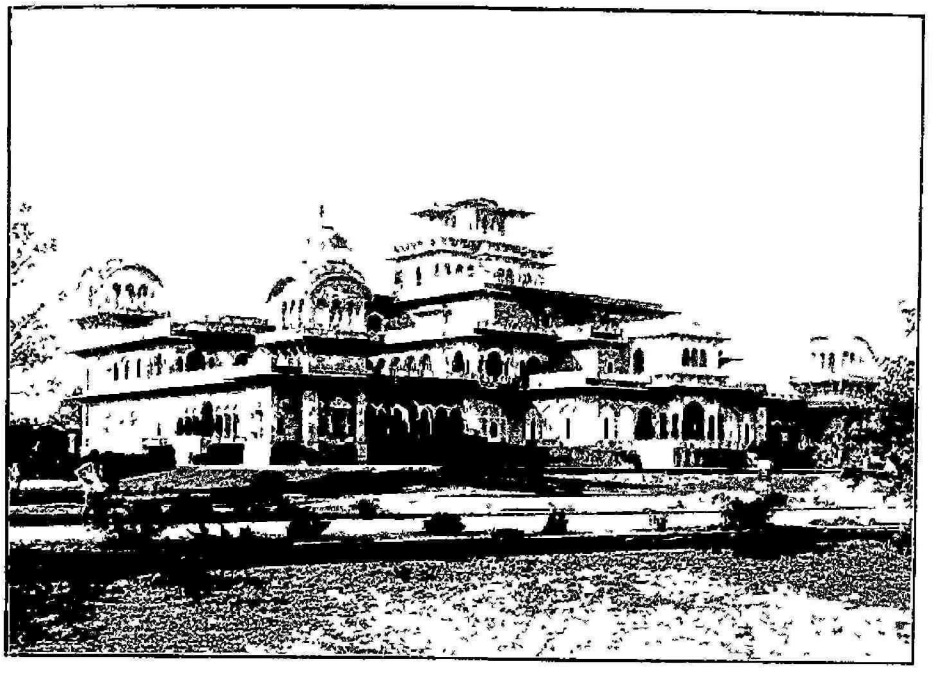
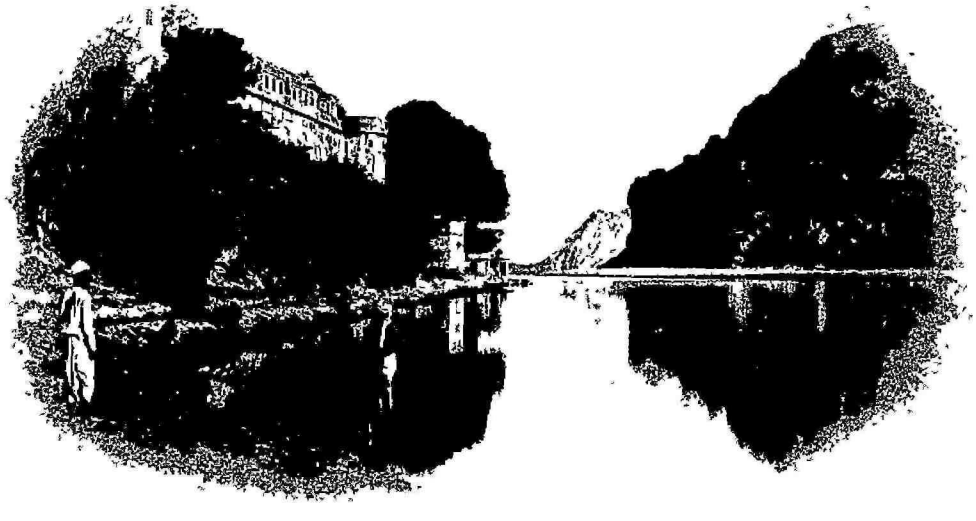


The Museum, Jaipur.

A Street Scene, Jaipur

When, nearly two centuries ago, the Maharaja Jai Sing, finding that the encircling hills fretted the growth of his capital at Amber, moved the head-quarters of the State into the plain and built Jaipur, he initiated a movement one is apt to regard as entirely western. The home of the "chess-board" city is not America, or Australia, but Rajputana; these long wide streets, cutting the city into a series of rectangles, are the venerable ancestors of what the Yankee fondly imagines is "the brightest thing" in township design. Nor was Jai Singh's modernity confined to this enterprise. He found Amber rich with the solid work and patient labour of the earlier Hindu architects;



Jaipur: Scene on the Banas River.

he knew that Akbar had built at Fatehpur Sikri a city warm with the glow of red sandstone, luxuriant with carving as riotous as that of the Burmese pagodas. But Jai Singh was in just such a hurry as the Californian who raised his Alhambra of wood. Where his forbears wrought in marble he worked in brick, where Akbar carved in enduring sandstone his medium was painted plaster. To parody the boast of the vainglorious Roman, he found the capital of Jaipur marble and left it—stucco. Not all the breeziness of these wide streets, the delicacy in certain lights of the machiolated walls and unvaried façades of pink madder, can disguise the taint of the jerry-builder.

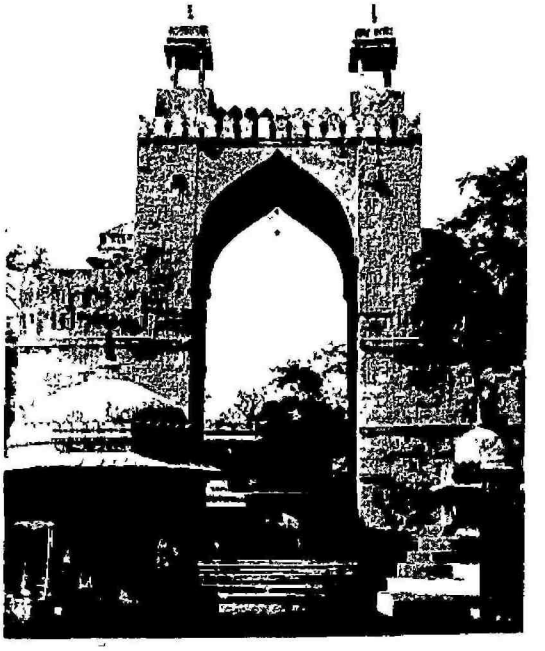
The scene within the palace was, perhaps, the most gorgeous that has yet met the eyes of Their Royal Highnesses. The Durbar Hall stands on one side of a paved courtyard, whose walls are of the true Jaipur pink and white. The pillars upholding the roof are of marble, the arcades and the roof being frescoed in crude colours. Over the gold and crimson state chairs was raised a canopy of the richest oriental fashion, massively embroidered; the carpets were of the handsomest and the hangings of the brightest. Yet even in Jaipur, where in many respects such an excellent standard of oriental taste prevails, we could not escape that touch of the bizarre which seems inseparable from every organised Indian display. The Durbar Hall was hung with glass chandeliers of the most incongruous pattern and in one angle of the courtyard was a shed of corrugated iron, with equally ugly pillars, which was literally an outrage. Seated in his chair of state, the Maharaja awaited his Royal visitor, a fine dignified figure, still clad in simple black lightly broidered in gold and crossed with the Star of India ribbon, and wearing a turban of golden cloth ringed with pearls in front of which scintillated a superb diamond pendant. On his left were gathered his principal feudatories to the number of thirty-seven, the assemblage being restricted owing to the scarcity which prevails in the State and makes it impossible to find the fodder required for a large assemblage. In the gallery behind the chairs of state sat the Princess surrounded by the ladies of her suite.

To the rumbling of guns, the wailing of war-horns, and the strains of music, His Royal Highness' carriage clattered into the courtyard and drew up at the foot of the scarlet steps, the approach to which was guarded by matchlock-men in green and footmen in red,—the first occasion on which the carriage of any guest, however honoured, has passed within the portals of the inner courtyard. At the meeting with the Prince at the carriage steps, the Maharaja again laid his sword at his feet and, rising, Prince and feudatory slowly advanced to the dais. A long conversation followed, in which both His Royal Highness and the Maharaja were evidently keenly interested This was interrupted whilst the leading Sirdars were presented and offered their *nazar* and the Maharaja gave *attar* and *pan* to the Prince and garlanded him. Her Royal Highness was also wreathed with a handsome garland of gold thread, as well as the ladies in attendance. After further intimate conversation with his host the Prince departed, the band playing, the war-horns wailing and His Highness standing on the steps till the Royal carriage disappeared through the portals of the courtyard, and then remaining seated until the muffled boom of the last

H. H. The Maharaja of Jaipur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

gun of the farewell salute had died away. This was one of the most brilliant and dignified ceremonies in which His Royal Highness has participated.

Continuing a very busy day, His Royal Highness received after lunch a deputation from the Municipality of Ajmere. An island of British territory in the sea of Rajputana States, the district of Ajmere-Merwara is at once an emblem of British authority and an example of British administrative methods, and for these reasons, as well as for its great historic interest, the city would have been included in Their Royal Highnesses' itinerary had it not been for the great scarcity which unfortunately prevails in the neighbourhood. The address recognised that 1818, the year of the British occupation, inaugurated an era of peaceful progress, chequered only by famines, and that no thoughtful citizen could look back on a century of British rule without thankfulness, or forward to the future without hope. The casket enclosing the address supported a model of one of the royal pavilions built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, which has recently been restored by the Government of India. In his reply the Prince alluded to the message of sympathy he had already sent to the citizens of Ajmere from England, and continued :—"If anything could add to our sincere regret that we should be receiving you here in Jaipur and not in your own city, it is the very charming description which you have given of Ajmere's history and attractions. We both feel strongly for you in your troubles, and after the long series of your misfortunes we hope that a happy period of prosperity is in store for Ajmere and Rajputana."



The Arhai-din-ka-Jhopra Gateway, Ajmere.

Afterwards the Prince inspected, in the Residency grounds, the smart Imperial Service Transport Corps the Maharaja holds at the disposal of the Imperial Government, which proved its worth in the Frontier War of 1897, and which comprises 1,200 ponies and 600 carts. For half an hour the

Commandant, Rai Bahadur Danpat Rai, C.I.E., stood by the Prince, explaining his patent folding carts and new pattern carts with boiler and cooking stove. Danpat Rai has shown that he is an inventor of genius by building in the Jaipur workshops a carriage carrying a camp stove whereon water can be boiled and tea made on the march. He has designed an ambulance cart for the field which can be taken over the roughest country. One of the folding carts was dismantled and then remantled, the whole operation taking less than five minutes. Several officers with campaigning experience were with the Prince, and all expressed the same favourable opinion of the carts and the turn-out. The ponies were in capital condition and the men, most of them wearing the Frontier medal with several clasps, fit and well. Danpat Rai is ready to entrain with his corps for any part of the world at twenty-four hours' notice, fully equipped and horsed to take the field. No less interesting than the carts were the pack ponies loaded with field trunks for service when the roads are too bad for wheeled transport. In the afternoon His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Maharaja and Sir Walter Lawrence, had half an hour's shooting, finding splendid sport, the bag being four buck and forty duck.

November 22nd.

To-day was almost wholly given over to sport, and the Prince had his first shot at a tiger. The conditions were unpromising. Although tigers were known to be in the vicinity, there was no news of a recent "kill," and it was at one time doubtful if a beat would be attempted. After lunch, however, it was decided to make a trial and the Prince, accompanied by General Stuart Beatson and the Hon. Derek Keppel, started. They drove for the first ten miles, teams of six horses being required to draw the carriages over the sand. Then, mounting elephants, they proceeded to the *machans*—the shooting platforms concealed in the trees—and the beat commenced. The country was sandy and covered with a scrub which gave a fair amount of cover. The tiger was on the move when the shooting party arrived and very soon a fine beast came galloping through the scrub. The Prince shot and wounded him in the spine and then, firing again, struck him just behind the near shoulder and bowled him over. As the brute was wriggling over the ground the Prince fired a third shot and killed him. It turned out to be a fine beast, just under nine feet long. The Prince's first tiger, and indeed his first big game, was killed with a facility the oldest hunter might envy. The tiger was a good hundred and twenty yards from his *machan* and galloping, and was by no means an easy shot; but the Prince's first bullet practically settled him. Curiously enough His Royal Highness' father killed

THE PRINCE'S FIRST TIGER, SHOT AT JAIPUR

his first tiger at Jaipur on his memorable tour in India. The Prince, who is a thorough sportsman and enters upon his shooting excursions with every zest, was delighted with the afternoon, as indeed he had every reason to be.

As intelligence of the prospects of the tiger shoot had to be awaited, Mr. Stotherd, the State Engineer, who so worthily carries on the splendid work of Sir Swinton Jacob, and Captain Wigram, A.-D.-C., organised a little pigsticking for the Staff of Their Royal Highnesses and such of the visitors as cared to join. Two parties were made up, the first under Captain Wigram, including amongst others Lord Crichton, Sir Pertab Singh and Sir Arthur Bigge, and the second, under Mr. Stotherd, with whom were Mr. Dugdale and Lord Shaftesbury. A start was made from the Residency about half past five o'clock, in that darkest hour before the dawn, and the four-mile drive to the rendezvous in the dry, crisp air,

> "As the morning broke in roseate streaks,
> Like the first faint flush on a maiden's cheeks,"

was almost too short. There horses and ponies were waiting in readiness, generously provided by the Maharaja, with an abundance of beaters, and a move was at once made for the cover where boars had been marked down. Both parties enjoyed an excellent morning's sport. The country round Jaipur is excellent galloping champaign with no pitfalls except one bad nullah, which was carefully avoided. Pig were plentiful and the Maharaja mounted his guests well. In the course of the morning the two parties accounted for nine pig, which, though varying in calibre, gave them some hard galloping. Whilst the gallant boar was being ridden hard on the outskirts of the town, sport of a very different character was in progress in the *atishi*, or palace stables. Animals of all sorts, sambhar, black buck, cheetal, rams and bulls, were admitted into an arena and pitted one against the other. Except, however, the rams and the bulls, none of the animals entered into the spirit of the game, and they were led into the arena and held with ropes so that they should not seriously hurt each other. But this is not a pastime over which it is possible to be enthusiastic. It lacks every element which goes to provide sport in the true English sense of that much-abused term—the elements of personal skill, address, courage and perhaps risk—and it cannot be rated higher than the cock-fighting and bull-baiting of our forefathers. The small company which gathered round the arena included neither His Royal Highness nor the Princess of Wales, nor can it be said that they were either edified or amused.

Does it seem inappreciative to say that it is unfortunate in one sense that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Udaipur so early in their tour? The "City of Sunrise" is such an exquisitely-fashioned and perfect gem that almost every other Indian town suffers by comparison with it. And certainly Jaipur, with its painted walls and stucco houses, seemed even more unreal and artificial than usual after a delightful sojourn at the home of the House of Mewar. But this impression has worn off with acquaintance, and one has come to see that Jai Singh, in laying out his hundred-foot streets, painting all the houses pink and insisting on an absolutely uniform style of architecture, had an eye for decorative effect, artificial perhaps, but extraordinarily picturesque in softer lights. So indeed it was this evening when

Jaipur: the City from the Sanganir Gate

the city and its suburbs were splendidly illuminated in honour of the Royal visit. The Nahagarh, or Tiger's stronghold, which occupies such a commanding position on the Ridge to the north-west of the city, was outlined in shimmering light, and its scarped face bore a gigantic welcome to the Royal pair. On the trees lining the broad road from the station to the city hung thousands of coloured lanterns, glowing softly in the dusty haze. Then the city itself was ablaze with tiny lamps, whose light, owing to the width of the streets, was even more mellow than is customary. Through these graceful scenes the guests of the Maharaja drove to the palace for the state banquet.

The banquet was remarkable in many respects. It was splendidly served in the handsome "Hall of Audience" and everyone was delighted at the success of the Prince in his first pursuit of big game. But nothing was more noteworthy than the intense pride and joy of the Maharaja in the entertainment of his Royal guests. He eagerly awaited them at the entrance hall, and conducted them to the chairs of state, the Princess—a truly regal figure—splendidly attired and wearing a magnificent necklace and tiara of diamonds. Then, when the curtains of cloth of gold were rolled back and Their Royal Highnesses passed into the banquetting hall, the Maharaja remained in the reception room, conversing with his Ministers whilst dinner was in progress, instead of retiring, as is customary with the Rajput Princes who observe the caste restrictions of their race. As soon as the wine was on the table, he rejoined the Prince and himself proposed the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor, standing, a fine dignified courteous figure, while his Minister read the speech proposing the health of the Royal visitors. In all this there was a dominant personal note. The Maharaja met and was received with every consideration and courtesy by the Prince and Princess of Wales on his visit to England for the coronation ceremony. To the honour of entertaining the Heir-apparent and his consort was added the privilege of returning the kindness of valued friends, and the Maharaja showed his appreciation of it in every look and gesture.

The speeches were remarkable for the evidence they afforded of the splendid generosity of the Maharaja. When in 1899 India was desolated by the greatest famine in modern history, the Maharaja instituted the Indian People's Famine Trust, the interest on which was to relieve the distress which must occasionally afflict parts of India as long as three-quarters of the population are entirely dependent upon agriculture and the seasonal rains are likely to fail. To that Fund he has contributed at various times nearly a hundred and forty thousand pounds, and this evening he announced that in commemoration of the visit he proposed to add to the Fund twenty thousand pounds, whilst the Maharani would give another six thousand in memory of the first Princess of Wales to come to India. The Prince acknowledged that they were "greatly touched by this fresh proof of Your Highness' generosity and of your sympathy with those in distress. Believe me," he added, "that no building—no form of memorial of our visit—could be more acceptable to us than this addition to the funds of the great national work of which you yourself were the founder."

After the speeches, a charmingly informal hour was spent in the inner courtyard of the palace, where a band of native musicians played in the

plaintive minor key which distinguishes all Indian music, and Their Royal Highnesses entered into unrestrained conversation with all who are doing good work in Jaipur, in whatsoever capacity. But the centre of interest was the Prince's tiger, which was borne in on a litter and admired, whilst old sportsmen pointed out how cleanly and well His Royal Highness' rifle had done its work. Very pleasant it was, too, to notice Her Royal Highness' keen pleasure in the spoil of her husband's rifle. The Princess of Wales, whilst dignified and stately in repose, has a singularly bright and gracious air when animated. She enjoyed the telling of the story of the

The Deserted City of Amber

afternoon as much if not more than His Royal Highness himself, and lent a ready ear to all who could speak with authority on the merits of the afternoon's sport. It was indeed one of those rare hours when the reserve their exalted station imposes upon the members of the Royal Family was brushed aside for the moment, and one caught a glimpse of that simple family life which does so much to endear the Royal House to their people.

November 23rd. As news of tiger was received from two quarters it was hoped that His Royal Highness might repeat his success of yesterday. The most encouraging reports came from Sanganir, about five miles from Jaipur, where a tiger was located, and soon after eleven o'clock the Prince left for the rendezvous by special train.

But it was not to be, for only half an hour before the Prince arrived the brute broke away and disappeared. Recognising at once that this was to be a blank day, His Royal Highness returned to the Residency. It was thought that the Princess might like to visit the ruins of the city of Amber, four miles from Jaipur, which was abandoned by Jai Singh when he built the present capital of the State, but the Princess preferred to remain quietly at the Residency, whence the Royal train left privately for Bikanir at six o'clock. Many did, however, visit Amber and came to the conclusion that, whatever his merits as a builder might be, Jai Singh was a Goth to leave Amber for Jaipur.

CHAPTER VII.

The Desert City.

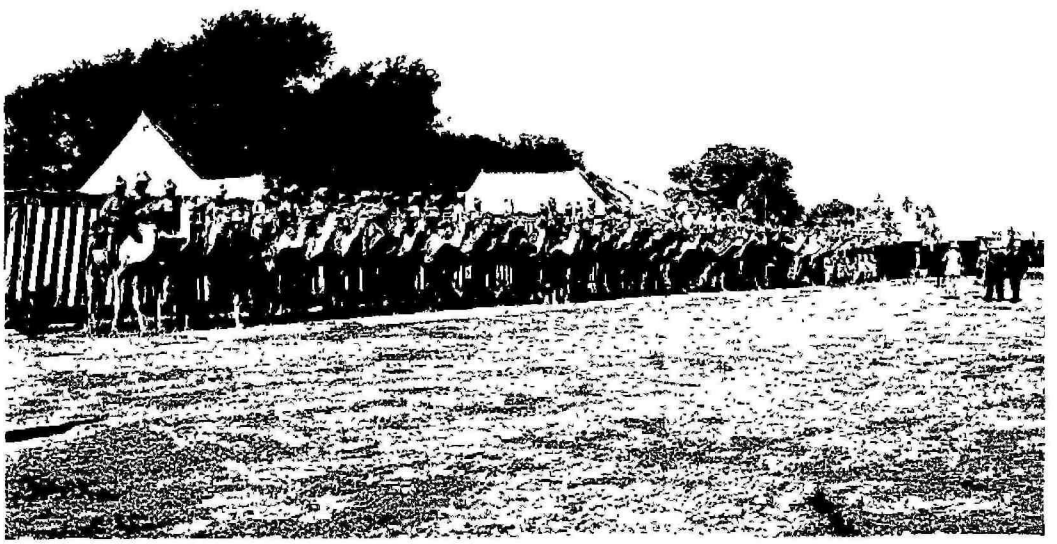
An Oasis in the Desert—The Stamp of the Nomad—Supremacy of the Camel—Warriors in Chain Armour—In Bible Lands—A Shooting Holiday—The Prince's Love of Sport—A Huge "Bag" of Grouse—Nature of the Shooting—The Staff go Pigsticking—Sir Pertab Singh's Horsemanship.

Bikanir, *November 24th.*

THE route of the Royal train from Jaipur to Bikanir lay across the fringe of the western desert and over great stretches of undulating land, sparsely broken by patches of scanty scrub. Here at Bikanir we are in the heart of the desert, in a city in a sea of sand, which breaks against the dull red battlemented walls. Many of the preparations made fittingly to receive Their Royal Highnesses were stamped with the impress of the desert and with those distinctive characteristics which a half-nomadic life leaves on peoples all the world over. The Guard of Honour of Imperial Service Troops—the Bikanir Camel Corps—was composed of as fine a body of men as we have seen in these travels, a lean, hard-bitten posse, most of them wearing the emblems of good service in Somaliland and China. Faultlessly equipped in scarlet and white and orange, as became the troops of an Aide-de-Camp to the Prince, they were a credit to the State. Outside were drawn up more sowars of the Bikanir Camel Corps, splendid men on splendid animals; and from this point it was the camel, that emblem of desert life, which dominated the scene.

First, however, came the State Lancers, in their restful uniforms of silver, blue and claret. Then a wild array of the camelmen of the principal Sirdars, mounted on scraggy beasts and clothed in flowing garments of sage-green and yellow. Carrying long and curiously-wrought *jezails*, they looked more like the untameable Arabs who tormented the French in Algeria than any race commonly associated with India. Camels drawing luggage vans rattled past on the way to the station and camels bore immobile warriors

clothed in chain mail from head to foot. We returned to traditional India for a moment with a group of giant elephants, painted in Royal fashion, and to the India that is so fast slipping away in the spectacle of an enormous double-decked vehicle, like a decayed omnibus, to which two fine elephants were harnessed abreast. And then we merged into what we are in danger of regarding as the commonplace, with a mile or so of the green-robed swordsmen who constitute the city guard. The artist who designed the state liveries of Bikanir is a genius in his way. What could be



The Bikanir Camel Corps.

more grateful to an eye tired by illimitable stretches of red stone and tawny sand than these lines of olive-green footmen?

The Royal route lay from the station, past the walls of the town, under the shadow of the old palace and out into the open, where stands the Maharaja's new and princely abode, on land literally won from the desert. The view about a mile from the station afforded the most perfect spectacle of a desert city the heart of man could desire. Here were the dull red battlemented walls, the fretted windows and graceful *chatres* of the old palace and temples and houses of the town, stretching away till lost in the khaki waste beyond; opposite, a scanty series of low sun-baked walls, ending abruptly in the desert which rolled away into the most complete mirage conceivable. If any

one conjures up the picture his memory retains of Damascus, or any of the ancient cities of Asia Minor, he will possess an accurate idea of the scene Bikanir presented this morning. The impression of an oasis in the desert was still further heightened by the entire absence of the usual expectant crowd. The roadside contained none but the retainers marshalled to honour the Prince and Princess.

Down this road, between the ranks of green-coated swordsmen, rode a solitary camelman; then, the quaintest sight imaginable, a company of the Camel Corps, a bobbing array of scarlet and white sowars advancing in absolute silence. When they passed this noiselessness gave way to a faint swishing as the padded hoofs met the dust, but the impression created by this large disciplined body, mounted on huge, well-fed beasts, passing mutely, can scarcely be described. Next came the Royal carriage with the Prince in naval uniform and the soldierly young Maharaja in the regimentals of his Camel Corps, the second Royal carriage with the Princess, more bobbing camels, smart Lancers, and the whole motley array. Their Royal Highnesses drove straight to the stately and beautiful Lallgarh Palace on the outskirts of Bikanir. The Maharaja is fortunate in this, that when he decided to build himself a new home he secured the co-operation of Sir Swinton Jacob as Architect. The palace is the most perfect modern building in the Indo-Saracenic style in India—an entirely graceful pile of carved red sandstone, nobly proportioned and harmonising entirely with its environment. Their Royal Highnesses have not been more splendidly housed since they landed at Bombay.

The visit to Bikanir must be regarded mainly in the light of a little relaxation after the long round of ceremonies so carefully and exactly observed. There are no long state functions. The *mizaj pursi* was performed soon after the arrival, and then His Highness called upon the Prince at the Lallgarh Palace, where the visit was returned. The Prince was now free to pursue the main object of his visit, a few days' shooting. Everyone knows that His Royal Highness is one of the finest small game shots in England, and men of no mean experience were filled with admiration at the way in which he used his gun in the bit of duck-shooting provided at Jaipur. Not everyone is aware, however, that he is a real whole-hearted enthusiast in the pursuit of game. Those who know say that His Royal Highness going shooting is—the phrase is used with all respect—like a schoolboy out for a holiday, so ardent, fresh and keen. Certainly, everything points to his having one of the shoots of his life here.

H. H. The Maharaja of Bikanir, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

In the neighbourhood of Bikanir is the best sand-grouse shooting in India, perhaps in the world. The species chiefly visiting those parts is the imperial grouse, about thirteen inches in length and seventeen to eighteen ounces in weight, and amazingly strong and rapid on the wing. The great resort for the birds is the Gujner tank, about twenty miles from the city. The character of the shooting there can best be indicated by what happened last November. On the Gujner tank and the adjoining sheets of water eleven guns accounted for 2,841 head of game in two days. Sir Philip Grey

The Shooting Camp Gujner

Egerton, well known as a fine shot at Hurlingham, secured 307 birds to his own gun in a single day. As there are reported to be fifteen thousand grouse on the lake, and all the smaller tanks in the vicinity have been "stopped" and the birds will be driven to drink at Gujner, the prospects of the shoot are sufficiently indicated.

The imperial sand-grouse invariably proceeds to the nearest water pool between quarter to eight and eleven o'clock in order to quench his thirst, and all the big shooting is done between those hours. As for the manner of the shooting, one of those who participated in last year's *battue* wrote :—"Shortly after sunrise and about half-past seven o'clock the first

grouse made their appearance. Now and then they arrived in couples, now in packs of ten to fifty. Sometimes they appeared to be whirling over the water in thousands. Between eight and nine o'clock the fusillade was extraordinary, as pack after pack came flying in, only to be fired upon and to disappear in another direction for their morning drink." The shooting is from butts carefully screened by boughs. If anything were wanted to complete this picture of a most promising shoot, it would be that on the fringe of the water stands the Gujner Palace, a charming shooting box in a delightful old-world garden.

November 25th. This afternoon news came of the progress of the *battue*. The shoot was excellently organised and most successful. Twenty-one guns were out, His Royal Highness with the Maharaja and a small party shooting on the Gujner lake itself, and the other guns on pieces of water in the vicinity that had also been specially reserved. The birds were plentiful, but were a little wilder than usual, so that the shooting was more difficult than it has been on some previous occasions.

The Desert Water-Carrier.

The Prince was in excellent form and secured a bag of 207 birds to his own gun. The second best bag was that of the Maharaja, who shot from the butt next to that of the Prince and accounted for 109 birds. The shoot commenced at 7-50 in the morning and lasted just three hours, during which time 1,090 imperial grouse, 24 small grouse, 15 duck and one hare were killed. The mere recital of these large figures may lead to the impression that sand-grouse shooting at Gujner is easy business, which is by no means the case. The "imperial" is not a facile bird to bring down. The leading bird of a pack approaching the water often gives the gun a comparatively easy shot, but to make sure of securing another bird with the second barrel taxes the skill of the most expert. At the first report of the gun the grouse twist and turn with almost incredible swiftness, and, in the words of an experienced shot, are far harder to bring down than driven birds on a Scotch or Yorkshire moor. Nor is it a bit of use trying to brown the birds. Very strong on the wing, they require to be hit fair and square and

carry away an extraordinary amount of "number four" shot without appearing a bit the worse for it.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the morning, the Prince was out again in the afternoon for an hour's sport, when he was accompanied by the Maharaja. He bagged a chinkara. The members of the Staff and the Maharaja's personal guests had a little pigsticking. Gujner is almost as famous for its pig as it is for grouse. There is excellent cover for boar near the lake, where they are fed night and morning in much the same fashion as are the fortunate Udaipur pigs from the Khas Oodi. His Royal Highness' Staff, a band of very keen sportsmen, deserve the best that can be given them. At Jaipur Sir Arthur Bigge, Lord Crichton, Mr. Frank Dugdale and Lord Shaftesbury held their own in very good company. One achievement of Sir Pertab Singh's, which was not talked of until afterwards, deserves recording. His Highness was running down a boar which turned and charged gamely. As the brute came up Sir Pertab jumped his pony over him and, simultaneously striking downwards with the spear, laid the good boar low. It was a pretty feat of horsemanship and skill. Advancing years have not yet weakened this gallant Rajput's seat in the pigskin nor dimmed the keenness of his eye. But to return to Saturday's pigsticking. Four boar were speared, one of which showed stubborn fight and gave the English visitors an excellent idea of what a Rajputana pig can do.

Sunday, as has been the case hitherto and will be throughout the tour, was a quiet day. Divine service was held at the Gujner Palace in the morning.

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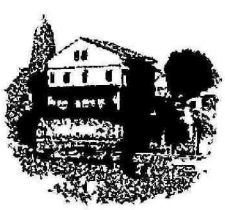
CHAPTER VIII.

"The Lord of the Desert."

THE FOUNDING OF BIKANIR—AN OFFSHOOT OF JODHPUR—A CITY KNEE-DEEP IN SAND—THE CHARMS OF DESERT LIFE—A STRONG ARABIAN INFLUENCE—WHERE EAST MEETS WEST—THE NEW BIKANIR—THE MAHARAJA'S REFORMING HAND—HIS PERFECT HOSPITALITY—ANOTHER GROUSE SHOOT—STATE DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY—A SCENE FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—THE BIKANIR CAMEL CORPS—THEIR FINE RECORD—SERVICE IN CHINA AND SOMALILAND—MEMORIALS OF THE VISIT—DEPARTURE FOR LAHORE.

BIKANIR, *November 27th.*



LITTLE less than a century and a half ago one Beeka, a cadet of the Ruling House of Jodhpur, led three hundred of his clansmen into the heart of the desert. Those three hundred Rahtores went forth to slay or be slain, and, like the hundred men of Marseilles who, knowing how to die, consummated the French Revolution and changed the face of Europe, they could not be withstood. After early successes against outlying tribes Beeka came by agreement to rule over the Jats, the strongest and most numerous of the desert peoples, and on a little limestone ridge at "the back of beyond" laid the foundations of his capital. History does not tell us how he and his people supported life in this practically rainless country whilst wells three hundred feet deep were being dug; but the grip of the Rahtore cadet on the land never relaxed: hardened and protected by the desert, this foray was the beginnings of a great warrior state, the Bikanir of to-day.

The very existence of Bikanir as a city seems to be an insult and an affront to Nature. There is absolutely no ostensible reason for its being. The sun-baked, wind-worn, machicolated walls stand knee-deep in a vast sea of sand, which laves the very bases of the fortifications. North, south, east and west, the watch-tower looks out upon this tawny waste, broken only by little patches of poverty-stricken scrub and by a tiny temple or two, which are obviously offshoots of the capital. To this desert city came Their Royal Highnesses and their Staff, frankly for the purposes of a little shooting to

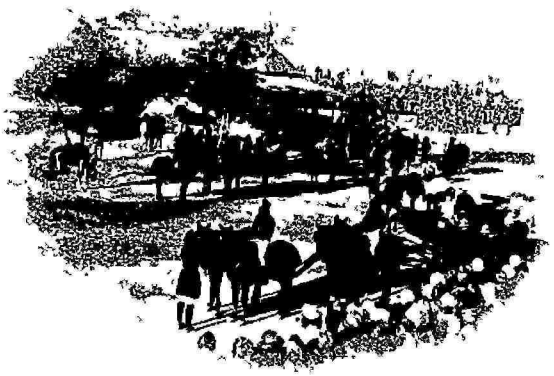
vary the strain of a long round of ceremonies, and with them others, who were not to shoot and who anticipated with some little distress four days' idleness in the wilderness. But whilst these came with heavy hearts they remained with light ones, for they were days of unrestrained joy. The charms of The Desert City lie not on the surface, but they are there for all who have eyes to see.

The fascination of the desert has grown on everyone; the dignity and solemnity of these vast, untameable wastes. And with that fascination has come the exhilaration of this bracing, sand-dried air, the joy of the golden

The Fruit Market Bikanir

sunsets. Does it seem absurd to call the desert beautiful? Yet in the hush of dawn when, after a moment's hesitation, the glorious sunlight floods the sky, bringing with it the faint stirring breeze, it is nothing less. At eventide when, in the unbroken stillness of the barren land, the sun goes down, wrapping the sky in delicate yellow, fading into the exquisite green which we associate with clear winter evenings at home, it can leave none untouched. Even on the outskirts of the city the desert has its little mysteries, criss-crossed with tracks which begin nowhere and end nowhere, traversed by hard, lean, sun-burnt peasants moving with the unhastened gait of the East, coming from and disappearing into the empty horizon.

The desert has left its mark upon Bikanir and its peoples. The city is like nothing else in India, and is more Arabian or Saracenic than Hindu. The dessicated and red-coated walls, the flat roofs, suggest Damascus and Asia Minor rather than Hindustan. Whilst the main streets of the bazaar are as bright as those of any Indian town, crowded with clamorous vendors and shrill-tongued buyers, in the side roads rules a silence rare in the East. The desert has also left its impress upon the manner and habits of the people. Physically it would be difficult to find a harder set of men than these dried, spare, wiry peasants, and their habit is of the simplest. A coat and turban of the coarsest country cloth suffices for the men, nor do the comely women seem to indulge in finery. Bikanir bazaar is about the best example of genuine *swadeshi to be found in a town of its size in India. Some foreign wares must be imported, but the proportion is trifling. Such glimpses as were afforded of the homes of the people revealed a cleanliness as exact as that of the desert.



The Princess' Carriage, Bikanir.

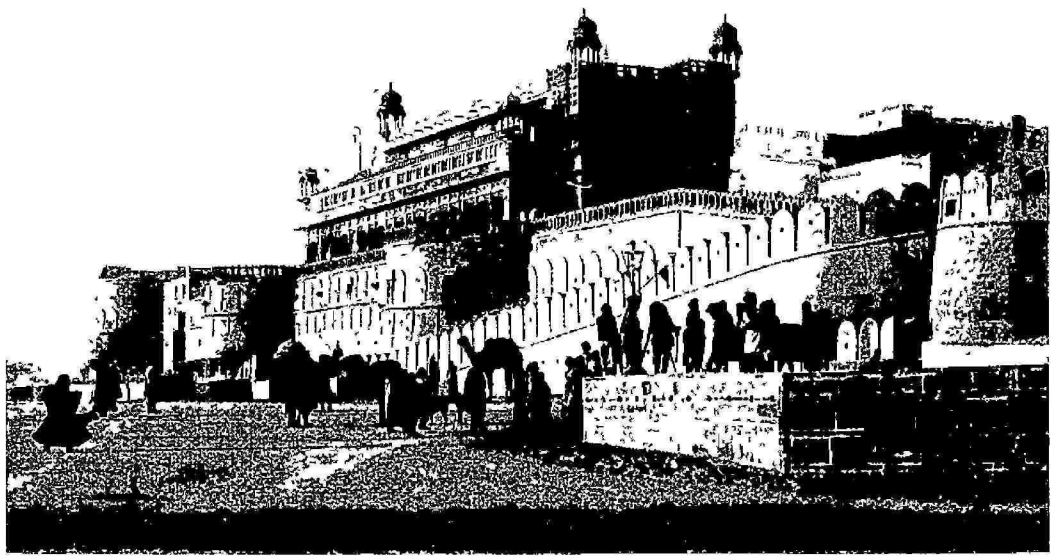
When the characteristic life of the bazaar palled there were the quaint antiquities of the palace and the fort. Tradition says that no Ruler of Bikanir should dwell in the halls occupied by his predecessor, and hence has grown up, within the walls of the fort that clings to the city's defences, a great irregular pile, without harmony and without design. On the walls of the outer portal are impressed marble models of the little hands of those widows burnt with their lords; within is everything incongruous that the East can show. Shady courtyards where fretted walls and balconies look into the cool depths of a marble tank—veritable haunts of ancient peace—open into chambers splashed with the cheapest and most tawdry colours. Marble halls with gold and silver chairs of state are but the annexes to rooms

Swadeshi: literally, belonging to the country.

hung with degraded green chandeliers and walled with willow pattern plates. Here appalling engravings of the early Victorian period hang on walls painted with scenes from the Hindu mythology; there crude drawings of an elephant chariot and a palanquin sandwich a sketch of a locomotive. In the well-kept armoury the weapons of Rajput chivalry hang side by side with Moorish jezails, Andrea Ferrara blades, and maces brought to Palestine by the Crusaders. Cheek by jowl with those relics of the centuries is the new wing, a mass of carven sandstone, lighted by electric light. Then, as the Maharaja and his circle have removed to the new Lallgarh Palace, the silence of abandonment broods over all, whilst from window and balcony you look over the khaki wastes and listen to the melodious cry of the bullock driver as he urges his oxen down the ramp to draw water from the three hundred foot well.

Side by side with these memorials of the past is arising a new Bikanir. In their tour through Rajputana Their Royal Highnesses have visited the States of three widely varying types of Native Rulers: of Udaipur, conservative and orthodox, but of the strictest honour; of Jaipur, orthodox of the orthodox, but animated by the most generous instincts; and of Bikanir, a representative of the modern school. His Highness the Maharaja of Bikanir was educated at the Mayo College and has passed through the training which, after mature consideration, has been decided upon as best suited to the present generation of Indian Princes. In many ways his personal influence can be felt in the State. An aide-de-camp to the Prince, His Highness is a fine soldierly figure and his Imperial Service Troops are a credit to the State. Whether as camelry in Somaliland or as infantry in China, where they were under the personal command of the Maharaja, they showed the best martial qualities. The Bikanir gaol is as well managed as any in the world, and its carpets have acquired a fame which necessitated the creation of a separate industry outside the gaol walls to meet the demand. The Lallgarh Palace, a couple of miles from the town, a beautifully proportioned pile of carved red sandstone, is one of the most perfect specimens of modern Indo-Saracenic architecture. The design is from the prolific brain of Sir Swinton Jacob, but His Highness gave the freest play to his creative genius. To the qualities revealed in these developments the Maharaja adds those of the perfect host. Every detail of the large camps at Bikanir and Gujner was personally supervised by him and the arrangements were complete. If His Highness did not literally offer half his kingdom to his guests, he placed everything in his possession at their disposal.

Some of these characteristics Their Royal Highnesses were able to observe on their arrival at Bikanir, but not until this evening could they fully appreciate the peculiar charms of The Desert City. There was a second grouse shoot in the morning, from seven till ten o'clock, when the Prince, shooting beautifully, made the best bag, with 150 birds, the spoil of the day being 800 birds. His Royal Highness was delighted with his sport, as also were the members of the Staff, and all left Gujner charmed with the completeness of the Maharaja's arrangements and fully appreciative of his splendid hospitality. Then in the late afternoon His Royal Highness motored in from



The Old Palace and Fort, Bikanir

Gujner and, joining the Princess at the old palace, first examined its treasures, especially the armoury and the Sanscrit manuscripts, and, accompanied by the Maharaja, went for a semi-state drive through the town.

The peculiar characteristics of Bikanir were never so clearly revealed as on this progress. Indeed the scenes in the streets were like a series of vivid pictures from Biblical history. The women gathered on the flat housetops, patches of green and yellow and red, silently watching the Royal procession pass and bursting into shrill chatter the moment it disappeared. Each little hole in the wall was a nest of eager faces, splashed with the gorgeous hues of the draperies. In the side streets the people were

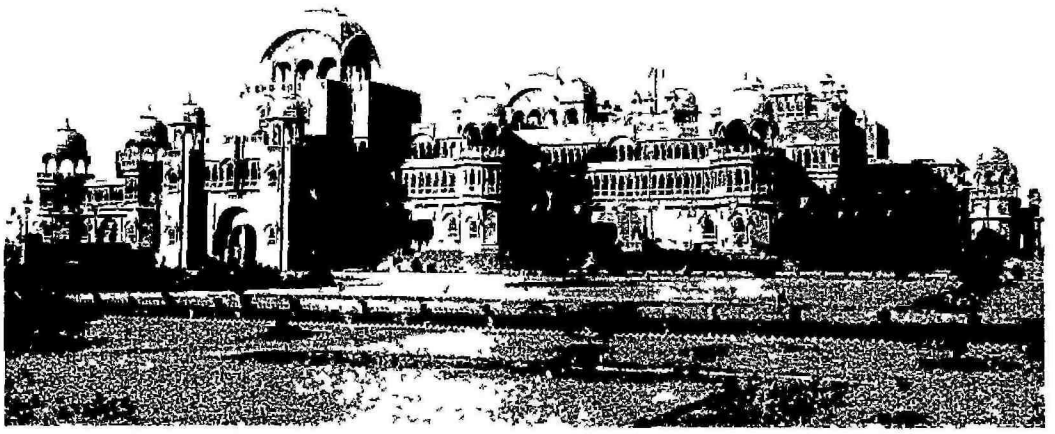
not permitted to congregate, so narrow are they that they scarcely permitted the Royal carriage to pass, but the moment the escort turned into the broader highways the whole population was seen to be out for the occasion. Although here and there Bikanir had succumbed to the tendency to tawdry bunting, for the most part the decorations took the only possible oriental form—of hangings of parti-coloured cloth. Through streets of mud-built houses, freshly coloured a brick-red, through streets of handsome dwellings of the most richly carved red sandstone, drove the Prince and, Princess

Camel Warriors in Chain Mail Bikanir.

amid variegated crowds who *salaamed* profoundly as the carriage passed, and then broke into exclamations of pride and joy. The route lay through the town, by the most sacred temple where once stood Beeka's Fort, and then past the old palace to the Lallgarh. The streets were lined with the smart state troops, whose presence was hardly needed, so orderly were the people.

The Prince afterwards presented medals for service in Somaliland to nine Native officers of the Bikanir Camel Corps, complimenting the officers on the smart appearance of the men and the men on having so many in the

ranks decorated for service in China. The Camel Corps was raised in 1889 by Captain Kettlewell, of the Indian Army, its object being for Imperial Defence at home and abroad. The strength is five hundred men and five hundred camels. Three-quarters of the men are Rajputs, the remainder Sikhs and Mahomedans. The Corps went to China in 1900, without their camels, and took part in the capture of Peitang Fort and were with the Allied Armies at the advance on Paoting-Fu. For ten months they served in the Far East, making great friends in the field with the Americans and Japanese. On one occasion the Bikaniris pitched the American soldiers



The Lallgarh Palace, Bikanir

camp for them and gave them food and blankets,—kindness which was never forgotten. In 1902, after the Delhi manœuvres, the Corps went to Somaliland and acted as pioneers to the flying column under General Manning. They fought at Daratoleh, when Captain Walker gained his V.C. and Captain Hughes was wounded. They formed part of the square at Jidballi, for which a clasp to the medal is given. Eight men were killed and thirteen wounded. The Maharaja is Colonel of the Corps and an Honorary Major in the Indian Army.

The visit to Bikanir was brought to a close with a state banquet. Unfortunately neither the Prince nor Princess was present. His Royal Highness was slightly indisposed at Gujner, and acting under the advice of

his doctor he decided to dine quietly at the Lallgarh Palace. The Maharaja, in his speech proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, announced that in commemoration of the visit he intended to build a new town hall and to supplement his Imperial Service Troops by the addition of half a regiment of infantry, and alluded with pride to the fact that when he took his regiment to China in 1900 he was the first Chief in India to have gone across the seas on active service under British rule. The Prince's reply, which was read by the Hon. Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, touched upon his old friendship for the Maharaja, whose portrait hangs in Marlborough House. "I have been much struck," he said, "by the fine soldierly appearance of the Bikanir Camel Corps. We know what they have done on active service. It will give me much pleasure to tell the King-Emperor of the smart appearance of the men, most of whom wear medals for China and Somaliland, and of the excellent condition of the camels. I shall assure His Majesty that he has every reason to be proud of Your Highness' contribution to the Imperial Service Troops, and also inform him of your further generous offer to augment it by the addition of half a regiment of your infantry."

CHAPTER IX.

The Capital of the Sikhs.

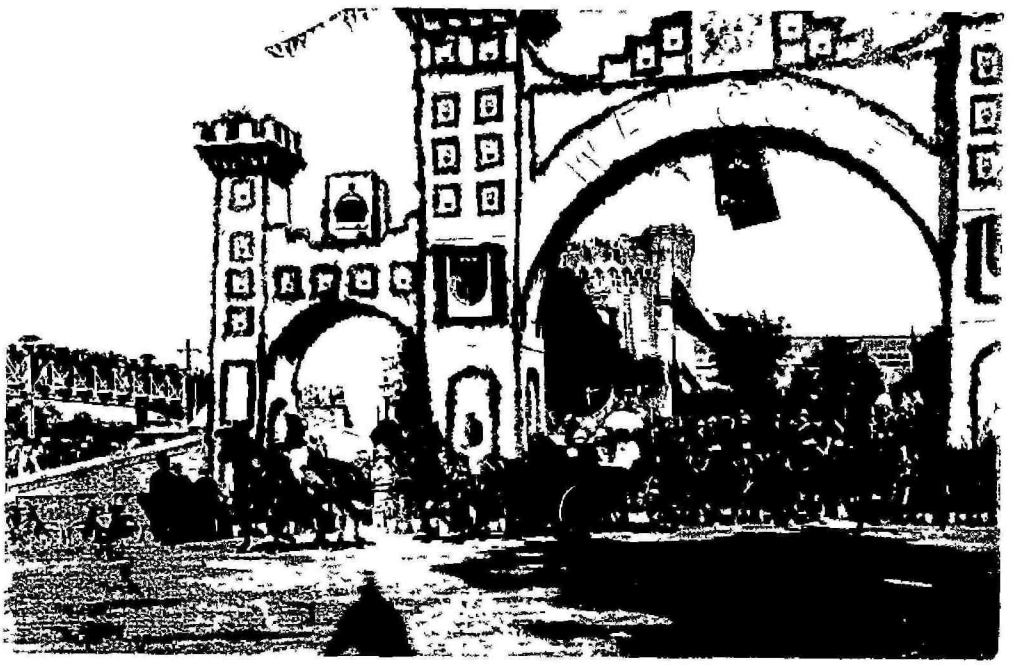
In British India again—Loyal Enthusiasm of the Punjab—Picturesque Assembly of the Chiefs—Sir Walter Lawrence's Tact and Knowledge—Nabha, the Sikh Bayard—The Ceremonial Visits—Splendid Loyalty of the Punjab Houses—In touch with the Common People—The Punjab Ball—Review of Imperial Service Troops—Qualities of the Fighting Races—Genesis of the Imperial Service Movement—What it means to the Defence of India—Departure for the North-West Frontier.

Lahore, *November 28th.*

WE left Bikanir last night a blaze of light. The roads leading from the Lallgarh to the old palace were lined with myriads of lights and the walls of the fort were ringed with tiny flames, whilst outside the main portal a giant bonfire roared and crackled. In the middle of the glowing embers danced the faith-dancers whose secret no man knows. When daylight dawned we were at Bhatinda, the junction with the broad-gauge railway, and under the shadow of tremendous walls, formidable in these days and which must have been impregnable when they were built. Then from Bhatinda to Lahore the route lay over the dead level of the Punjab plain, an astonishing contrast to the arid wastes of Western Rajputana. Though the land is flat, it is pleasantly timbered and green with the promise of the spring harvest. Passing the typical parade ground of Mian Mir cantonment the train soon glided into the scarlet-hung station of Lahore.

Although the Punjab has been shorn of its frontier districts and resents the loss, it still regards itself as the backbone of the defence of India, both because of its position as a bar to the advance of an invader and as the producer of the finest fighting races in the country. The loyalty of the Punjab has never waned, not even in the darkest days of the 'fifties', and proud of these circumstances the Province determined to give the Prince and Princess a right Royal welcome to its capital. And so it did. The long

route from the railway station to Government House was lined with flags and bunting, crossed by triumphal arches, bright with loyal mottoes, and close-packed with a deeply interested mass of the strong, reserved peoples of the North. Here, back in British India, we lose much of the brightness and colour of the fascinating cities of Rajputana. Instead of tortuous streets are broad straight roads; instead of houses of the East, eastern, the roomy bungalows and handsome shops of a provincial headquarters. Yet with this loss is some gain in the splendid highways, the evidences of wealth, and the avenues and gardens for which Lahore is famous. And yet, again, one could



Entry into Lahore.

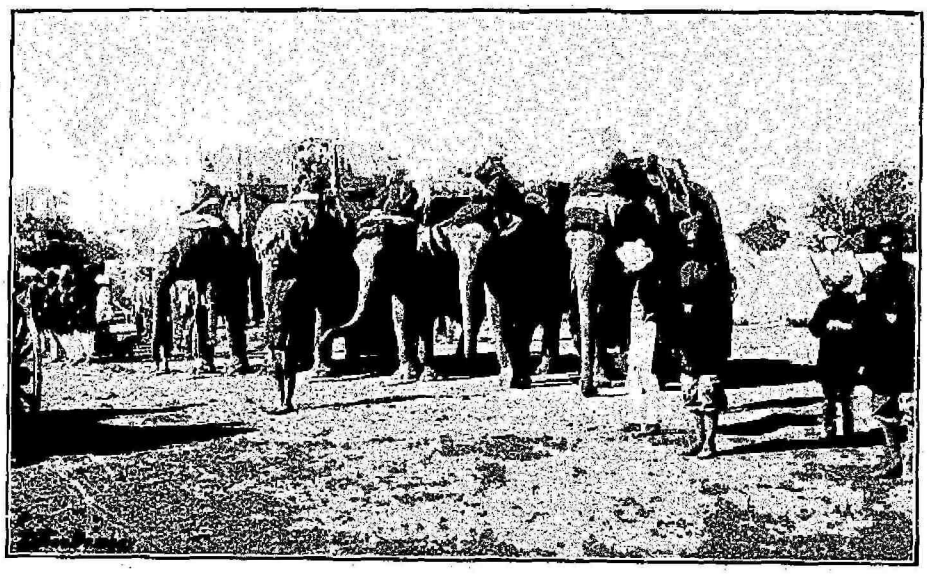
wish that the good citizens had not attempted to paint the lily, and decorate groves of stately boscage, glorious in the setting sun, with strings of bunting.

The scenes on the drive from the station to Government House must have reminded Their Royal Highnesses of their splendid progresses through the streets of Bombay. For not since they left "The Gateway of India" have they seen such smiling crowds in street and on balcony, in every window and on every housetop. The peoples' greeting was marked by the reverence and the gravity which are associated with the hardy races of Upper India. Quite otherwise was it with the bands of school-children marshalled along the route. By a happy thought

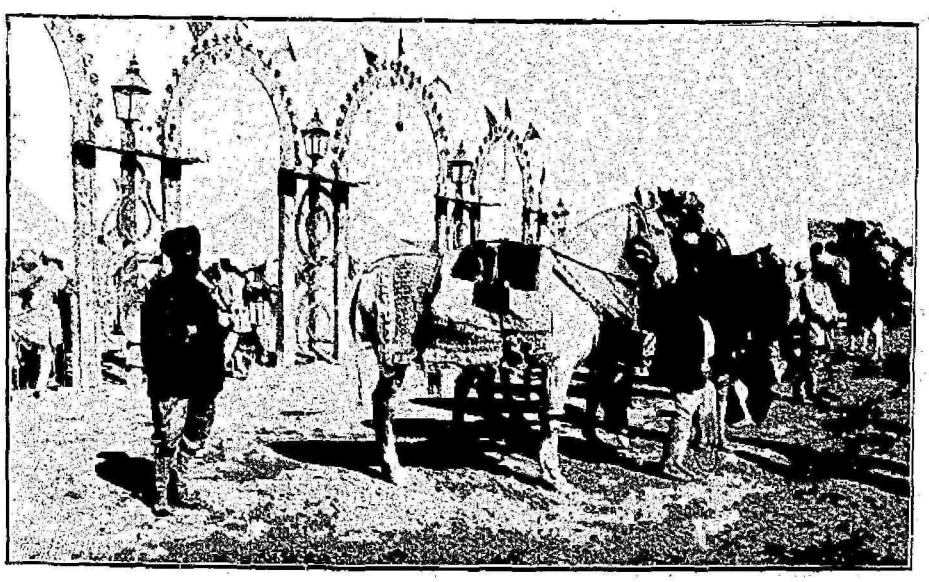
these assembled bodies were each marked with a distinctive colour. There were boys in red turbans and boys in pale emerald green, in white and in blue, with expectant faces and comely features. As the Royal carriage passed they broke into joyous shouts of welcome, vigorously waving little paper flags of their own distinctive colour. But by far the most interesting episode of the progress was the drive through the camp of the Punjab Chiefs assembled in Lahore to receive the Royal visitors. Here were the Chiefs of Patiala and Bahawalpur, of Nabha, Jhind, Kapurthala, Mandi, Faridkhote, Maler Kotla, Chamba and Suket. The gathering of their retainers brought back memories of Udaipur and Jaipur and Bikanir. One seemed to stride unconsciously from the India of the railway station, of these broad roads and modern buildings, into the India of at least a century ago.

For here we had wild frontiersmen with hooked noses and eagle eyes, and unshorn locks tumbling over their shoulders, mounted on scraggy ponies; elephants in silver mail, bearing golden and silvern howdahs; and dancing horses caparisoned in tinsel. Smart Imperial Service Infantry stood guard over the palanquins and palkis and in line with household troops with muzzle-loaders and flint-lock guns. In the midst of this motley array the forces of Kapurthala stood conspicuous. His Imperial Service Infantry were splendidly turned out, most of the men wearing the Frontier medal of 1897, and one at least bore two Sudan distinctions; his cavalry were well horsed and accoutred smartly. As the Royal procession passed at a walking pace through the camp, the Chiefs, who were seated in their carriages, saluted, the Prince and Princess acknowledging every reverence. The scene presented, as the Chiefs sat in their state vehicles, their armed retainers in every kind of uniform ranked with the elephants, the dancing horses and the palkis, whilst on the opposite side of the road sat a few English residents and the rag-tag and bobtail of the camp, was the most truly oriental patch in the progress.

Passing through the Taksali Gate the Royal carriage halted for a few moments at the Anarkali Gardens, where the Municipality presented their address. The Prince's reply touched sympathetically upon the misfortunes that have overtaken the Province—scarcity, plague and earthquake—and the readiness of the peasantry to utilise the opportunities afforded through the extension of irrigation by emigrating to the new colonies. "I am glad," he concluded, "that your town shares in the general prosperity of the Province. I trust it will continue and increase. We shall, in a short time, have an opportunity of seeing the men who have won for the Punjab the name of 'The Sword Hand of India.' Lahore has reason to be proud of being the capital of such a nursery of devoted and loyal soldiers."



THE STATE ELEPHANTS, JHIND.



STATE HORSES FROM NABHA.

The Durbar Reception at the Montgomery Hall after dinner was one of those well designed, semi-state ceremonies which afford His Royal Highness a better opportunity of coming into close contact with the Chiefs than is provided by solemn durbars or rigid state visits. In the hall, erected in memory of a former Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, were gathered all the notabilities of the Punjab, British and Indian. Amidst a throng remarkable for the brilliance of the costumes and uniforms, the young Maharaja of Patiala was conspicuous by the splendour of his jewels, his turban being ringed and ringed with pearls and diamonds. The fine presence of that good sportsman, the Kunwar Saheb Ranbir Singh of Patiala, was scarcely less noteworthy, but the palm for picturesqueness was easily borne off by the Baluch Chiefs from Dehra Ismail Khan. Still garbed in flowing white, with their oiled ringlets hanging over their shoulders and untamed eyes, they were perfect specimens of the wild border races.

In the outer hall His Royal Highness received the principal Durbaris of the Punjab, some hundred and thirty in number, and then a procession was formed, and to the blare of trumpets, preceded by his Staff in full uniform, the Prince entered the reception chamber and seated himself in the chair of state. The Prince was looking—and, according to informed authority, was feeling—particularly well, having quite recovered from the fatigue of his heavy days at Bikanir. Then the Chiefs were led in order of precedence to the foot of the dais, where Sir Charles Rivaz presented them, the heads of houses sitting on His Royal Highness' right hand and on his left, and the cadets being grouped in rear. Afterwards the Native officers on duty at Mian Mir were presented, His Royal Highness touching the hilts of the swords tendered in token of fealty. The more formal ceremonies were now over, and descending from the dais the Prince had half an hour's more intimate conversation with the Chiefs. It is on these occasions that the rare qualities of Sir Walter Lawrence as Chief of Staff are displayed. There does not seem to be a Native Chief in India whom Sir Walter does not know, and his catholic knowledge, tact, charm of manner and familiarity with the vernaculars speedily efface the timidity and reserve natural on such occasions. One missed with regret the grand old Chief of Nabha, who was too unwell to attend. It was Nabha, the Sikh Bayard, who, when the King was proclaimed at Delhi, cried: "Now I can die in peace, as I have discharged the three duties of a true Sikh—I have lived according to the precepts of the Gurus, I have aided the State with my sword, and now I have paid personal homage to my Sovereign."

November 29th.

According to the programme, the Prince was to have visited this morning the fort of Lahore, the extensive walled enclosure which the great Akbar adorned with specimens of mixed Hindu and Saracenic architecture, largely defaced by later generations and now over-besplashed with British whitewash. Within the fort is the Shish Mahal, or Mirror Palace, where the formal transfer of the Punjab to the British Government was executed. On the walls of the armoury hang the shield and battle-axe of Guru Govind Singh, who by giving the reforming zeal of the Sikhs a military basis, knit the race into a militant religious confederacy that defied the power of the Mughal Emperors and made possible the kingdom of Ranjit Singh.

The Raja of Nabha.

But in view of the pressure of engagements this item was wisely omitted from the day's proceedings. The first great ceremonies were the visits of the Punjab Chiefs to His Royal Highness at Government House. The Chieftains of "The Land of the Five Rivers" stand high in the roll of India's Native Princes, for they are scions of the finest fighting stock in Hindustan. It is men of their race who have won for the Punjab the proud title of "The Sword Hand of India," and their stout loyalty in times of the darkest depression gained for them a place in the affections of Englishmen which must never be diminished. "Lord, keep my memory green," was the prayer of the man to whom forgetfulness brought the loss of all the softening influences of life. May our memory in these days of fast-succeeding generations be kept green with the recollection of the deeds of those Houses who were true to the *Raj* when every good sword was of priceless value!

The Punjab Chiefs were encamped on the fort parade ground, which in sterner times was the glacis of Lahore's formidable defences. From here a broad, shady road leads to Government House, and from an early hour this was thronged with sightseers, many being English, anxious to see the Chiefs in their full feudal splendour. They were amply rewarded. First came the Maharaja of Patiala, a boy of fourteen, lord of the premier State of the Punjab and heir to a great name and noble traditions. That name has been somewhat tarnished by a fatal misconception of what good sportsmanship

H. H. The Maharaja of Patiala.

means, and never stood a boy on the threshold of greater opportunities. Followed the leading Mahomedan Chief, the Nawab of Bahawalpur, whose fathers broke away from Afghan dominance in 1838 and whose House has since been invincibly true to their treaty engagements. Next the Sikh Raja of Jhind, of a State whose troops were the first to march against the mutineers at Delhi and whose Imperial Infantry especially distinguished themselves in the Tirah campaign. Then came the Raja of Nabha, representative of a fine school that is fast passing away, and whose name is a synonym for loyalty and honesty throughout India. He was succeeded by the Raja of Kapurthala, greatly given to western travel, escorted by blue and white lancers in the faultless order which distinguishes all Kapurthala's retainers.

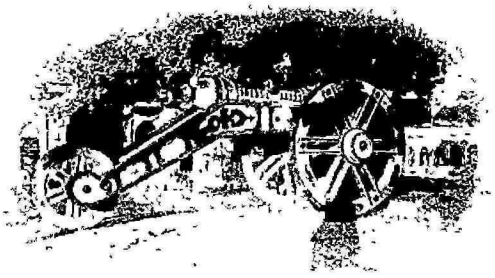
Now came the first of the hill Chieftains, the Raja of Mandi, a Rajput of the Suket family and ruler of the lower Himalayan ranges lying between the beautiful valleys of Kangra and Kulu. The Regent of Maler Kotla paid the devoirs of this little principality, carved out by one of the adventurers who followed the train of the Mughal invaders, and his well turned-out escort was conspicuous by its nodding yellow plumes. Faridkot, the Sikh, was unfortunately detained in camp by fever, so Maler Kotla was followed by Chamba, a proud Rajput whose Himalayan kingdom is tucked away at the back of the Kangra Valley, and he by the Raja of Suket, a Rajput of the Rajputs, and ruler of some four hundred square miles of mountain territory. So they passed, and into the presence of the Heir-Apparent, there cheerfully to render the eastern tributes of homage and fealty. Sikh and Rajput and Afghan, they were symbols of the successive waves of invasion which made Hindustan the cockpit of Asia for centuries, until the spread of the *Pax Britannica* brought rest to the tired land. But, widely differing in race and ideals, they had this great bond in common—unswerving loyalty to their treaty obligations, deep devotion to the Imperial Throne. Could any equally large assemblage of neighbouring Chiefs be brought together in India with such an unsullied history?

Apart from the state visits the day was spent as quietly as possible. The Princess visited the Museum and the Mayo School of Art. Readers of "Kim" will recall the treasure-house that enthralled the old Lama who sought the lost river, and the donor of the horn spectacles which the gentle Buddhist used with such unfeigned glee. In this chapter Kipling sketched the Lahore Museum, of which his father was for many years curator, and the cannon under whose shade Kim and the Lama met still stands sentinel

over the courtyard. The Princess is keenly interested in Indian art, and appreciates the finest qualities of work and the methods that lead to its production. Her Royal Highness passed a pleasant hour examining the characteristic craftmanship of the Punjab—the carved walnut, Multan pottery, fine jadestone, and the curious, semi-transparent bottles of camel-skin, which are suggestive of Biblical history.

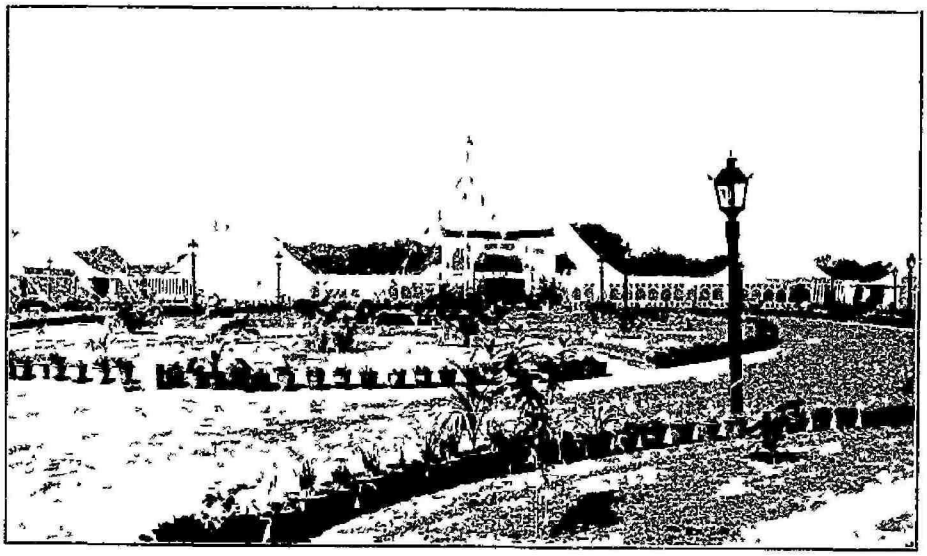
30th November.

Again this morning the people of Lahore clustered along the fine roads that lead from Government House to the glacis of the old Fort, whereon the Punjab Chiefs are encamped. The Prince was to pay return visits to those Chiefs entitled to this honour, and this was done with all pomp and ceremony. Many of the Chiefs have housed themselves on a lordly scale for the festival, and laid out their camps with much expense and in great detail. Splendid pavilions flashed with colour; the durbar chambers were hung with oriental tapestries and kincob work; and the Chiefs and Sirdars were in their most striking dresses. The Chiefs were proud to make these preparations, because in the fine-drawn scale of oriental distinctions no privilege stands higher than that of the return visit. It indicates the status of those who receive it, and where a member of the Royal House is concerned the honour is great indeed. The Prince's frank and gracious manner puts the Chiefs at their ease at once, and doubles the pleasure they derive from these ceremonies.

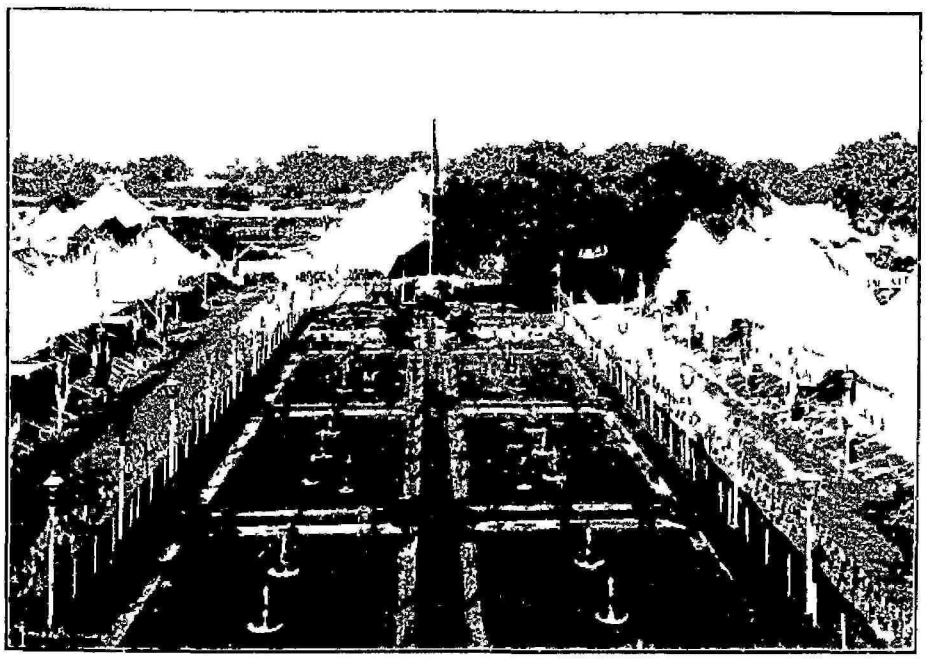


"Kim's" Cannon.

Outside the Patiala camp His Royal Highness was saluted by elephants, by drummers with silver mail and wearing tinsel tiaras, and by smart Lancers: passing on to that of the Nawab of Bahawalpur, ablaze with Mahomedan green, by cavalry whose loose-breeched sowars had the impress of the desert stamped on bearing and on feature. Jhind's camp was modestly arrayed and guarded by stalwart Sikhs in scarlet; Nabha's Lancers were in eau-de-nil and scarlet, and his Imperial Service Infantry in scarlet and yellow. Kapurthala's retainers were in the familiar blue and white, and Mandi's paraded unostentatiously. All these scenes, however, have been witnessed again and again on the Royal tour and will be repeated almost without end during the next few months. Much more interesting was it to turn from the glistening



The Maharaja of Kapurthala's Camp



The Maharaja of Jhind's Camp

camps to the opposite side of the road, close-packed and smiling with the crowd waiting in all loyal desire to see the Emperor's son. There, the thin-cheeked student jostled the portly clerk. These northern peoples run to length, and the town-bred, at any rate, are as pale of visage as the Latin peoples of Southern Europe. And the shrillness of exclamation, when twenty inches of solid British back were interposed between them and the prospective procession, equalled the vehemence of hawkers quarrelling over a pice. The masters of the situation were the splendid peasants, who had left their rarely-quitted villages to gaze upon the Shahzada. Burnt a deep walnut by the sun, hardened by toil, they sat in stolid silence in the front row, places gained by hours of patient waiting, and, wrapped in their coarse country garments and orange blankets, refused to be disturbed. It will be an ill day for the Punjab if anything is allowed to check the progress of the measures designed to prevent the conversion of the peasant proprietors into landless labourers.

After leaving the Chiefs' camp His Royal Highness was joined by the Princess, and together they visited the historic Fort. But even more than the well-stocked armoury and the glories of the Shish Mahal were they charmed by the view from the palace—the spreading landscape of forest and plain, with the labyrinthine streets of old Lahore at foot, crouching in the shadow of the Jama Masjid, and the exquisite mausoleum of Ranjit Singh. A little later Their Royal Highnesses passed through this maze of crazy streets on a drive round the native town. Like most other important stations, the sharpest line is drawn in Lahore between the old city, which was the capital of Ranjit Singh, and the modern quarter that has grown up on the outskirts since Lord Dalhousie took the Government of the Punjab from the incompetent Sikh Sardars and gathered it into his own strong hands—the one a plexus of cramped streets with its carven, storied houses, redolent of the ceaseless activity of the eastern bazaar; the other with the boulevards of a model city, the spacious secluded life of the Anglo-Indian of tradition. One may live for a year in the new Lahore, sharing to the full its pleasure and its toil, without setting foot in the wonderful old town. The people were doubly delighted when the Prince and Princess saw them in their own homes, plying their hereditary trades, and gave them a welcome such as had not been known in the history of Lahore.

In the afternoon the Prince paid a private visit to the Aitchison College, where the Cadets of the Punjab Ruling Houses are educated on a plan modelled on the English public school system, and the Princess held a *purdah* Party at Government House. The day closed with the Punjab

Ball, about which all the Province had been talking for half the year. The Punjab has more reason than other provinces to take pleasure in any joyous occasion that unites its scattered members. For here on the sun-baked banks of the canals, in the wind-swept deserts of the Indus Valley, and in the haunting desolation of the *bar*, the civilian and the engineer have more than their share of the aching solitude of Anglo-Indian life. Now too the Punjab is one of the pleasant places of the earth, with the tonic

The Tomb of Ranjit Singh, Lahore

freshness of the air, the stimulus of the crisp winds, the pungent reek of the wood fires. A few months hence it will be the inferno, with the days of parching heat and nights of woe none but the Punjabi know. To-night no thought of the solitary whitewashed bungalow, no whiff of the fiery blasts of May, was allowed to intrude. Near a thousand guests, gathered from the four corners of the Province, met in the Montgomery Hall, and danced as light-heartedly as if there were no to-morrow, no whisper of tragedy in the thought that of those who should have been there, one at

* Bar. Wide steppes of grazing land in the Western Punjab.

least was taken out of Lahore station a poor fever-stricken wreck. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at ten o'clock, danced the state lancers and remained until after supper. The Prince wore evening dress with the ribbon of the Star of India, and the Princess was a stately figure indeed, in a splendid gown of rose velours and a magnificent collar and tiara of diamonds. Amongst those who joined in the state lancers were the Prince and Lady Bindon-Blood, the Princess and Sir Charles Rivaz, Sir Bindon-Blood and Lady Clark, the Hon. Mr. Justice Robertson and Lady Violet Crawley, Sir Charles Tupper and Lady Grizel Hamilton, Sir W. Clark and the Hon. Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. Reid and Lady Shaftesbury, General Walter Kitchener and Mrs. Reid.

On the Outskirts of Lahore.

December 1st.

Although it is only the beginning of December, these Northern India mornings break raw and cold. Consequently it was not until ten o'clock, when the air was pleasantly warmed by the sun, that the Prince of Wales arrived on the parade ground at Mian Mir to inspect the Punjab Imperial Service Troops. But for full two hours before then the long dusty road which leads to the great cantonment was alive with all sorts and conditions of men and women, hastening to witness the military display. As the hour for the arrival of His Royal Highness approached, gangs of water-carriers besprinkled the dusty highway, but the innumerable particles which clogged the nostrils and bit the throat were a foretaste of what is in store for everyone at Pindi when fifty thousand horse and foot are marshalled before the Heir-Apparent and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum a few days hence.

The spectacle at Mian Mir would, however, have repaid twice the trouble of getting there. The parade ground is not exactly lovely, but so

entirely a bit of British India that one would not wish it changed even to secure a greater beauty. There were the yellow, dusty plain, the big trees beyond, the cloudless sky disfigured only by the smoke which hung over Lahore like a pall, the splash of scarlet where the West Yorkshires lined the route, the straight roads, and the cluster of brilliant uniforms and summer frocks near the saluting point. All this has a sense of familiarity to the Anglo-Indian which brings home a realisation of the strength of his position and which he would not barter for things far more æsthetically attractive. Then the centre of the plain was streaked with the serried array of those valorous troops which the Punjab Chiefs have delighted perfectly to equip and organise so that they may worthily take their place with the regular soldiers of the King-Emperor when the hour of trial arises.

On the right of the line, in pride of place, stood the Patiala Rajinder Lancers, a splendid body of men, five hundred strong and superbly mounted. The oldest of the regiments present, they are entitled to place "Delhi" on their colours and fought with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan. Next was marshalled the Camel Corps of the Nawab of Bahawalpur on their straggling beasts, meet comrades of the fine camelry His Royal Highness saw much of during his stay at Bikanir. More modest, but certainly not less useful, stood the company of Sirmur Sappers from Nahan Esmma, hill Rajputs, Gurkhas and Mahomedans, distinguished by their gallant services on the Punjab Frontier. The Maler Kotla Sappers can already show the "Punjab Frontier" and "Tirah" on their colours, although they were raised only twelve years ago, and can point to good service under each one of these heads. The Faridkot Sappers, organised five years since and composed of Sikhs, stood between Maler Kotla and the first and second Patiala Rajinder Sikh Infantry. Two regiments, each five hundred strong and almost entirely composed of Sikhs, these yielded the palm to none on the ground, and it must have made young Patiala's bosom swell with pride as he gazed upon the five hundred lances and thousand trusty bayonets which he holds at the service of the *Raj*.

Now came five hundred Jhind Infantry, all Sikhs with the exception of one company of Mussalmans, who fought with distinction in the Frontier War of 1897; then five hundred of the Raja of Nabha's Foot and the five hundred Kapurthala Foot who served so well in the same year. Who does not remember the story of the Kapurthala picquet, a memorable episode even in that campaign of brave deeds! How thirty-five of these gallant Sikhs under Subadar Dewa Singh, mistaking their road, found

H. H. The Raja of Nabha, G.C.S.I.

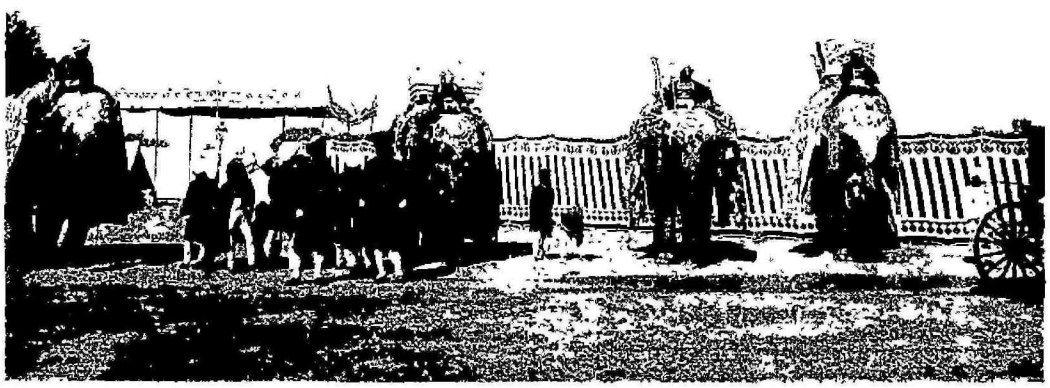
themselves in a ravine with only one exit, which the tribesman had carefully blocked. Then, assailed in the cold of the November dawn by a shower of bullets, they fought stubbornly till only six were left alive. Down came the Chamkhanis, hoping to capture the scanty remnant, but standing shoulder to shoulder they refused to surrender and all were slain. The troops paraded this morning represented a contribution to the Empire's fighting force of nearly four thousand officers and men.

Punctually at the hour appointed Her Royal Highness drove to the saluting point, accompanied by Sir Charles Rivaz, and a few minutes later the Prince galloped on to the ground. Halting for a moment to receive the salute, he rode slowly down the long line, the Princess following in the state carriage, and the inspection over, both Prince and Princess took up their positions at the saluting point for the march past. First came the gallant Lancers in green and yellow, with gleaming lance points and dancing pennons. Then the Bahawalpur Camel Corps, in the drab uniform which is scarcely distinguishable from the colour of the camel or the plain, keeping an excellent line considering the stupidity of their mounts. Swinging along with easy stride, the Sappers followed, with the mule trains carrying their tools and impedimenta; Sirmur and Maler Kotla in scarlet and Faridkot in khaki. A couple of hundred yards from the saluting point each Chief rode out to lead past his troops, Patiala, a born horseman, in mufti, and Maler Kotla in uniform. Patiala now returned to head his footmen, grand, stern, strong men in green and yellow, their shining weapons flashing in the sun. Jhind also rode out to his regiment, wearing the scarlet and white of the state forces, and the grand old Maharaja of Nabha, a simple, dignified figure in white, with a splash of scarlet and gold, and riding a young dark bay home-bred. The fine Kapurthala Infantry, led by the Maharaja in uniform, brought up the rear. A gallant sight indeed, but marred by one circumstance, the awful dust, which, despite careful watering, rolled up in clouds, enveloping everything in a tawny haze.

Out rushed a swarm of water-carriers deftly besprinkling the dust, and then the infantry swung back in quarter column, bayonets flashing and the Patiala Sikhs shouting their guttural war-cry as they passed **Jai, Jai Futteh Guru!* The dust fiend was scotched, but a moment later he rose in his wrath and conquered the whole situation. For now the infantry were marched off to form in line and await the advance in review order, whilst the camelry and horse went by at the trot. The camelry, in excellent order, raised dust enough, but when the Lancers trotted past it rolled away in gigantic

* Victory! Victory! for the Sikh Faith!

clouds, enveloping horse and rider in a murky haze and powdering both thickly with yellow. One grand climax was in store. The camelry bobbed away and Patiala's horse dashed up at the gallop. A shrill whistle, and the gallop broke into the charge. At topmost speed swept past these splendid horsemen, till the air was filled with the thud of twice a thousand hoofs. Through the thickening haze you could dimly discern the lances and the pennons, the straining horses and the stern set faces of this warrior race in splendid line, until in a few seconds all were swallowed up in a fog as thick as the worst ever seen in London. An involuntary "Bravo!" or "Shabash!" broke from every throat, fit tribute to men who rode like disciplined centaurs



Gorgeously Caparisoned Elephants.

with the lust of battle in their eyes. There remained but the advance in review order, which was led by Colonel Drummond, Inspector-General of Imperial Service Troops, and the Royal salute. The Prince of Wales then addressed the assembled officers, expressing his appreciation of the soldierly bearing of officers and men and his admiration of the Lancers' splendid riding.

Their Royal Highnesses drove away, the troops marched to camp, the spectators dispersed. What was it we had witnessed? Fine fighting men of India's warrior races, well equipped, well disciplined, well led, pass in ordered array before the Heir to the Imperial Throne? Yes; but that could be paralleled at a few hours' notice in every big military station in

H. H. The Raja of Jhind.

India. What we really saw were the representatives of the twenty thousand fighting men, horse and foot, camelry and sappers and transport trains, which the great feudatories hold at the disposal of the *Raj* for the defence of their common fatherland. And if we would understand what this means let us cast our memories back to those days in the early eighties when war across the northern frontier appeared inevitable. In their loyalty to the Imperial Throne, India's Chiefs placed all their resources at the disposal of the Crown. But what had they to offer? Men in motley array, ill-kept, ill-drilled, ill-led, ill-conditioned, not even food for cannon, mere encumbrances on the face of the earth. When we contrast such splendid fighting men as were marshalled to-day with the rag-tag and bobtail which still cumber many Native courts, let us not forget that great Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, who inspired the Chiefs with the desire seriously to co-operate with the *Raj* in the defence of Hindustan, the loyalty of the Chiefs who as a free gift have added nearly an army corps to the fighting force of the Empire, or the men like General Stuart Beatson and the flower of the Indian Army who made the Imperial Service Troops the fine fighting force they are to-day. Nor let us ever forget that this is a free gift, not a levy, and that if in an impatient desire for uniformity the constitution of the force is altered and thereby susceptibilities which have every claim to be considered are offended, the least mischief caused will be to check the growth of a movement which will ultimately bring all the armed forces of the Native States up to the Imperial Service standard.

After lunch Lady Rivaz gathered the principal Chiefs and visitors in the grounds of Government House at a Garden Party where the Prince and Princess spent the afternoon in conversation with the men of light and leading in the Punjab. After a quiet dinner they left by train for Peshawar, on a visit to the province which Lord Curzon fashioned from a rib taken from the Punjab, and moulded into a new administration, in charge of the unfettered tribesmen, under the direct control of the Government of India.

CHAPTER X.

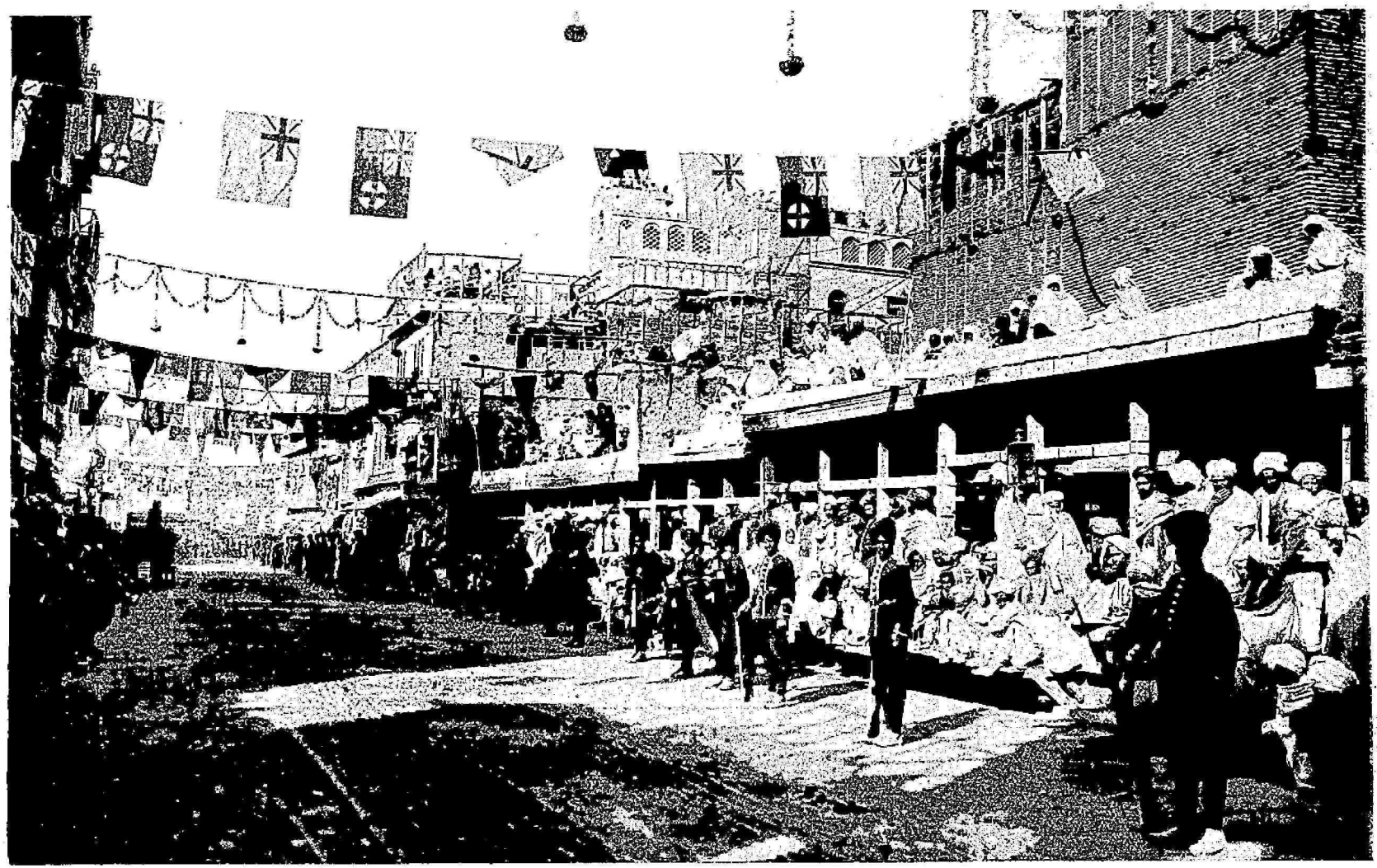
The Frontier City.

A Border Welcome—Peaceful Aspect of Peshawar—Its Strange, Wild People—The Frontier Chieftains—Pages from Stormy History—A Truce to Warring Feuds—The Strength of Personal Loyalty—Scenes in the Bazaar—The Bearing of the Hillmen—Their Insolent Independence—Veterans of the Mutiny—The most English of Indian Stations—The Grim Side of Frontier Life.

Peshawar, *December 3rd.*

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' reception at Peshawar was full of superficial incongruities. At the dull cantonment railway station they were welcomed with the usual Staff, officials and ceremony. Thence they drove through streets decked with cheap bunting and school-boy mottoes and lined with a *salaaming* crowd to the Ghor Khattri, where a stout local magnate read, in excellent English, the flowery municipal address. In the afternoon, at a garden party, bright uniforms and the gayest frocks, and pretty women with beautiful complexions, made the trim croquet lawn so suggestive of home. And to-day the Prince and the Princess attended Divine Service in the truly British station church and drove quietly through the cantonment. Formal reception, municipal address, garden party, and these beautifully shaded roads—why, we might be in some smug cantonment of Bombay or Madras instead of this strange, wild frontier city of Peshawar—this intensely fascinating sentinel town which was first the link knitting the early Mughal sovereigns to their Central Asian fatherland, then developed into the outpost which guarded the Passes for the Sikhs, and now stands watch and ward over the troublous mountain line which may be summed up in the single word, Khyber.

And yet behind these superficial evidences of placidity there were scores of sidelights hinting at those peculiar, unenviable characteristics



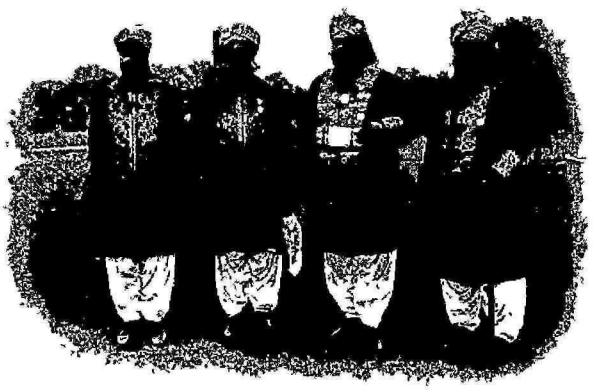
THE BAZAAR, PESHAWAR.

which hall-mark Peshawar amongst the cities of India. The officer who stepped forward to greet His Royal Highness was Colonel Deane, Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, who is beloved along the border line for his knowledge and ready sympathy; the General, Sir Edmond Barrow, one of the great fighting men of the Indian Army. The officers bore the honourable marks of arduous service in frontier warfare. The soldiery who lined the streets so closely in the great bazaar were of fine fighting regiments, the gallant Gordons, the famous Black Watch, the 38th Dogras; and the escort was furnished by a soldierly body of the 21st Cavalry (Daly's Horse). These taciturn men who crowded on the house-fronts were not the fat Banias or Marwaris of Bombay and Calcutta, but real fighting men, keen traders to-day, pot shooting over the border at some ancient enemy to-morrow, perhaps wild beasts of Ghazis or out against the *Raj* before the sun is much older. Who knows? The Ghor Khattri, where the Chiefs were received, was the residence of the stout Italian adventurer Avitabile, who held Peshawar in his iron grip in the forties. In this stronghold Avitabile and his Sikhs were half besieged, and he never dared ride forth without an escort of hundreds of soldiers; but the old men who remember his weekly assizes still speak of their master with the admiration of a troop of jackals for a tiger. The Chiefs gathered here embraced every name conspicuous in the stormy life of the frontier for quarter of a century. Even the scarlet-robed retainers calmly assisting at the garden party were armed against possible assault.

What an absorbing study is this bazaar of Peshawar! Peshawar is a city of dirty yellow bricks, set in wooden frames coated with mud, and of flat-roofed houses. But in the great bazaar the frames are painted a crude blue, the bricks a glistening white, whilst in honour of the Royal visit they were spanned with arches and criss-crossed with bunting, which everyone could well have done without. The Afridi wax-cloths and bright embroideries, which a few of the more tasteful displayed, were worth all the other decorations tenfold. Half a mile of deserted cantonment road, and the Royal route, passing through the Edwardes Gate, so called after the splendid frontier officer and Christian gentleman who held Peshawar in the Mutiny, plunged into a sea of every race and clan of the tribes on our border. Here were none of the emerald greens and orange yellows and garish reds beloved of the peoples of Rajputana and Central India and Bombay, and which harmonise so well with their environments; but quiet blacks and whites and embroidered sheep-skin coats, which better matched

the greyish winter sky. It was not the clothes which attracted, however, but the men, the hook-nosed, hard-featured Yusufs and Alis who make frontier history, who sat silent, stern and self-contained, waiting for the Emperor's son to pass. Cruel, wild, uncertain, may be; but real, live men to whom much may be forgiven for the masculinity that is in them.

Up the main street and under the arched entrance to old Avitabile's headquarters rattled the Royal cortège, the Prince and Princess dismounting at the scarlet way which led to the pavilion wherein the frontier Chiefs were assembled. First came the municipal address and His Royal Highness' reply thereto. The address, read in fluent English, proclaimed that the North-West Frontier Province and the Peshawar Municipal Committee yielded to none in their constant loyalty and devotion to the throne. Peshawar had stood sentinel for many years over the Khyber, through which kings and conquerors had advanced; but now, under the benevolent protection of the King-Emperor, danger from without and disturbance from within had given place to security and order, tranquillity and rest. In his reply the Prince mentioned that it was one of the regrets of His Majesty's Indian visit that, through lack of railway connections, he was unable to visit Peshawar. "There have been many changes in the country across the Indus," he added, "since my father visited India, and I am rejoiced to learn that those changes have tended towards your happiness and prosperity. Security and order are blessings for which we may all be thankful, and I have little fear that in this free, hardy country, 'tranquillity and rest' will impair the manly qualities of the Pathan."



Frontier Notables

This was but the prelude to the serious business of the day—the presentation of the frontier Chiefs from the East and the West and the North who had come to pay homage to the Emperor's son. First the young Mehtar of Chitral, holder of our outpost towards the Hindu Kush, who

ascended a thorny throne in 1895 and was a refugee in the fort during the stubborn siege that followed. A gentle kindly youth, clad in a chocolate robe, he passed and offered tribute, which was touched and remitted. Followed the Khan of Dir, a fine spirited figure in a gaily broidered sheep-skin coat. It is his duty to keep open the road to Chitral and the bridge over the Swat River. His family have had their full share of the vicissitudes of trans-frontier life. The unsuccessful rival of the fiery Umra Khan, the father of the present Khan was driven from his State, and only came into his own when the usurper died. The present Chief, Badshah Khan, was at one time in serious danger from his younger brother's pretensions, but now should be capable of holding his own. The Khan of Nawagai is one of the few Chiefs who resisted the storm of fanaticism that swept over Bajaur in 1897. Whilst Swatis, Bajauris and Bunerwals were knocking at the gates of Chakdara and trying to storm the Malakand, Nawagai stood aloof, mustered his levies, held his fort, and welcomed Sir Bindon Blood when the British column marched in. The lesser Chiefs were presented in order of precedence, and as their sonorous titles were rolled out and they reverentially approached the Prince and Princess with the oriental tokens of fealty, it was impossible to withhold a meed of respect from these grand Chieftains. They were the masters of the men we had seen grouped in the bazaar. Tall of stature, full of dignity, respectful without a trace of servility, with fierce keen faces, they looked what they are—the descendants of generations of free, brave, fighting men. Seeing them thus it was easy to understand the bond of union which springs up between them and our Frontier Officers.

With this appreciation of the qualities of those received by the Prince came recognition also of the inner meaning of the dignified ceremony. What had induced these warring Chieftains temporarily to bury the hatchet and sit side by side in Durbar? Dir to forget his breach with Nawagai and a dozen lesser Chiefs to lay aside their interminable feuds? It was not the mere emblems of authority. Viceroy and Chief Commissioner come to the tribesmen as representatives of the Government, whose orders they frequently dislike, though they have to be obeyed. The eldest son of the King-Emperor is above the Government. He is the son of the ruler they trust; grandson of the great Queen whose memory they revere. He is the symbol of the personal rule they all understand and all value. The frontiersman knows nothing of constitutional subtleties; the officers he meets are the servants of his Emperor; the Prince of Wales is the very Heir to the Emperor himself. Therefore it was that they for once forgot their feuds and with all

reverence, but with pride and joy, paid homage to the Heir-apparent. Nothing could have been more striking than the evidences, not only of loyalty, but of cheerful loyalty, which stamped the hard and worn faces of the warrior Chieftains as they offered tribute or the hilts of their swords to the Prince. In this tour we have had many evidences of the immense influence exercised by the Royal House in welding the great feudatories to the British *Raj;* but none more striking than the marks of deep devotion with which men whose names are synonyms for trouble bowed before Their Royal Highnesses at this first Royal reception at Peshawar.

The moment the Prince and Princess had re-traversed the main street of Peshawar on their return drive to Government House, the patient lines coalesced, and the bazaar resumed its daily activities. The place has such an evil reputation that the stranger may be forgiven if he sees a Ghazi in every hook-nosed Pathan, and fancies that a knife-point is tickling his ribs every time he brushes against a native. But after a little while he learns that the bazaar in Peshawar is not so very different from others in Northern India whose reputation has no sinister taint. The life of the city is pursued in full public gaze just as it is elsewhere in the East. Near the Edwardes Gate the coppersmiths ply their noisy trade, hammering out carafes of graceful design but the roughest workmanship, which they seek to disguise under a cheap coating of tin. Here is many a Russian samovar, which must have drifted from Moscow across the plains of Turkestan, through the Afghan passes, until it was cast ashore in the Frontier City. Hard by, the workers in Afridi wax-cloth are tracing on rough cotton fabrics designs in blue and gold that betray a Japanese origin. At the furriers the keen bargainer can buy sables at a tenth of the price asked in Bond Street and gorgeous sheep-skin coats which, the wise tell you, will poison the owner with their odour in a month. And if one be fortunate, in the tortuous side streets, Arabian in their silence, one may cheapen peerless carpets from Bokhara and Samarkand. All this is but the reflection of what may be seen in any bazaar in India; it is the men who give Peshawar its distinctive character. There is none of the eager chaffering of the Bania, the Khoja or the Parsi; if the "Presence" wishes to purchase he may; if not, Ali Mahomed cares nothing. The men of fine stature, and free swinging gait from across the border take the wall from no one. They swagger along with independent air and half-insolent look—tribesmen from Kabul and Central Asia side by side with the Peshawri, rude in attire, picturesquely wild in bearing—as if the Peshawar Valley was still an appanage of the Pathan and had never been torn from

his distracted grip by Ranjit Singh's Sikhs. When at gun-fire the sixteen gates of the wall with which Avitabile gartered the city are closed, they shut in as much rascality as can be found in equal compass in the East. Nevertheless the old fort with its embrasures empty of cannon is emblematic of Peshawar; the tiger's fangs have been drawn, though it is still capable of dragging down some tall figure in its gusts of fury.

The Garden Party at Government House on Saturday afternoon and the drive through the Cantonment this evening introduced Their Royal Highnesses to another phase of Peshawar life, the phase because of whose existence peace and order now reign on the border. There was little to suggest the frontier in the beautifully kept lawns and neat walks of Government House, in the handsome uniforms and graceful frocks, the music of the pipes in the still wintry air and the bright pavilion. Yet what a mighty influence is exercised by these gentlemen in scarlet and the blue of the Politicals over the wild country which lies amongst the purple peaks on the horizon? The representatives of the border peoples were here too, Chitral, Dir and Nawagai, and a score or so of lesser dignitaries. Prominent amongst this throng were men who have caused us sore trouble, especially on the Waziri frontier, in the days gone by, vulture-like old ruffians, but intensely picturesque and likeable after all the pother which they have occasioned. Nor less notable was a small band of the fast-disappearing veterans of the Mutiny, with medals from Delhi onwards, stout old fellows who displayed these distinctions with an entirely pardonable pride. It was even harder to realise that one was on the frontier when Their Royal Highnesses drove round the Cantonment this evening. It is one of the most curious contradictions of the Warden City that it is, at this season of the year, the most English of our Indian stations. The long straight roads are bordered with splendid timber, whose leaves are just showing the glorious golden tints of the English autumn; the gardens are full of roses and

A Peshawar Fruit Seller

chrysanthemums; the bougainvillea is in bloom and the turf green and fresh. The air of the quick-drawing evening is clear and crisp, and everything indeed suggests the perfection of an early English winter rather than the North-West Frontier in December. Through such charming scenes Their Royal Highnesses drove first to the Women's Hospital, where the Princess alighted, thence to the Men's Hospital, which was visited by the Prince, and afterwards together to the Black Watch Mess to tea, and to the principal sights of the Cantonment.

Yet even in its most peaceful aspect you are never allowed to forget the stern military purpose that governs the holding of Peshawar. The lower

The Fort Jamrud.

windows of the barracks are as straitly barred as those of a gaol—a precaution against the most expert rifle thieves in the world, spurred by the knowledge that a Lee-Metford smuggled across the frontier is worth five hundred rupees and means mastery in a blood-feud. Topping every compound wall is head-cover for the sentries against the time when Mahomed Khan goes forth with his rifle and a pocketful of cartridges to slay and be slain. This seems strangely out of place amid scenes that almost painfully recall Somerset and Devon; but of such is British dominion in the East.

CHAPTER XI.

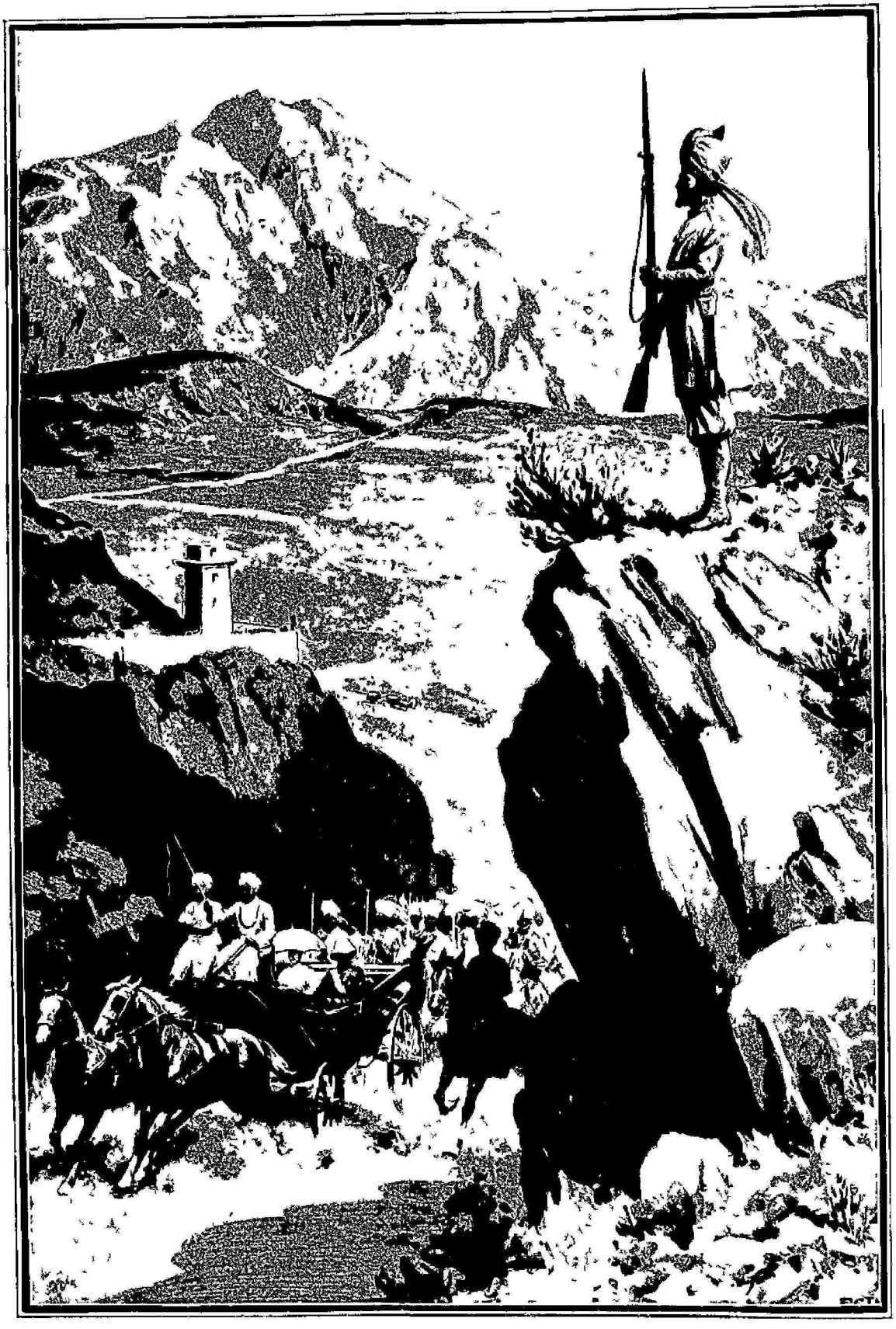
Through the Khyber.

THE APPROACH TO THE PASS—A BARREN, DESERTED LAND—SUMMER HOME OF THE AFGHANS—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST OUTRAGE—THE FAMOUS FORT OF ALI MUSJID—DEEP DEFILES OF THE SINISTER PASS—THE FRONTIER VILLAGES—LANDI KOTAL: THE OUTPOST OF EMPIRE—A GATHERING OF THE AFRIDI CHIEFS—TOUCHING CONFIDENCE IN ROYAL INFLUENCE—THE ADMINISTRATION OF OUR NORTH-WEST FRONTIER—ITS SIMPLICITY AND EFFECTIVENESS—TRUST IN THE LOYALTY OF THE TRIBES.

PESHAWAR, *December 4th.*

IT was a clear, crisp, wintry morning to-day when at eight o'clock Their Royal Highnesses set out from Peshawar to visit the Khyber Pass. The natives crouched beneath their coarse country blankets, or huddled over tiny fires, the guard of honour of stalwart Highlanders had much ado to keep warm—a morning indeed for fur coats and sheep-skin mantles. So Her Royal Highness, who accompanied the Prince, donned a stout tailor-made costume and wore furs, and Lady Shaftesbury, the only other lady who accompanied the party, followed suit. Even then the nippiness in the air was quite unpleasant, as the Royal train steamed out of Peshawar Cantonment station for the short run to Jamrud. The sun-baked houses of brick and wood, which in Peshawar have such an unfinished air, soon gave way to the bare, mud-coloured exercising ground for the garrison. This in turn yielded to the belt of fertile, irrigated land which lies to the north-west of the city, and this again, all too soon, to the gaunt stony plain running to the foot of the hills which trace the border line of British India.

These same low hills presented two curious comparisons: to the east they were as bare and brown as if they had been lifted bodily from the Gulf of Suez; to the west they were wrapped in a faint purple haze which made them almost beautiful. There was a little traffic on the Khyber Road,



THE ROAD THROUGH THE KHYBER.

Reproduced, by permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic," from a sketch by their representative on the Royal Tour, Mr. Jacomb Hood.

though the last caravan passed on Friday and the next is not due until to-morrow—a few pack oxen and donkeys and mules, whose owners gazed stolidly at the long white Royal train. A mere mud-walled fort—this was the last police post north of Peshawar. Then the fort of Jamrud, with the Union Jack flying, rose abruptly out of the plain of mud and stones. It looked like nothing so much as a giant battleship, with sharp prow, funnel and turret and rounded stern, the out-buildings tailing off like a convoy lying at anchor in this sea of dust under the shadow of the cliffs. At Jamrud was Major Roos-Keppel, the Warden of the Marches, an escort of thirty sowars of the Khyber Rifles and a smart guard of honour of Wilde's Rifles. In almost less time than the telling takes the Prince and Princess were seated in a landau with Colonel Deane, the escort wheeled into position, and they had started on the long drive through the country of the Afridis to the little fort of Landi Kotal, which looks out on Afghanistan.

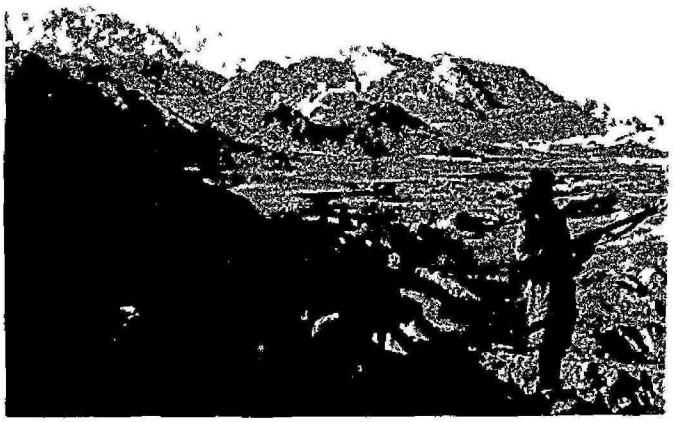
At once it became apparent that we had left the peace and tranquillity of British India and had entered the wild, fierce, turbulent borderland. Although there was not a sign of cultivation or of population, the road was closely guarded by the Khyber Rifles, posted at intervals of a few yards. Smart soldier-like fellows they were, too, with pleasant, intelligent faces, presenting arms with the steadiness and precision of veteran linesmen. The road soon left the plain and began to climb the hills in snaky curves. Up and up it went, now in long sinuous sweeps, now in abrupt zigzags showing the Royal carriage almost overhead, until it was lost in the tangle of hills. And such hills! Bare, gaunt and unimposing, slightly spotted with little dots of camel-thorn as if their brown skins had broken into an eruption. Save for a couple of deserted villages, with the low watch-towers which are the hall-mark of the frontier, Their Royal Highnesses might have been driving through an absolutely unpopulated country. Yet every one knew that these bare brown hills were the home of innumerable Afghans, who come down from the north to escape the rigours of the winter; that in the valleys over the serrated peaks dwell the fractious tribesmen, where the blood-feud is of daily occurrence and few men's lives are safe beyond the protection of their own watch-towers; that the road was deserted because the order had gone into every village and hamlet that no man was to approach within three miles of the road whilst the Shahzada was going through, under penalty of being shot at sight; and that on every peak and hilltop, sometimes a few yards from the road, sometimes thousands of feet above it, silhouetted against the blue sky, were posted eagle-eyed Khyber Riflemen with Martinis ready to enforce the Sirkar's order.

After climbing for an hour or more a point was reached where one could glance back over these rugged hills to the Peshawar Valley, dimly seen through the empurpled haze, suggesting the traditional wealth of the plains of Hindustan. Small wonder that the proud warrior hillmen, condemned to dwell where a scanty subsistence only can be won from the ungrateful soil, have, to adopt Johnson's gibe, for centuries looked upon the high road to India as the fairest prospect they ever saw and, like the Highlanders before Culloden, regarded the lowlands as their legitimate spoil. And now the scene changed. The road debouched on to a great amphitheatre, ringed with low peaks, at the far end of which could be discerned the famous fort of Ali Musjid, crowning the hill that almost blocks the pass. The road wound through this amphitheatre in ample sweeps, skirting the base of the rocky key to the defile. Here a brief halt was made to change horses, and to examine the *milieu* of the fortalice that has played so big a part in Indian frontier history. From time immemorial the waves of invasion that swept from the north through the channel of the Khyber until they flung their spume into the vale of Peshawar, have laved the base of the crag that upholds Ali Musjid. Alexander avoided the Khyber by turning east at Jelallabad, and passing through Bajaur and Swat, Mahmud of Ghazni chose the Gomal Pass; all other tides of conquest have flowed over this bed and from a nest on Ali Musjid the tribal eagles have swooped on the passing current to snatch their share. In the conflagration that rolled over the frontier in 1897 the old fort was sacked for the last time; on its ruins rose the modern stronghold, repellant in its barrack-like ugliness, but so cunningly planned and amply provisioned that it is impregnable against any foe unprovided with artillery.

The Road to the Khyber.

It is after leaving Ali Musjid that the road passes through the finest scenery on the route. For it enters abruptly a series of deep

defiles, along the sides of which a pathway has been literally blasted out of the living rock. The beetling crags tower upwards for hundreds and hundreds of feet and the bed of the old torrent, which was the roadway until the engineers hewed the higher path, lies hundreds of feet below. Here, although it was almost noon, the air still blew chill and cold. This was the Khyber as one had imagined it, the Khyber of sinister memory. Here, too, there was no relaxing of the precautions observed earlier, for the vigilant warden, rifle in hand, was everywhere in evidence, and the sturdy little brick guard-houses, which have recently been added to the defences of the road, stood at frequent intervals. Soon the character of the scene changed again, and the road, leaving the defiles, wound through a series of long open valleys. Signs of population were everywhere more apparent. Large patches of close cultivation took the place of the naked hills, with village on village of the true frontier type. Is there any need further to describe that type, which became so familiar in the troubles of eight years ago? The low mud walls, the loopholed watch-towers, sometimes round, sometimes square, sometimes in the centre but generally in the salient—towers wherein all the members of the family, with their flocks and herds, take refuge at sunset, for here alone may a man's life be esteemed safe.



A Khyber Rifleman.

At the head of one of these valleys stands the little fort of Landi Kotal, and the Royal carriage drew up before the gateway, over which flew the Union Jack, four miles from Afghanistan. Like almost everything else really important in India, Landi Kotal is unpretentious to a degree. A modest wall plentifully loopholed, with a low tower, it is commanded by the neighbouring hills. It could be rendered untenable in a few hours by an enemy provided with artillery. But it is not designed to resist artillery,

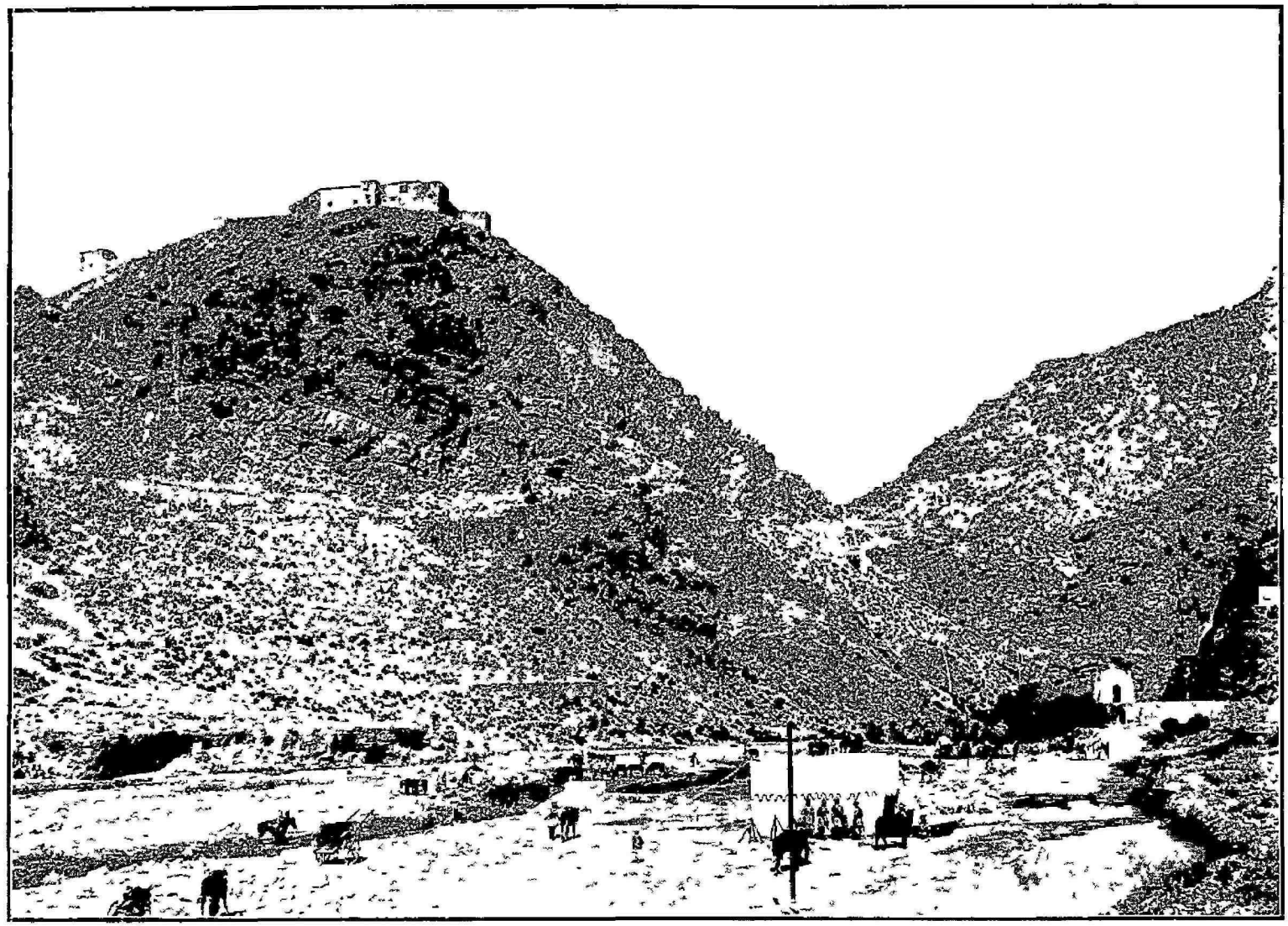
and a very brief inspection of the interior showed that the defences, remodelled after the sack in 1897, are admirably calculated to resist any assaults that might be delivered against them. The walls are crenellated and loopholed for musketry, and fitted with steel shutters and traverses. They enclose simple but sufficient quarters for the garrison of six hundred of the Khyber Rifles, with abundant store of provision. The whole Afridi tribe might break their heads against them, provided the defenders remained staunch. Those who, from the tranquillity of the road, might have come to think that the stories of tribal and private feuds are strained, could have found ocular demonstration in the hospital of the lawlessness that obtains amongst the hills, for there were three Afridis suffering from bullet wounds inflicted by hereditary enemies who had caught them napping. Time did not permit of the ascent of Suffolk Hill, which looks out toward Dakka and Jelallabad, and whence on a clear day one can catch a glimpse of the snowy peaks of Kafiristan and the Hindu Kush. But from the walls of the fort the Prince and Princess obtained a birdseye view of the stony plain, ringed by barren hills, in which Landi Kotal stands, and watched a few companies of the Khyber Rifles skirmish up these stiff slopes with the agility of mountain sheep.

There was one characteristic ceremony on the homeward drive, when the headmen of the Afridis gathered at Ali Musjid to offer tribute. In the van was Yar Mahomed, Chief of the Malikdin Khel, who has sunk his fortune in building a fort at Chura, at the eastern entrance to the Bazar Valley, which blocks the path into the Khyber to raiders. Next Zaman Khan of Rajgal, Chief of the Kuki Khel, formerly a colonel in the Amir's army, an office he laid down to take up his chiefship. Maliks Abdul Jabbar Khan and Nur Mahomed Khan, joint representatives of the Zakka Khel, revived a stormy page in frontier history. They are the nephews of Wali Mahomed Khan and Khwas, who were once all-powerful in the Khyber, liberally subsidised by Government and enjoying high prestige amongst all the Afridi clans. But they were sucked into the vortex of the great rising, their lands were harried, and they were driven into exile in Afghanistan. Wali Mahomed made his peace with the British, and died, a broken man, near Landi Kotal. Khwas is still a refugee in Kabul and is constantly intriguing amongst the frontier men. The ten Maliks who were present control twenty-five thousand born warriors, whose military value is quadrupled by their familiarity with the country in which they would fight. They came forward with the greeting to those whom they desire to honour

Sir o mal—"My head and my property are at your disposal"—and presented the offering ordained by tribal custom—sticks of wild honey which were accepted, fat-tailed sheep which were touched and remitted, or as the frontier formula runs :—"Hold until I return to claim them." Blind old Hafiz Samandar of the Kamrai clan was deeply moved by the kindness of the Prince and Princess. "Though I am blind," he said, "I can touch my king's hand," as he bowed over the Prince's palm. Yet another said : "We are a poor people and we live in a poor country, but the land will blossom like the rose, now that it has been trodden by the footsteps of the king"—a poetical expression of the idea one found even in Bombay, that some great good would come from the Royal visit.

The country through which the Prince and Princess passed to-day has not its like in the British Empire. The actual frontier line stops short of the mountain chain. Between it and the southern confines of Afghanistan, as defined by the Durand agreement, runs the strip of peak and valley sometimes called "The Independent Territory," and technically described as a "sphere of political influence." South of the boundary the King's writ runs unchecked; the moment the line is crossed there is no law but that enforced by the rifle and the knife-point. There the tribesmen are left free to govern themselves according to their own tribal laws and customs, to settle their tribal and private feuds according to their own principles, which are sternly based upon the Mosaic code—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The only obligation on the tribe is to recognise and help to maintain, within certain well-defined limits, the *Pax Britannica*. In return for this service they receive subsidies which are adequate, if not liberal. The only military force in the independent territory is recruited from amongst the tribesmen, organised into an efficient border militia and led by a mere handful of British officers. But in the Alsatia that lies north of Peshawar, in the closest juxta-position to the settled British districts, there is one important intrusion—the road that runs through the

The Prince and Major Roos-Keppel.



Ali Musjid Fort

Afridi country from Jamrud to Landi Kotal. That road, and fifty yards on either side of it, are *Tabu.* The Indian Government in effect says to the tribesmen :—"The road and its margin are mine. For its protection I will give your young men well-paid service in the Khyber Rifles. As a further safeguard I will pay your headmen well to assist in keeping it inviolate. Off the road and within the border do as you please; it is no concern of mine. But shed one drop of blood upon my road and you shall feel the weight of my hand."

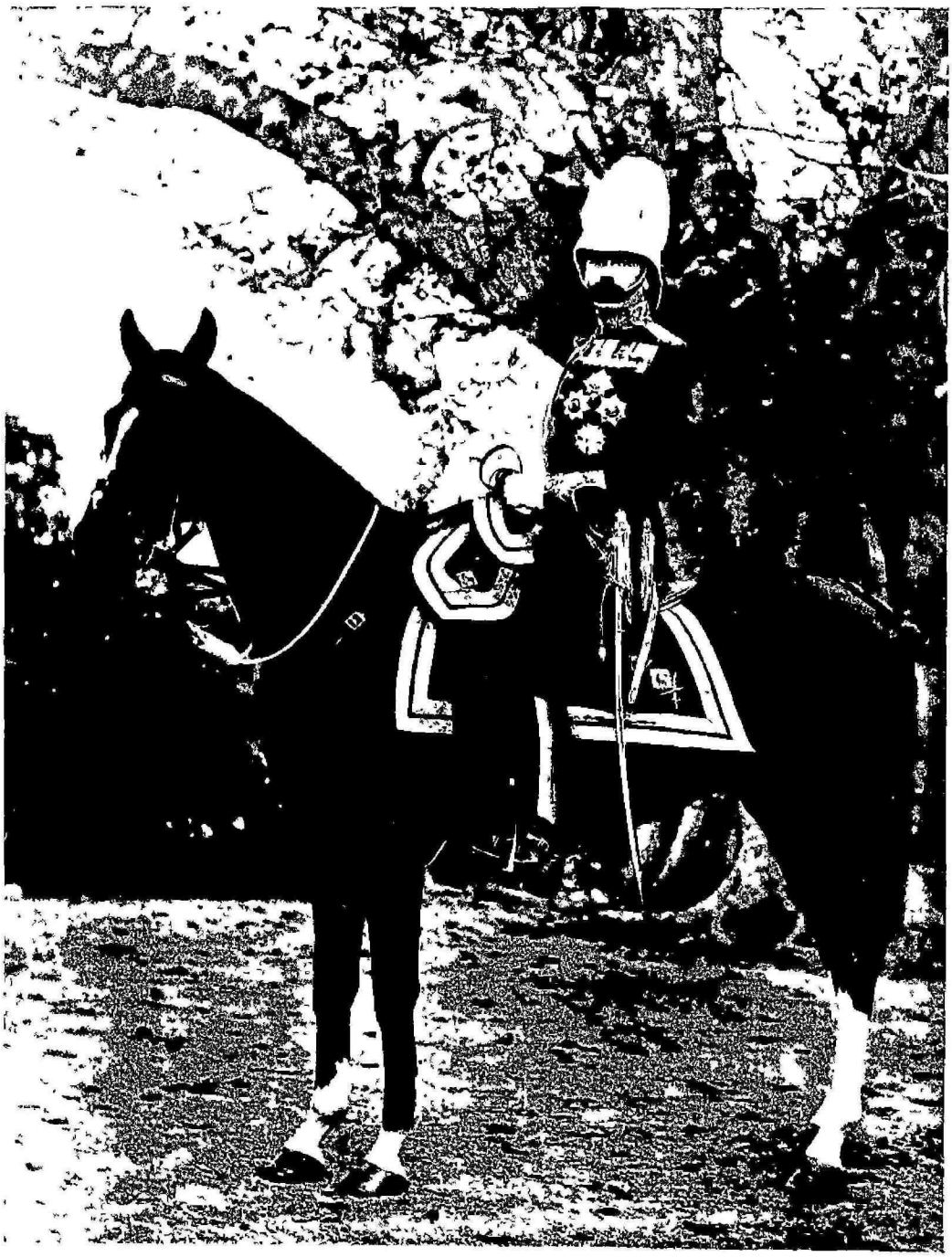
This is good border law, which the tribesmen entirely understand. The Khyber Rifles, eighteen hundred strong, under their six British officers, are the smartest of the border militia. Better to secure the pass strong places have been made impregnable at Jamrud, Ali Musjid and Landi Kotal, connected by brick and steel block-houses within day and night signalling distance of each other, and at Peshawar a strong moveable column is held in readiness. But to the credit of the Pathan, the tribesmen have honourably kept to the bargain; for such individual breaches as have occurred they have submitted to the consequent penalties as being only equitable. The road is the harbour of refuge; from some of the neighbouring villages a narrow covered way runs into the forbidden land, so that Mahomed Khan, cramped by long squinting along the barrel of his Martini in the watch-tower, may crawl thither towards sundown, and fill his lungs without getting a bullet through his chest. It is an apophthegm on the border that the Khyber, on the days when the caravans pass up and down, is safer than the streets of Peshawar. How long will the peace of the border endure? It were as profitable to forecast the course of next year's monsoon as to anticipate the workings of the Pathan mind. A Mullah with the gift of popular oratory, a sudden gush of fanatical zeal, may set the border aflame as it did in 1897. The blood is running so lustfully in the veins of the young men who knew not the rigours of the last

The Prince and Princess at Landi Kotal

Maliks awaiting Their Royal Highnesses at Ali Musjid Fort.

lesson that veteran frontier officers shake their heads and say the grey-beards will not long hold the new generation in leash. But there has been no frontier expedition since the Tirah Campaign, and it may be hoped that never again will the Indian Army chafe in humiliating impotence whilst the Afridis work their will from Landi Kotal to the walls of Jamrud.

These were the conditions which made the first visit of a Prince and Princess of Wales to the Khyber as quiet and as peaceful a progress as if it had been through the Alps instead of the most troublesome region in the world. Except for the presence of the frontier guards and posts there was absolutely nothing to indicate that fifty yards beyond the margin of the road every man carries his life in his hands and is never safe beyond the protection of his walls. Of course, these peaceful indications were very much on the surface. Fourteen hundred Khyber Riflemen were posted on the route and thousands of village picquets watched the hills and valleys. But one remarkable feature in the composition of this guard should not escape notice. It was entirely composed of the people of the country through which the road runs. The escort, the guard, the picquet were Afridis and their kinsmen, without a British sabre, except those of the handful of officers to the force. Colonel Deane recently described the new frontier policy as one of confidence. Could there have been a greater mark of confidence than this? Splendidly was it deserved. Organised attack can be guarded against; but not the assassin's solitary bullet or the Ghazi's knife. The inclusion of the frontier in the Royal itinerary was regarded with some natural misgiving; but the Prince and Princess received the unfailing reverence one would expect in Piccadilly or Sandringham.



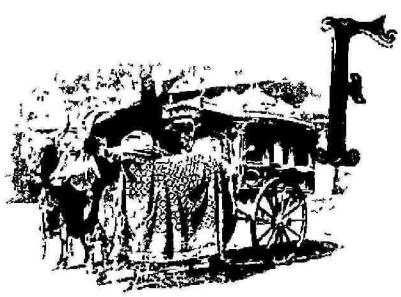
His Excellency Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India.

CHAPTER XII.

An Armed Host.

THE ASSEMBLY—SCHEME OF OPERATIONS—DASHING CAVALRY ACTION—A PICTURE OF WAR—LESSONS OF THE MANŒUVRES—PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY—THE TASHI LAMA OF SHIGATSE—THE GREAT REVIEW—FEARS OF THE PINDI DUST—A FIFTH OF THE INDIAN ARMY—SUPERB INDIAN CAVALRY—THE REAL FIGHTING INFANTRY—AN UNSURPASSED SPECTACLE—THE PRINCE AND THE ARMY—GENEROUS MESSAGE OF APPRECIATION.

KALA-KA SERAI, *December 5th.*



FOR weeks past all the roads leading to Rawal Pindi have been crowded with armed men and choked with greyish dust. From the north and the south, the east and the west, have come horse and foot, guns and transport, until there is now assembled in the neighbourhood of Rawal Pindi an armed host of nearly fifty-five thousand fighting men, the pick of India's military forces. All these days they have been marching into position; last night they were launched against each other and opened, with a dashing cavalry action this morning, the biggest combined manœuvres that have ever been held in this country. Something of the army in India has already been seen by the Prince and Princess in various stages of their tour. They have reviewed smart Cavalry escorts, Horse Artillery, Imperial Service Cavalry and Camelry. But to-day they saw, under the ægis of the Commander-in-Chief, the advanced forces of two great armies, commanded by able Generals well tried in war, meet in mimic combat under conditions approximating, as nearly as possible, to those which would obtain on active service, and carried away the liveliest appreciation of the splendid military machine which is at the service of the State in India.

The prize of the operations is the possession of the great arsenal of the north, Rawal Pindi, defended by the Southern Army under General Gaselee and threatened by the Northern Army, in superior force, commanded

by General Hunter. Behind the general idea lay this governing purpose—the manœuvres were not designed to create any remarkable strategical situations; the strategical situations were fixed; but out of them arose a series of tactical problems for the Brigadiers to solve on the spot, thus continuing Lord Kitchener's system of training, which began with the thorough instruction of the regimental units. As the Cavalry had to come into contact the point of combat was clearly indicated by the terrain and the distances dividing the opposing forces, and was a little more than three miles from the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Kala-ka Serai. Accordingly the Royal train was halted at Hassan-Abdul, where the Prince and Princess were met by Lord Kitchener. His Royal Highness and Lord Kitchener rode off to a selected vantage point, the Princess of Wales, with Lady Shaftesbury in attendance, following on a lordly elephant gorgeous with trappings of cloth of gold.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Archibald Hunter, K C B.

Twelve Cavalry regiments and four batteries of Horse Artillery joined in combat in the operations of the morning, and they were fairly evenly distributed between General Locke Elliot, of the Northern Army, and General Haig, who commands the Southern Cavalry. Regiment after regiment came into line on either side, and then charged with the dash characteristic of the Cavalry of the Indian Army. The scene, as the five thousand men joined in the final shock, was extremely fine, and was only marred by the dense clouds of dust, which hid the combatants from view as soon as the leading lines passed. This concluded the main business of the morning, and after lunch the Prince rode slowly across country with Lord Kitchener to camp, whilst the Princess motored to the station and there took train to Rawal Pindi. His Royal Highness is the guest of the Commander-in-Chief at a well-arranged camp in the manœuvre area; the Princess is staying in a second camp at Rawal Pindi.

December 6th.

This morning broke upon a scene ideally adapted to great military operations. These Northern India nights are intensely cold and searching, but as soon as the sun has warmed the air the climate is absolute perfection—dry, crisp, and bracing—inviting to hard physical exertion. Nor would it be possible to find a theatre better suited to the exercise of a great body of armed men than the picturesque plain which rolls away from Lord Kitchener's camp. For here we have a wide belt of absolutely level country, some fifteen miles wide, enclosed between rugged hills pierced by practicable passes. This innocent-looking ploughed land is just as deceptive as the illusive veldt which was responsible for so many of our early troubles in South Africa. Instead of the tame expanse of good galloping country it appears to be, it is cut up by innumerable nullahs, not easy for infantry, possible for single horsemen, but absolutely impracticable for either large bodies of horse or for guns. Affording excellent cover and defensive positions for a well handled force, it is just the country, in short, to develop those tactical situations which the manœuvres are specially designed to bring about.

The scene when His Royal Highness rode out with Lord Kitchener after an early breakfast was exceedingly fair to look upon. The purple haze was still hanging over the encircling hills and to the right of the Grand Trunk Road there was a glorious vision of the snow-capped mountains of Kashmir. The plain was just breaking i[illegible] soon we came into contact with the antennæ of the great force [illegible]wn on Rawal Pindi from the north. First the neutral transpo[illegible]s of camels and mules making the best of their way to the arsenal [illegible] the road was blocked by fighting men. Then the advanced posts of the Southern Army, falling back before superior forces. When night imposed a halt upon the combatants, the advanced posts of the two armies confronted each other on the plain; to force his adversary from the hills that guard the northward approach to Rawal Pindi General Hunter essayed a wide flanking movement. The heaviest marching and the hottest fighting were done in connection with this manœuvre, and the operations on the flank gave a pretty picture of what a modern battle is like, now that British tactics, revolutionised by the experience of South Africa, have been re-modelled in consonance with the teachings of Manchuria. The dominating impression was to emphasize once more how completely the pomp and circumstance that once invested it have departed from the practice of war.

On this flank were deployed two Divisions of Infantry and three batteries of Field Artillery. They were almost lost along their six or seven

miles of front. All you saw were occasional thin lines of men, their khaki uniforms the colour of the earth, now running forward, now crouching behind a sheltering bank. Even these lines were not continuous. A little larger group—this was a Maxim detachment bunched behind the shield of their weapon. A brown spot in the rear of a village—the balloon section and reserve transport under shelter. A little larger and more orderly blot—the guns awaiting orders. For all you could see the enemy might have been picnicking in Kashmir, whose glistening peaks were so cool and grateful to the eye. Neither horse nor man nor gun could be discerned. Had it not been for the winking of the helio on the hill-top, the occasional dull boom and white smoke of artillery, the Northern Army might have been pursuing a chimera. Yet this was an almost exact picture of scores of engagements during the early part of the war in South Africa.

An Officer of Jacob's Horse

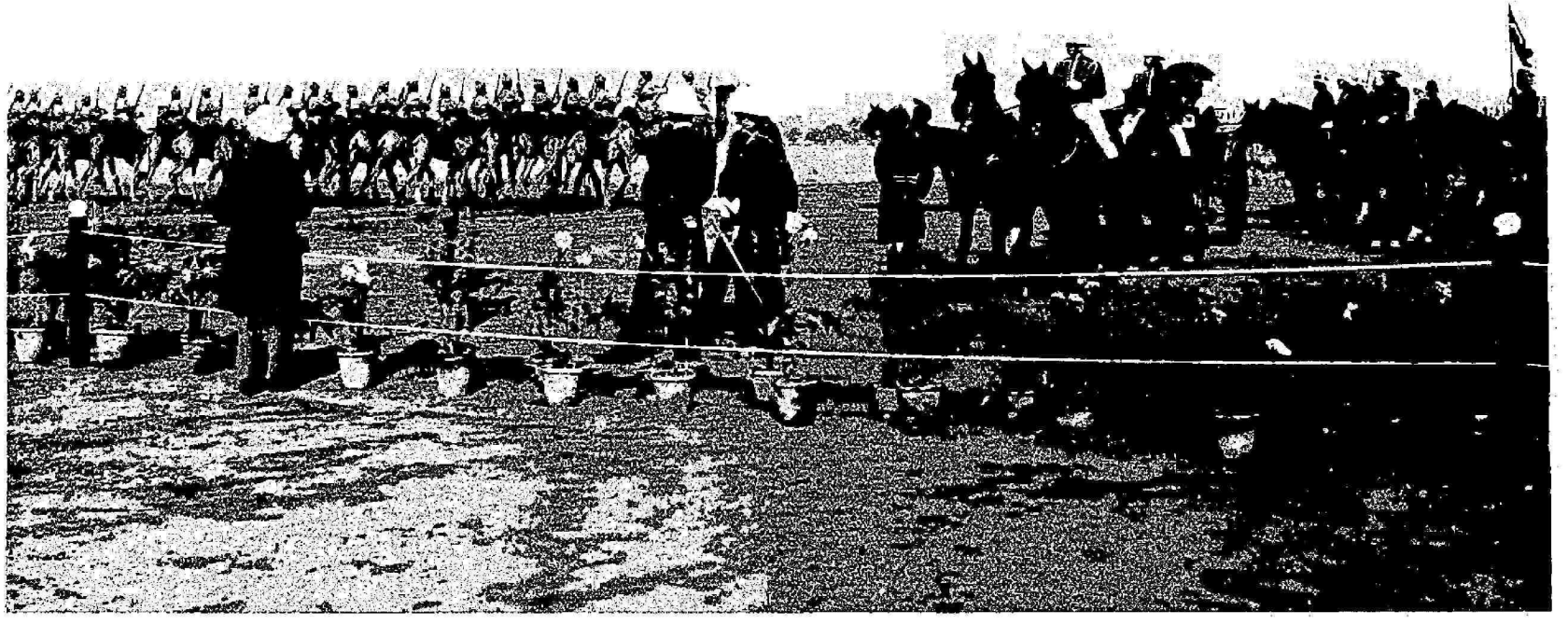
Soon the booming of those distant guns became more insistent, little khaki figures began to dot the plain, and a splatter of musketry broke out. The enemy had grown tired of a continuous retirement and was making a stand, even threatening a counter-attack. Instantly all was changed. With jingling harness, three batteries of Artillery trotted up, raising a cloud of dust on the dry ploughed land, and by the time it had cleared the guns were in action. The range-finders sang out the distance to some mysterious target, the guns bellowed out, and the Infantry kept well under cover. Soon the advance was resumed, though with caution, and by joining one of these running bodies it was possible to gain a very fair insight into infantry

work under modern conditions. Fair-haired Britisher and dust-begrimed Sikh and Rajput entered thoroughly into the spirit of the game. The widely-extended formation in attack adopted after the South African war has now been materially altered, and the intervals considerably decreased in accordance with the experience of the Japanese in Manchuria. In the open and in contact with the enemy, the men took fair advantage of such cover as the country afforded, but in crossing the nullahs all formation was necessarily abandoned. And what nullahs! Wide and deep, with almost precipitous banks, they were more like ravines or canons, and some of the larger would have screened not only a brigade but an army. If there were many like these in South Africa, of whose existence you could not be conscious until you stumbled upon them, small wonder that certain regrettable incidents occurred. Once contact with the enemy was lost an extraordinary aimlessness seemed to overtake the attacking force. Officers and men, with regimental transport and entrenching tools, ammunition and water, plunged on vaguely in the direction of the enemy, but in many cases without knowing who was on their right hand, or on their left, or even their exact position in the line of attack. There were on occasions rather large gaps between regiments and brigades. Seeing these things one could quite understand how, in the course of the morning, a whole Division was temporarily lost through having outmarched its comrades.

The Southern Army in full retreat.

Rawal Pindi, December 7th.

Quite early this morning everyone was astir, for the Commander-in-Chief's manœuvre camp at Kala-ka Serai was to be broken up and all the troops marched into Rawal Pindi by nightfall, and as some of them had to cover twenty-five miles this allowed no dallying. It was, moreover, no uncheckered progress. The Southern Army in its retirement held every defensive position and had to be driven from post to post in withdrawing to Pindi. This gave rise to a series of interesting engagements and culminated in



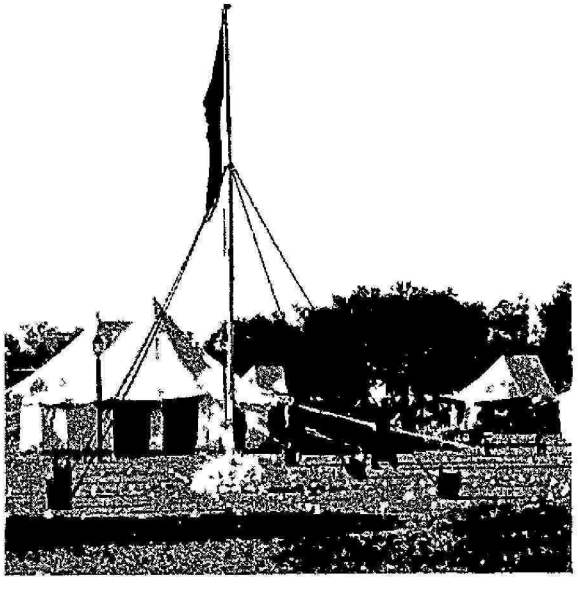
Camelry Marching Past.

one of the prettiest movements in the operations. After retreating from the hills, General Gaselee's forces concentrated on the defences of Rawal Pindi for a last stand. They were attacked by the Divisions under General Barrow and General Walter Kitchener, and the co-operation between these two forces and the timing and delivery of the attack were, in the opinion of those competent to judge, skilfully managed. This last phase of the manœuvres included a cavalry charge by General Locke Elliot, in which he was again held to have been repulsed. His Royal Highness, who rode and motored with Lord Kitchener, was a keenly interested spectator of the operations, as also was Her Royal Highness, who by rail and elephant reached the vantage point of Thomah.

The manœuvres are over and all the troops are assembled in Rawal Pindi, removing the stains of the recent dusty work and preparing for to-morrow's review. They have demonstrated the great value of the divisional training in process of organisation under the redistribution scheme. The great object of that scheme is not to mass men on the frontier, as is commonly supposed, but to concentrate them in Divisions, which will move out as homogeneous bodies, well used to acting together if required on service. These new Divisions were to a very large extent employed in the manœuvres—not entirely, because the scheme is not complete—and with very advantageous results. After this, everyone was struck with the physique and fitness of the men. Some of the regiments had to march a couple of hundred miles to the manœuvre area and the day's work was rarely less than twenty to twenty-five miles; yet the men were always found trudging cheerfully along and one scarcely saw any who had fallen out by the way. What applies to the men applies equally to the horses, which were in splendid working fettle. The very great improvement that has been effected in the transport was also a matter of favourable comment. Although the movements of the troops were far more rapid than would take place in war, no cases were reported of the transport having broken down or of supplies having failed to come up. The field telegraph and telephone were also used to a far greater extent than on any previous occasion, keeping the Generals in touch with their brigades and even smaller units. The telegraph is reported to have worked uniformly well, but of the telephones a less satisfactory account was received.

Their Royal Highnesses are still the guests of Lord Kitchener in the large camp laid out on the confines of Rawal Pindi, close to the review ground. The art of camping is better understood in India than in any other country in the world, but never was a camp more picturesquely

ordered or better designed than this. When Major Cowper entered upon his task he had nothing to work upon but an avenue of fine trees and a huge stretch of unlovely, ploughed alluvium. Down this avenue runs a fine road broken by two graceful ornamental circles. At the head of the avenue, behind the flagstaff, are Their Royal Highnesses' tents, and on either side and in the wings those of the Staffs and Lord Kitchener's personal guests. The roads are lighted by electricity and the tents are perfectly arranged, whilst, to crown all, Major Cowper has coaxed a most restful growth of herbage to border his avenues, which is a delight to the eye. The spectacle, as Their Royal Highnesses drove up, escorted by Skinner's Horse in the yellow blouses which still indicate that they sprang from Scindia's Army, through lines of sturdy Gurkhas, till he was received by the scarlet-clad guard-of-honour of that fine regiment the Queen's and the stalwart 32nd Sikh Pioneers, was pleasing in the extreme.



Lord Kitchener's Headquarters.

Many important observers besides Their Royal Highnesses have watched the manœuvres, including General MacArthur of the United States Army, Colonel Irvine, Commandant of the Australian forces, and Major Higashi of the Imperial Japanese Army, whilst the Maharajas of Bikanir, Alwar and Jodhpur have been attached to Lord Kitchener's Staff and are still his guests. But to-day a far more picturesque figure arrived in the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, in Tibet, who came to Pindi to pay his devoirs to the Prince. The Tashi Lama, who is the most sacred personage in Tibet, though he was elbowed aside by the Dalai Lama owing to his lack of family connections, was greeted with all honour at the station and conducted to a specially prepared camp. In the afternoon he was received by His Royal Highness, and is delighted with his reception and at having been afforded an opportunity of waiting upon the Prince.

December 8th. Everyone in any degree responsible for the great review which closed the manœuvres at Rawal Pindi to-day faced this morning with a considerable degree of trepidation. All that the wit of man could devise to make the biggest review ever held in India a complete success had been done. Horses and men were ready to the last buckle and chin strap. The timings were worked out to seconds, the programmes were exhaustive in their details. But in Pindi at this season of the year man proposes and the dust disposes. The Pindi dust is the most fearsome in all this dusty land of Ind. It sweeps up in vast curling clouds of impenetrable yellow on the smallest provocation, obscuring everything

Rawal Pindi Review: The Indian Cavalry.

from view. It has a penetrative quality unequalled even by glycerine, and its acrid, pungent odour is an abomination. As a precautionary measure the space in front of the saluting post was sown with barley, which was just showing green above the ground, and covered with litter, whilst a corps of water-carriers was held in readiness. But this was a thin protection against the attack of fifty-five thousand Horse and Foot, and if the wind happened to be in the wrong direction, no one would see anything beyond occasional glimpses of the soldiery through a khaki fog.

At first it looked as if the worst were going to happen. The morning was intensely cold and absolutely still, so that the dust raised by the regiments as they were marched into position hung like a haze under a sky that

was of a wintry aspect. All that could be seen from the stands flanking the saluting post was an ochre plain, fading into a thin fog, through which could be faintly discerned a long dark line. Soon the haze lifted a little, and this line resolved itself into two and-a-half miles of the finest fighting men in India. Here were arrayed four batteries of Horse Artillery, sixteen regiments of Cavalry, nine batteries of Field Artillery, nine batteries of Mountain Artillery, two companies of Heavy Artillery and fifty-two battalions of Infantry. Translated into bulk, 55,000 officers and men, 13,000 horses, 146 guns and 136 machine guns. This takes no account of the 15,000 transport animals massed by the roadside.

It was a singularly impressive sight, this—a fifth of the fighting force of India, standing silent, immobile, on the plain. By their depth you could just discern the Artillery from the Horse and both from the Foot, but beyond the occasional flash of a bayonet there was no sign of life. Presently His Royal Highness galloped on to the ground, distinguished by his British General's uniform, and, with Lord Kitchener, commenced his ride down the long line, the Princess following in a four-horsed landau. Little could be seen of this part of the ceremony, for the dust raised by the Royal cavalcade and their escort of Skinner's Horse hid everything. You could only distinguish the advance of the Royal cortège by a little thicker cloud of dust, no more. The inspection took just an hour, and when Their Royal Highnesses and the Commander-in-Chief turned to the saluting point they were centres of a gathering that embraced all Northern India, but contained no more interesting figures than the Tashi Lama of Shigatse and his yellow-robed retainers.

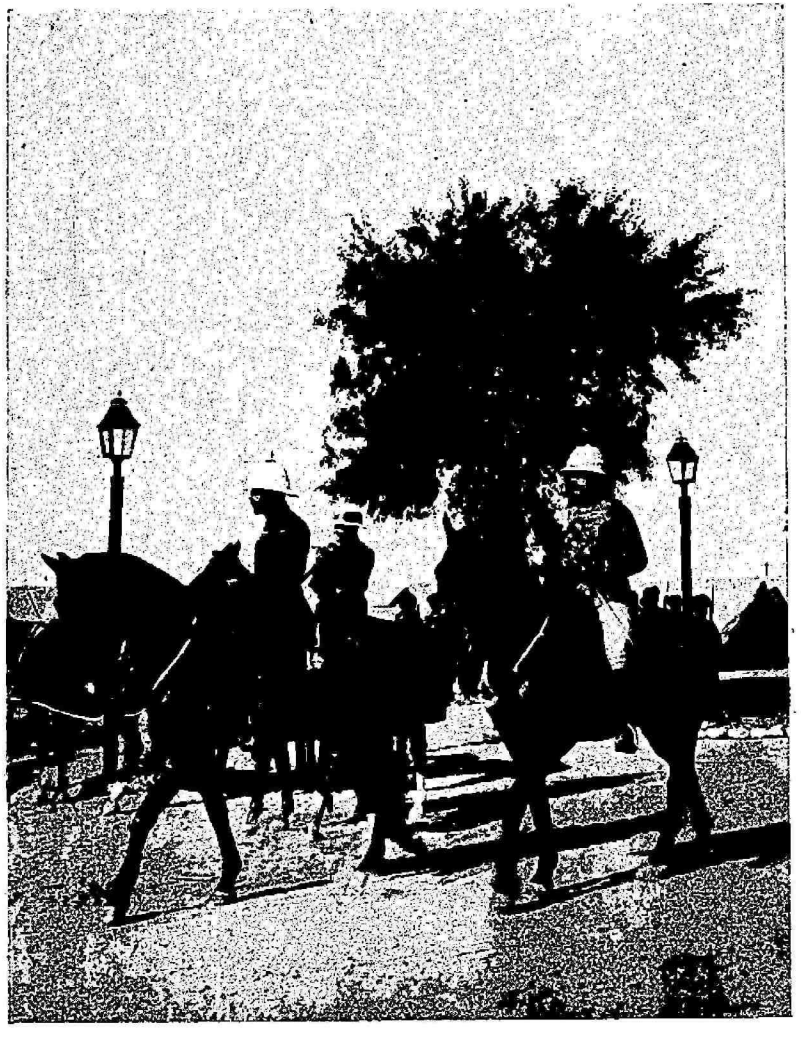
Then the unexpected happened. The sun burst through the wintry clouds, and a gentle breeze rolled back the dust haze. Instantly the full splendour of the muster was revealed, the scarlet and green, the blue and yellow and khaki of the varied uniforms, the flashing of lance points and the sheen of bayonets. It was with the sun full upon it that the line broke up and resolved itself into batteries, squadrons and battalions, each moving off amidst its own dust-cloud in readiness for the march past. A fanfare of trumpets, and the advance began. In the van was the Staff, comprising, besides the junior officers, the great Chiefs of the Army,—Major-General Sclater, Major-General Duff, Major-General Parsons, Major-General Collins, Major-General Eliot, Major-General Henry, Surgeon-General Gallwey, Lieutenant-General Gaselee, Lieutenant-General Sir Bindon Blood and Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter. Finally, His Excellency the

Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, a splendid figure, splendidly mounted, and looking the embodiment of robust health.

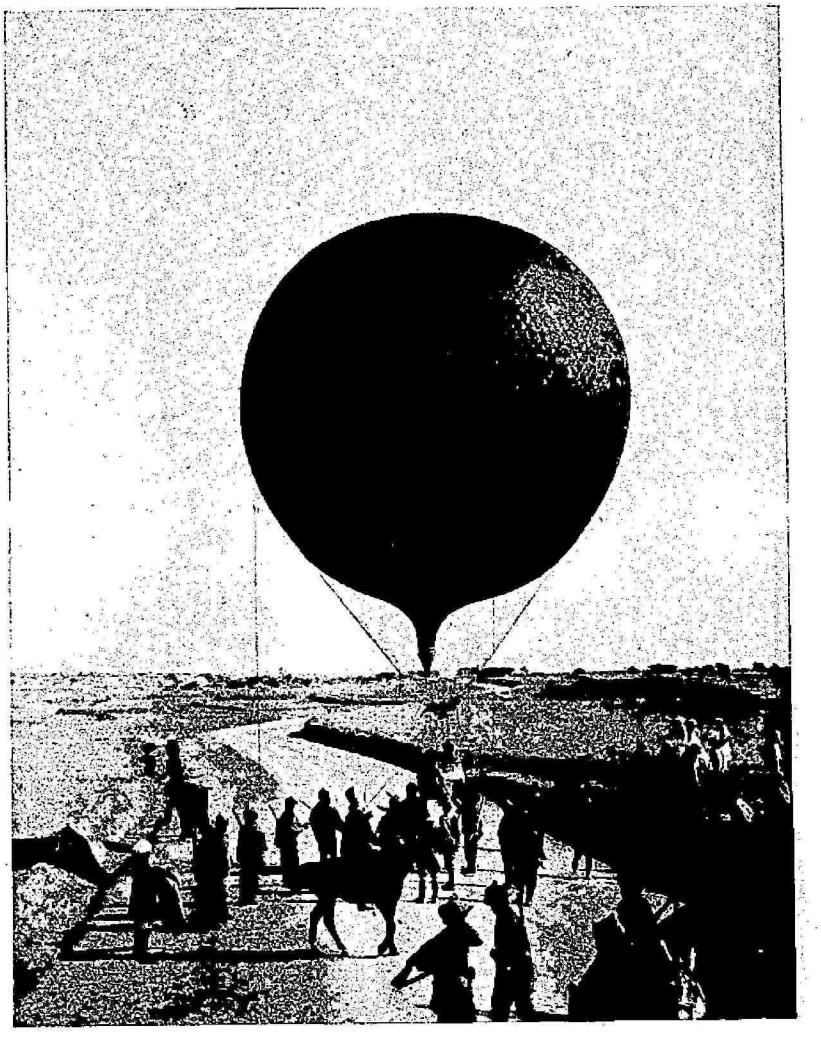
A crash of martial music, and the mounted band played up the F, I, J and T batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery, led by Major-General Haig. Superlatives are the only adjectives to apply to the gallant Horse Gunners, and never did these fine fellows appear in better fettle. Neither men nor horses looked one whit the worse for their recent hard work, and they went by in faultless array. Then came regiment after regiment of India's superb Cavalry. The first brigade, old Sam Browne's Cavalry, the Twenty-second, in khaki and blue, the Twenty-third in blue and scarlet, and the fine Guides Cavalry in drab and scarlet. Here it may be parenthetically remarked that whatever colours may be suitable for ceremonial purposes, each great assemblage of troops in India shows that there is only one colour for work and that is khaki. That fine regiment, the 12th Prince of Wales' Royal Lancers, led past the second brigade, followed by the 8th Cavalry and dashing Hodson's Horse. Hitherto not even the proverbial pariah dog had disturbed the gravity of the scene, but now occurred an episode which was too much for everyone's risible faculties. Following the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers was a stray, mangy mule, walking with all the comical gravity of its male parent, and quite undisturbed by either objurgations from behind or the shouts of laughter from the spectators.

Lieut.-Genl. Sir Bindon Blood.

So regiment after regiment moved slowly by, the 15th Lancers, Cureton's Multanis, distinguished by their long hair and baggy orange breeches; the 25th Cavalry by their enormous sabres; the Mounted Infantry by their stocky ponies. Whilst differing widely in many ways, some characteristics were common to all—their workmanlike kit, excellent horses and hard physical condition. The nine batteries of Field Artillery were worthy comrades of the splendid Horse batteries which preceded them; but a special word must be given to the British Mountain batteries, for they



THE PRINCE AND LORD KITCHENER.



THE WAR BALLOON.

were manned by the finest body of men who marched past, the pick of the Garrison Gunners. The Heavy Artillery were of two kinds, eight horse gun teams and long bullock teams, which seemed curiously out of place in this very modern array. Now came the Infantry, four Divisions of them in column of double companies, fittingly led by those fine fighting regiments, the Seaforths and the Gordons. It is the custom, and perhaps naturally, to award the palm for picturesqueness to the mounted arm, but the Infantry who saluted the Prince of Wales to-day need fear comparison with none. British and Sikh, Rajput and fierce little Gurkha, they looked what they are—real fighting men, ready to go anywhere and do anything, the pick of the Empire's military arm. Even in this varied array one regiment stood out conspicuously,—the Moplahs in their fezzes. Descendants from the early Arab visitors to the Malabar Coast, they bear obvious traces of their Arab ancestry in their features, and with a little weeding can probably be made into a sound fighting force.

It seemed as if the Infantry would never come to an end, but they did at last, and paved the way for the most brilliant episode of the day. A moment's delay and General Haig came rushing past at a furious gallop. Hot upon his heels were the Horse Gunners, their guns leaping behind them like sentient beings instead of mere lumps of wood and iron No other force in the world could have taken guns over the ground at such a cracking pace, and as a spectacle it was superb. Then regiment after regiment of cavalry galloped by in line, guided by the captive balloon given them as a point to make for, emerging from a cloud of dust, tearing over the watered space and in a second disappearing into the dust fog raised by the pounding of their horses' hoofs. Once or twice man and horse went down and the ground was dotted with torn kit, but there was no relaxing of the strenuous pace and no one was really hurt. Followed the Infantry in the new divisional formation, mass of brigades in line of quarter columns, the Horse Artillery in mass on the outer flank and the Field Artillery in Column of Batteries. This was a formation never before employed in India ; it was designed to show a whole War Division, complete with its divisional troops, just as it would take the field—one in fact, of the nine Divisions into which Lord Kitchener has organised the Indian Army for active service. No formation could show good Infantry to better advantage. As a military spectacle this second march past was unsurpassable—a quivering forest of bayonets, overtopped wherever the regimental colours rose to mark the position of the battalions. It left no room for further emotion when the Horse Artillery and Cavalry galloped up in line and at the call of the Commander-in-Chief gave the Royal salute.

The review was faultlessly planned and faultlessly executed. It was a fitting climax to the great manœuvres of the previous days, and everyone who saw this great host of magnificently-equipped fighting men, handled with consummate skill, carried away a very real appreciation of the great qualities of the first line of the Indian Army. Such indeed was the impression created on the mind of the Prince of Wales. For three days His Royal Highness followed the manœuvres with the closest attention. For more than four hours to-day he sat in the saddle and studied the various phases of the review. This afternoon, to the delight of the regiments, he visited the various camps and entered into close converse with the officers, British and Native. In the time at his disposal he has seen as much of the Indian Army as was possible, and his impressions found expression in the following generous message, which was communicated to the troops by a special Order issued by the Commander-in-Chief and was greatly valued by the Army :—

> My dear Lord Kitchener,—After having spent three days in the camp of the manœuvres of a large portion of the Army of India and witnessed the parade and march past of this morning, I am anxious to express my appreciation of the physical fitness and high standard of training evinced by the troops in the field and of their smart and soldier-like bearing on parade. I much regret that time would not permit of my staying longer with them, but I have seen enough to enable me to form a high estimate of the efficiency of the Army and of its readiness to take the field whenever called upon to do so.
>
> While congratulating you on your splendid command, I beg that you will convey to all ranks the assurance of my great pleasure in having been thus personally associated for the first time with the King-Emperor's Army in India, under these practical conditions. I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating to His Majesty these very favourable impressions which I have been able to form.
>
> Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
>
> GEORGE P.

It was with feelings of the liveliest regret that everyone left the Commander-in-Chief's camp. It was so perfectly organised and his Staff were so unfailingly considerate in the exercise of his hospitality, that there was a sense of disproportion in all this trouble having been taken for two short days.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fringe of Kashmir.

A Frontier State—Kashmir and its Military Responsibilities—Watch and Ward over the Passes from the Pamirs—The History of the Kashmir Troops—A Record of Staunchness and Bravery—New Forces stirring Kashmir—Opening up "The Happy Valley"—A Hydro-Electrical Installation—Royal Recognition of Imperial Service—The Devil Dance—Feeding the Poor—The Kashmir Mountain Artillery.

Jammu, *December* 10*th*.

WE are so apt to regard Kashmir as the State which owns "The Happy Valley"—the loveliest sanitarium in the world—that we forget that it is a great border State as well, and that it has big frontier responsibilities in Gilgit, as well as more peaceful relations with Yarkand, *via* Leh. But the State to its credit has never forgotten these duties.

The Maharaja maintains the largest body of Imperial troops of any Native Ruler in India. There are the two Mountain batteries, the only Imperial Service Artillery in the country, each with its 186 men, and screw-guns which it is hoped to replace with the new pattern weapon; there are the state Cavalry of 150 lances; and there are the four battalions of Infantry, built up of such stout fighting stuff as the Dogras and Gurkhas, all well-armed, well-equipped, and commanded by that good soldier Sir Ama Singh. These troops represent a contribution of over four thousand men to the defence of the Empire. They are the only Imperial Service soldiery who in peace take their regular turn of garrison duty. A Kashmir Brigade, now composed of the 4th and 5th Infantry and the 2nd Mountain Battery, garrisons the remote frontier station of Gilgit, with the outlying posts of Chalt, Gupis, and Chilas. Every two years the reliefs march up the long three hundred miles of road to this lonely outpost of Empire, and there are many hearts that beat the lighter when their duty is

H. H. The Maharaja of Kashmir, G.C.S.I.

accomplished without a collision with the tribesman. At Gilgit they keep watch and ward over the passes into India from the Pamirs, and set free the regular regiments who would otherwise be locked up in the hills. Indeed from the military standpoint no Native State in India has more fully recognised its obligations.

The Kashmir troops have also an honourable record of active service. Amongst the sepoys on duty at the railway station or lining the roads one noticed many wearing the old frontier medal, besides those awarded for the little Hunza-Nagar expedition, Chitral and Tirah. Mr. E. F. Knight has given, in "Where Three Empires Meet", a picturesque narrative of the operations that established British influence in Hunza and Nagar, and effectively closed that backdoor into India. In the history of frontier warfare there have been no operations more productive of individual bravery, and Mr. Knight's readers will recall the episode of sepoy Nagdu before Nilt. How, when the tiny British force was stalemated by the unassailable position of the tribesmen in and around the fortalice, and the clans in their rear were growing restive, Nagdu scaled an almost precipitous cliff in the dark, and then pioneered the little band who turned the position and brought the campaign to a triumphant conclusion. This incident is indicative of the calibre of the Kashmir troops. At Chilas, in 1893, two hundred and seventy of them held thousands of the tribesmen at bay for hours, and finally routed them by a dashing counter-attack. In the defence of Chitral the 4th Raghunaths were amongst the staunchest of the staunch, whilst Mastuj and Reshun still remember the bravery of the 6th and 7th Regiments. When Colonel Kelly ploughed his way through the Shandar Pass and relieved the Chitral Garrison by a forced march, whilst General Gatacre was pushing up from the south with his hard-bitten Buffs, the Kashmir Gunners dragged their pieces through the drifts. Since the Tirah Campaign peace has reigned on the border, but the Kashmir troops are more ready than ever to take the field.

The reception of Their Royal Highnesses, on arriving from Rawal Pindi, was of a distinctly military character. The Maharaja, recently restored to full ruling powers, wore the uniform of his Imperial Service Troops. The Guard-of-Honour, the smart escort, and the Artillery which fired the Royal salute, were all part of the Imperial Service system. The road from Satwari station to the camp was lined by sturdy Gurkhas and stout fighting Dogras. Even the camp is pitched on the wide plain on the borders of the Imperial Service Troop lines, and the majority of the officers

Sir Ama Singh of Kashmir.

presented to the Prince wore the handsome blue and gold, with the large white puggaree, which is the uniform of the State. This was the most distinctive note struck in the visit, for Jammu is a city of much promise but meagre performance. Viewed from a distance it is a joy to the eye, a vision of glistening temples, brass-sheathed pinnacles and picturesque irregularity, wrapped in a gleaming white wall and clinging to the outer spurs of the hills whose snow-capped peaks are faintly seen on the horizon. Within, it is a city of cramped streets and uninteresting people, with less character than any centre visited by Their Royal Highnesses since they left Indore.

Has it been generally noticed how largely the taste of the Indian peoples is governed by their environment? In Central India and Rajputana the Durbars held by His Royal Highness induced a bewildering display of primary colours. The blues and reds, greens and yellows, seen at Indore, Udaipur and Jaipur were indescribable in their vividness and crudeness, yet, grouped under that hard, blazing sunshine, there was nothing incongruous, nothing glaring, in their use. In the northern cities, in Peshawar, and more particularly in Jammu, where the atmosphere is soft and grey, almost wintry, we see none of these harsh colours, which would be singularly out of place. The yellow of the sheep-skin coat is the brightest hue worn, and the prevailing tones are neutral, which perfectly suit their medium. This was especially noteworthy yesterday, when the Prince of Wales received the Maharaja in the state pavilion constructed some sixty years ago. This pavilion is lined with exquisite hand-embroidered silk in the softest and most restful shade of red, the embroideries being of a school fast dying out owing to the change of taste. These were supplemented by hangings of an equally grateful tone, and beautifully worked, while a blazing log fire added just one other touch of warmth to the scene. A Durbar conducted with grave solemnity amid these surroundings possessed a quiet dignity of its own, which was singularly inviting after the bustle of the last four days.

The Maharaja's Nephew.

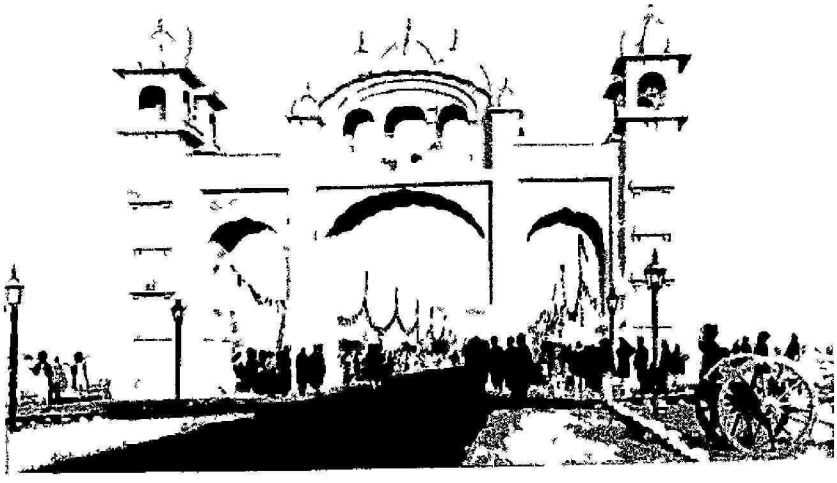
The return visit at the Mandi Palace suffered a little by comparison. An Indian crowd can never be uninteresting, but the pale-complexioned, placid persons who gathered on the

house-tops and in the narrow streets of Jammu, came very near it. Nor does the Mandi Palace—that vague, rambling pile built up by the Maharajas of Jammu to whom we sold Kashmir—command much respect. The doors of painted silver and the decorations of beaten gold are curious rather than beautiful, while the drawing-room, which was arranged for the Princess to view the ceremony, embraced an even more than usually motley collection of incongruities. From the walls of the Durbar room a fine portrait of old John Lawrence looked down upon the scene, and photographs of a dozen Anglo-Indian rulers were scattered over the ante-room; but the most attractive view, as the Princess soon found, was that from the verandah of the hall. There lay the bed of the Tawi at your feet, the stream, shrunk to a mere rivulet, meandering through a wide expanse of soft grey stones. Looking down on the old palace from the opposite bank of the river was a stout, bastioned fort, the guardian of the ford, resting against a hillside clothed in verdure and overtopped by the snowy peaks of the Pir Panjal range. All this needed to be seen in the pellucid atmosphere of Jammu to understand its grace and beauty.

One thought that the high-water mark in camping efficiency was reached in Lord Kitchener's splendid arrangements at Rawal Pindi, but even the Commander-in-Chief's lieutenants must yield pride of place to the officers who designed this beautiful camp at Jammu. It is not only that the camp is distinguished by its perfect arrangements, its smooth red roads, its stretches of velvety turf, and its electric lighting, but that a distinctive Dogra touch has been preserved throughout. The entrance arch is the most successful yet seen, because it is purely Hindu, and the banqueting hall, which opens out of the Durbar pavilion, has its brick walls, which were run up in a few weeks, veiled beneath a ceiling and draperies of finished Kashmir silk embroideries. The scene last night at the state banquet, when the hall was softly lighted by electricity, crowded with ladies in pretty frocks and men in brilliant uniforms, was one of remarkable grace and animation. After dinner the Maharaja joined his Royal guests, and, having proposed the health of the King-Emperor, stood whilst Colonel Pears, the Resident, read his speech submitting the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The speech was remarkable for the evidence it provided of the new forces that are stirring Kashmir. When His Majesty visited Jammu, the railway stopped short at Wazirabad and the Royal party had to drive and ride on elephants to Jammu. Now the line runs to Satwari, on the

outskirts of the town, but visitors to Srinagar have still to post over the two hundred miles of road which separate "The Happy Valley" from the railhead. The Maharaja is a Hindu of the orthodox school and observes the rites of his religion with minute scrupulousness. He is also a true patriot, and believes in the theory of "Kashmir for the Kashmiris". Still his orthodoxy is never allowed to hinder the development of any modern works that he believes to be for the benefit of his subjects. The question of direct railway communication with Srinagar, so as to open to the country a glorious sanitarium now available only to the few, has been in the air for a generation. "Prove that these innovations are to be for the good of my subjects," said the Maharaja; "if you can do this satisfactorily your scheme will have my



A Graceful Arch, Jammu.

hearty approval." The proof was forthcoming, and His Highness confirmed to-night the news that the railway from Abbottabad to Srinagar will be completed. This railway will be worked by electricity, generated by the Jhelum before it leaves the mountains of Kashmir to fertilise the arid plains of the Punjab. With the surplus power it is hoped to stimulate the domestic industries of Srinagar, and also to supply current to the British stations at Murree and Rawal Pindi. To these activities the Maharaja announced that he proposed to add a third as a permanent memorial of the Royal visit—"a state College in Jammu, which will benefit all classes and creeds of my subjects, by providing them with the means of acquiring the higher education necessary to enable them to fit themselves for a more extensive

The City of Jammu.

and important share in the administration than they at present aspire to." In replying, His Royal Highness, after expressing regret that circumstances had prevented them from accepting the oft-repeated invitation to visit Kashmir, said :—"We should, however, have been truly disappointed if we had been obliged to forego the pleasure of a visit to Jammu, for I wished to have an opportunity of doing honour to a Chief who has, in a marked degree, thrown in his lot with the fortunes of the Indian Empire. I wish on this occasion to record the appreciation which is felt by me and my fellow-

The Devil Dancers Jammu

countrymen of the brave and important services which His Highness and his Imperial Service Troops have rendered to our Empire on the distant frontiers of this State. I am rejoiced to hear of the great public works which His Highness is so wisely undertaking. They will undoubtedly add to the prosperity of his State and his subjects, and are of a magnitude sufficient to make Kashmir famous even in this progressive age."

Of the illuminations and fireworks that followed there is no need to write, but the brief devil dance by monks from Ladakh was a characteristic episode. As a spectacle it was disappointing. What we call the

devil dance is divided into two parts, the religious and the secular. As the surroundings were secular, only the former part could be given. Half a dozen weird figures of the strong Mongolian type, clad in robes of Chinese silk and disguised in hideous masks, postured for a few minutes, whilst a solemn old Lama in a long yellow cap looked gravely on. The meaning which lay behind this strange exhibition was this :—The pure Buddhism of Ladakh has become overlain by a revival of the old superstitions, and these devil dances, indulged in every year by the Lamas of each of the Ladakh monasteries, are revivals of the pre-Buddhistic practices of witchcraft and sorcery. The people believe that after death the spirit on its way to the next world is beset by demons whose features resemble those portrayed in the masks, and if one has not been rendered familiar with them in life he is likely to be frightened out of the proper path.

Sunday was, as usual, a quiet day of rest. In the morning the Bishop of Lahore conducted a simple earnest service in the pavilion, at which Their Royal Highnesses were present. There was no state ceremony. There was, however, one very agreeable duty in the early afternoon. At the request of His Royal Highness the customary offering of five thousand rupees was diverted to the purpose of feeding the poor of the district, and the great feast was held at the Hazaribagh to-day. It was a pleasant sight. Twenty thousand poor, of all ages, castes and creeds, assembled and were arranged in serried lines. None was excluded if only he had the claim of being hungry. The adults received their sweetmeats in packets, the children had their generous portions of delectable stickiness tossed into their little cloths. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Maharaja and all the principal officers of the State, were intensely interested, going a short way down each one of the lines and lending, by their presence and gracious manner, an importance to the treat which will never be forgotten by the poor of Jammu. On his way to the city the Prince inspected the Mountain Battery now stationed in Jammu. The appearance of men and mules more than sustained the reputation which the Kashmir Imperial Service Artillery have gained on service. The display of medals in the ranks spoke eloquently of good work done in the past, some of the Native officers bearing five such distinctions.

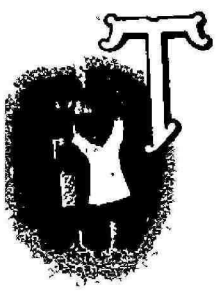
FEEDING THE POOR, JAMMU.

CHAPTER XIV.

The City of the Sikhs.

"Those Good Soldiers, the Sikhs"—The Prince's Generous Appreciation—The Alliance of Britain and Sikh—Origin of the Sikh Faith—Strange Prophecy strangely fulfilled—The Quality of Sikh Valour—Signs of a declining Faith—The Remedial Measures—A People's Holiday—The Golden Temple—The Saraghari Memorial—A Frontier Episode—The Test of British Rule.

Amritsar, *December 11th.*



To the people of Amritsar is due the credit of arranging a more distinctive reception of Their Royal Highnesses than any city in India yet visited. There was the inevitable red cloth at the station, but it was overlain by a grand display of the beautiful hand-made carpets for which the city is famous all the world over. The platform and the ante-room were carpeted with the artistic products of the Amritsar hand-looms,—reds and greens and yellows, of eastern design and the most finished workmanship. In the road leading to the town no general attempt was made to disfigure the avenues of fine trees with tawdry bunting. Along part of it the highway was lined with characteristic embroidered curtains, and though the effect, as scores of eager faces peeped through the hangings when the Royal cortège approached, was quaint, the scheme was soundly conceived.

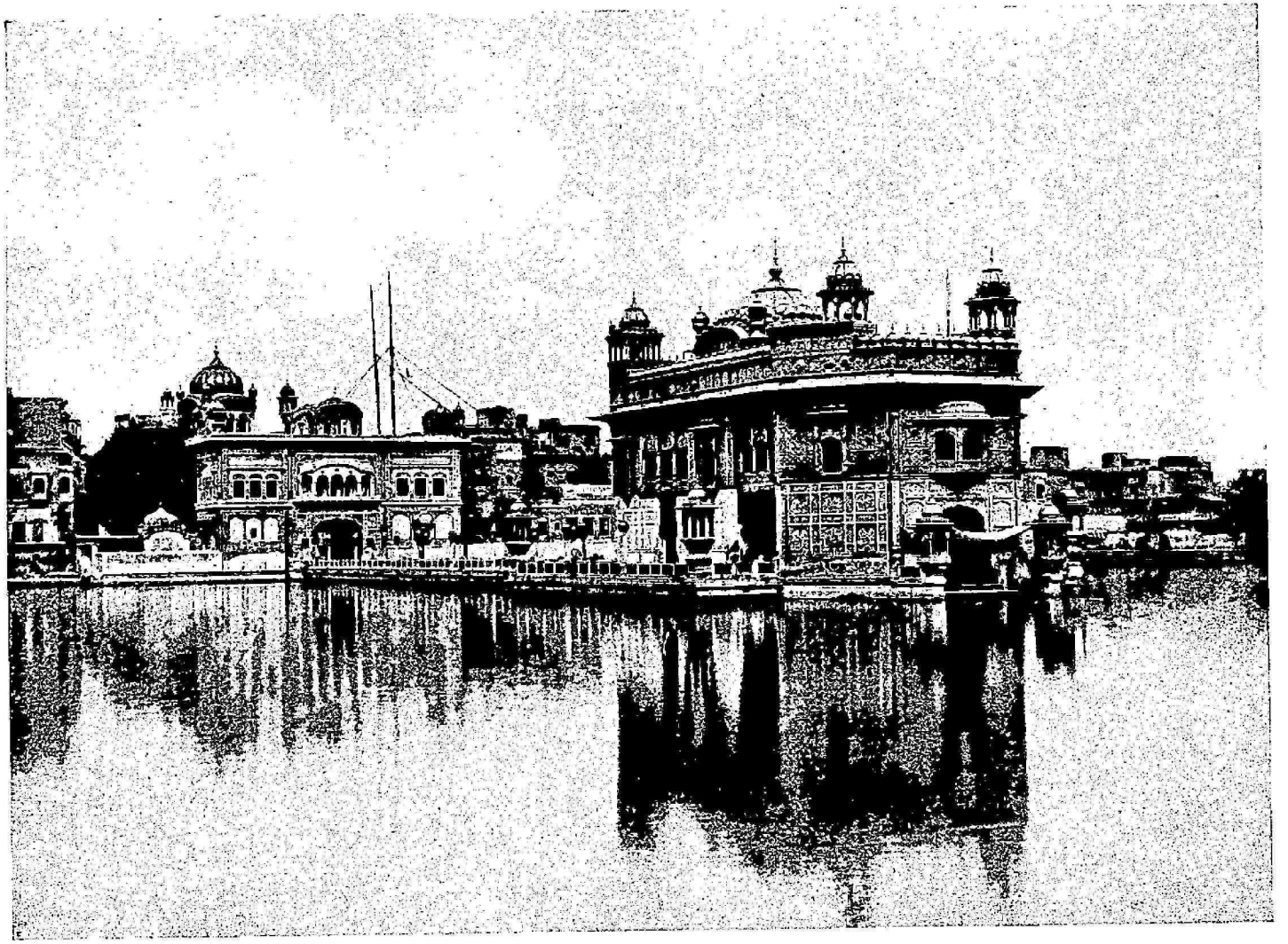
Although the searching cold of the Manœuvre Camp and Rawal Pindi has been left behind, it was chilly enough to make His Royal Highness glad of an overcoat and the Princess of her furs when they alighted at Amritsar after breakfasting in the train. To the usual official ceremonies at the station, where Sir Charles Rivaz was present as the head of the Punjab Government, was added the presentation of an address from the Municipality. This, like all urban addresses, spoke of the growth of this city in wealth, in trade, in education and in sanitation since the visit of the King-Emperor, thirty years ago. The Prince, replying, declared that neither he nor the

Princess could leave the Punjab without alighting at the city which is so "dear to those good soldiers, the Sikhs." "If time had allowed," he continued, "we should gladly have prolonged our stay in Amritsar, but even our short visit here will add to those lasting impressions which we shall carry away with us." The address was enclosed in a casket of perfect Upper India workmanship—a model of the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the sacred fane of the Sikhs, in silver-gilt and inlaid ivory—and a marvel of delicate craftsmanship. Each detail of the Temple was faithfully reproduced, inside and out, sometimes on a scale so small as to be inappreciable to the naked eye.

Their Royal Highnesses did not, however, come to Amritsar because it is a bustling commercial centre, competing with Delhi for the position of the mercantile capital of the Punjab. They came because it is the quondam capital of the Sikhs, and still the home of the militant religion which made the Sikhs the staunchest fighting men, as well as the finest peasantry, in the East. History records no stranger incidents than the events which interwove the fortunes of the Sikh peoples with those of the British in India. In its origin the Sikh religion sprang from a yearning for greater spirituality, for freedom from a tyrannical priesthood, contemporaneous with the Reformation in Europe. The first Sikh *guru*, or religious teacher, denounced the idolatrous superstitions of the Hindu priestcraft, the greed and bigotry of the Brahmins and the arbitrary restrictions of caste, as fiercely as did Luther the monstrous sale of Indulgences. The early struggles of the new faith were as severe as the misfortunes of the Quakers, and when that dour fanatic, the Emperor Aurungzeb, last of the Great Mughals, laid his hand upon them, they forebore to rise, because they had sworn fidelity to Akbar. According to the Sikh tradition a sacrifice was necessary to release them from their oath. The ninth *guru*, Teg Bahadur, offered himself a willing victim, and delivered himself up to the Emperor Aurungzeb at Delhi. Bribes and torture failed to shake his faith, so he was falsely accused of the unpardonable offence of casting his eyes on the windows of the Imperial zenana. Charged with this crime, he boldly faced the Emperor with this remarkable prophecy :—

> "Mine eyes gazed not, O Emperor, upon thy private apartments, or upon thy "queens; but far beyond them into the West upon the fair-haired hosts who "shall come from beyond the seas to tear down thy *purdahs* and destroy thy "palaces."

Teg Bahadur had sealed his fate, but under his successor, Govind Singh, the last and greatest of the *gurus*, the whole character of the



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

reformers changed. Govind Singh found the Sikhs Quakers; he left them Ironsides. He gave to Sikhism a distinctly militant bent, which transformed his followers into just such warriors as Cromwell, by prayer and discipline, made of his tradesmen and yokels. Out of the wrack of the Mughal Empire, which lost all cohesive force with the death of Aurungzeb, the Sikhs first secured a foothold in the Punjab, and then, under Ranjit Singh, built up a homogeneous kingdom from the Khyber to the Sutlej. We tested the quality of Sikh valour on four stricken fields before the Punjab was annexed, and found it little to our liking at Chillianwalla. Not until their field army was shattered at Gujerat did the Sikhs appreciate the significance of Teg Bahadur's prophecy, but it was with his words upon their lips that they followed John Nicholson into the Kashmir breach on the day when Delhi was wrested from the mutineers. Straitly even for an eastern people Sikhism enjoins the virtue of fidelity. "Whoever eateth another man's salt, let him be cut to pieces on the battlefield in his service" runs their precept. Since they owned fealty to the British after Gujerat, the Sikhs have literally obeyed that teaching.

It is one of the many complexities induced by the long *Pax Britannica* that there is in the new system no quite adequate place for the purely fighting races who are the salt of India. Freed from the pressure of the Mughals and content with British rule, the Sikh was falling back from the martial faith of the last of the *gurus* and, like every reforming sect in this country, was in danger of being engulfed in the all-absorbing mass of Hinduism. Entirely given to soldiering and agriculture, he was being elbowed aside in days when the race is rather to the nimble-witted than to the strong and brave and loyal. But India cannot afford to lose the Sikh. He is hard, dour, a bit of a Bania over his money—characteristics which are not, perhaps, attractive in a superficial age. But he lends to India some of those stiffening qualities which the Covenanters and the Puritans wrought into the fibre of the British people. He is a giant in battle, tenacious as a bull dog, as Saraghari and a score of other incidents can prove. He is loyal and staunch to the core and a grand peasant. The main purpose of Their Royal Highnesses' visit to Amritsar was to visit the centre of the faith which made the Sikh the first-class fighting man he is, and the institution where that faith is being kept alive.

To the superficial gaze there was not much to attract in the first of these ceremonies,—the visit to the Khalsa College. The College buildings are modest, though not ungraceful, and not half completed. As Their

Royal Highnesses sat in the state chairs on the dais in the pavilion, on their right hand, and on their left, were the Chiefs of Patiala, Jhind, Nabha, and Kapurthala. A little further off were the representatives of all the Sikh regiments and the feudal retainers of the Chiefs. Then came five hundred boys and youths, the boys wearing yellow turbans and the youths white. Yet for those who had eyes to see, this unpretentious gathering was more pregnant with meaning, more full of importance to India than the most gorgeous durbars. For these Chiefs represented the fighting houses of the Punjab who were staunch to the *Raj* in the hour of its greatest trial, and whose Imperial Service Troops passed before the Prince in faultless array at Lahore. The sturdy, be-medalled warriors

Sikhs with their Musical Instruments, Amritsar

represented the grand Sikh regiments, which have conferred imperishable renown upon the Indian Army. The youths stood for the rising generation, whom by special instruction, more particularly in the principles of their faith, it is hoped to fit for their part in the governance of their country and to render worthy of their martial ancestry.

An excellent beginning has been made. On its two sides the Khalsa College has five hundred students, and when the buildings now in course of construction are completed, the number will be doubled. The Sikh Chiefs have been closely interested in the work and fully recognise its importance, and the quiet little ceremony was imbued with this distinctive Sikh character. On entering, Their Royal Highnesses were received with the Sikh salutation: "The Khalsa is from God and all victory comes from

Him." Shrill-voiced boys sang a hymn of welcome, taking up the music first on one horn of the crescent, then on the other. Mr. Justice Rattigan, on behalf of the Council and Managing Committee, read the address, explaining the main work of the College, to which His Royal Highness replied expressing his high appreciation of the manly qualities of the Sikhs, their loyalty and devotion. With the presentation of the managing body and the Principal, a brief inspection of the plans, a few minutes' conversation with the Chiefs, the ceremony was over. In stentorian tone a handsome priest invoked the blessings of the Almighty on the King-Emperor and his consort, on the Prince and Princess, and on the British *Raj*, and amidst harsh Sikh cries of *Sat Sri Akal*—which may be translated "Only the Timeless One is real"—Their Royal Highnesses drove off.

The Royal visit to the Khalsa College was for the elect; the afternoon drive to the Golden Temple of Amritsar was the people's festival. And not since they left Bombay have Their Royal Highnesses seen so many happy faces crowded into a narrow space. The Native town of Amritsar, with its high and balconied houses, its straight streets and flat roofs, has a character of its own. It was so packed that the wonder was how the balconies stood the strain, or if another person could have been wedged into the dense throng by the wayside. But even these attractive features were dominated by the happiness transparent in the faces of the people. It was not that they were boisterously demonstrative, but that a cheerful hum rippled up and down the throng, the shrill laugh was always heard, and a word or gesture from the police was enough to restrain the most unruly. This joy in the presence of the Prince and Princess broke out in some strange ways. The paintings on the triumphal arches were quaint beyond words, the figures which were jerked into a salute as the notabilities passed were most amusing; but the continuous hangings of embroidered cloths made amends for all.

Who in India is not familiar with the Golden Temple of Amritsar and its environment? The great tank, or Pool of Immortality, surrounded by the marble pavement? The miniature temple in the centre of the pool, half of gilded copper, half of inlaid marble, which protects the holy *granth*, or Sacred Book of the Sikhs? The arched causeway, which connects the shrine with the great gateway, with its memorial of the work of the 35th Sikh Regiment in the Chitral Expedition? The red clock tower, which looks down on all from a lofty platform—a tower not unworthy in itself, but as out of harmony with its atmosphere as would be a sacred bull in Piccadilly?

But to-day the tower faced, on the townside, a crescent of white houses swarming with bright faces; on the other, a temple crowded with Sikh priests in white, a causeway thronged with people, and a pavement crowned with pilgrims from all parts of India. On the platform itself were grouped the Akalis, or the old religious ascetics—once as desperate as the Ghazis who are the terror of the border--with their conical quoit-ringed turbans, and the Nakas, with their conch-like horns waggling after the fashion of Reed's prehistoric beasts, and a great gathering of leading Sikhs.

On the road to the station Their Royal Highnesses paused for a moment at the white marble cenotaph raised by their comrades of the Indian Army to the handful of the bravest of the brave who fell at Saraghari. The story of that fight must be briefly re-told, because nothing better

A Group of Sikh Priests, Amritsar.

reveals the true martial qualities of the Sikhs. When the tribesmen on the frontier sprang to arms in the autumn of ninety-seven, in response to the irresistible wave of fanaticism that flowed over the border peoples, twenty-one sepoys of the Thirty-sixth Sikhs were isolated at Saraghari, in Gulistan. From nine o'clock in the morning till half past four they held out against overwhelming odds. When the end came they fell to a man, fighting to the last. One brave fellow stood at bay in the guard-room and killed twenty of the enemy. He could not be conquered, and at last was burned at his post.

Oh! Empire-planting Britain, didst thou own
No other sons to die as these for thee,
Still mightst thou scroll upon thy standard wide
"Judge of my rule by them that for me fought and—died!"

CHAPTER XV.

Imperial Delhi.

THE IMPERIAL CITY—ITS RICH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—MODERN DELHI—THE MOTHER CITY OF THE NORTH—SIKH AND MOSLEM: WEDDED BY BRITISH RULE—MUTINY MEMORIALS—THE MONUMENTS OF THE MUGHALS—THE OLD DELHIS—MUGHAL ARCHITECTURE: ITS ZENITH AND NADIR—A NORTHERN INDIA EVENING—MEMORIES OF DELHI—HAPPY AND PROFITABLE DAYS—THE PRINCESS' KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN HISTORY.

DELHI, *December 12th.*

THEIR Royal Highnesses saw Amritsar under a wintry sky. When they arrived in Delhi a light frost was just breaking out of the ground, the air was clear and crisp—indeed, it was the perfection of a Delhi December day. From the moment of their alighting at the station, the Prince and Princess moved amid scenes rich with historical associations. They drove under the shadow of the Jumma Masjid, up the Chandni Chowk, which literally ran with blood during Nadir Shah's great sack of Delhi. Then from the Chandni Chowk they passed through the Mori Gate, the Kudsia Gardens, with the tomb of John Nicholson, and by the Flagstaff Tower, one of the hard-held British positions during the siege, to the Circuit House, which is to be their head-quarters during their stay in the Imperial City.

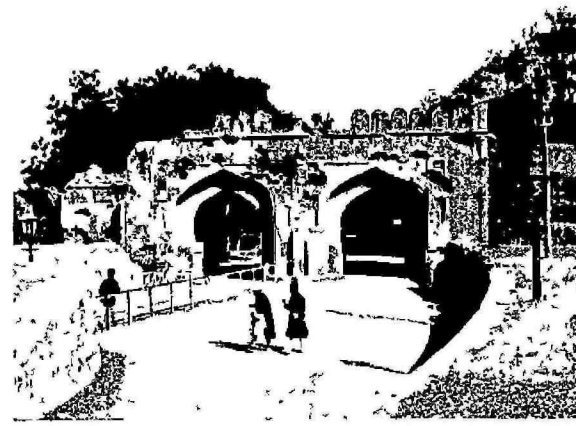
But Delhi has another side; in addition to its historic importance, it is growing into one of the greatest commercial emporia of India, and it was this side of its activities that first came officially before the Royal visitors in an address from the Municipal Commissioners at the Town Hall. Not since the great Durbar has the Chandni Chowk presented so fair a sight as it did this morning. One side of the tree-divided avenue was reserved for the Royal procession, up and down the other side the people might move freely. But they had no desire to move. Cheek by jowl they

The Prince and Princess leaving the Jumma Masjid, Delhi.

sat, on the roadside, in the emerald-green balconies, and on the flat housetops. From all this vast throng there went up one continuous buzz of cheery talk. Why is it that the Indian has the reputation of being a dull, taciturn fellow? In far northern cities, like Peshawar, where no man can confidently reckon on seeing the morrow, he may be; elsewhere on these holiday occasions he is as lively a soul as you would wish to see. There was a brief hush as the head of the escort of the 31st Lancers came round the Jumma Masjid, indicating the approach of the Royal cortège, but the joyous cry broke out again as soon as Their Royal Highnesses halted under the Clock Tower and took their seats in the state chairs, which faced the fine bronze statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. A sea of faces lined the circus of which the Tower is the centre. The address was read drawing attention to the fact that it was at Delhi, twenty-eight years ago, that Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and that, apart from its historic and imperial history, Delhi has of recent years made a rapid commercial advance. Mills and factories have sprung up, and whereas in 1877, when the King-Emperor visited it, only three lines of railway entered the city, now no less than seven converge upon it, to which will be shortly added an eighth, when the Nagda-Bara line to Bombay is finished. The Prince's reply touched the characteristic note of Delhi—its vitality. "The beautiful city which is in your keeping has been the scene of many stirring incidents and splendid pageants. She seems to have the power, inherent in some great capitals, of attracting and compelling attention, and to the Princess and myself this visit will be rich in reflections on the past and in thoughts of the future."

In the progress of this tour there have been many striking illustrations of the revolution wrought in Hindustan by the *Pax Britannica*, but none quite so remarkable as this short transition from Amritsar to Delhi. At Amritsar the Prince and Princess were in the head centre of that strong, fierce, military religion which knit the Sikhs into as virile a fighting caste as the world has ever seen—a caste against which the Mughal power beat as fruitlessly as did the might of Spain against the Netherlands, or the Cavaliers against the Puritans. At Delhi they were in the old stronghold of the Mughal Empire itself. Yesterday they were honoured guests at the Golden Temple, the most famous shrine of Sikhism; to-day they were equally honoured guests at the Jumma Masjid, the finest mosque in India. Yet in each of these powerful religious centres, typifying creeds wide as the Poles asunder, fighting creeds which not so many years ago were in the

bitterest antagonism, they were received with every mark of popular acclaim, loyalty, and respect. Could there be any more remarkable evidence of the unifying influence of British rule, or of the confidence inspired by an unbroken policy of religious toleration?



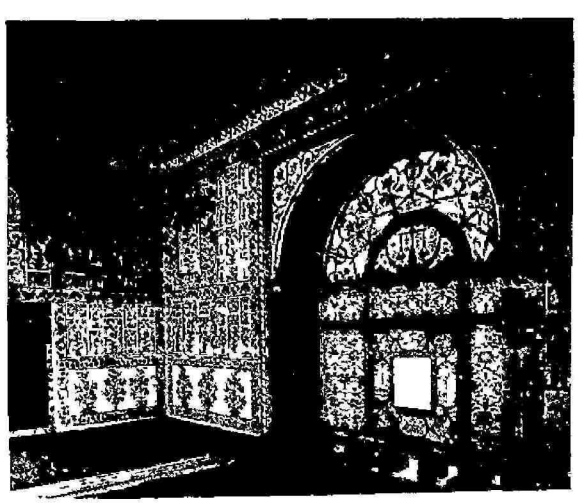
The Kashmir Gate.

In the afternoon Their Royal Highnesses visited, in the course of a short drive, some of the most fascinating memorials of Delhi's greatness. The route lay first to the Kashmir Gate, with its memorial to the heroic Salkeld and his comrades, who blew in the portal on that fateful day which drove the rebels out of the city and administered the first serious check to the Mutiny; then close to the breach through which the little storming columns advanced. Next past the church, founded by the father of the Skinner who raised Skinner's Horse, who still wear the yellow which was Scindia's livery. The story is that old Skinner, lying wounded on the field, determined to make sure of his future and so built three memorials—a church, a mosque, and a temple. In the little churchyard still lie the cross and ball which were the target of the mutineers' fire. Afterwards they passed by the arch of the old magazine, which was defended by those nine gallant Englishmen who held out until the mutineers were over the walls, and then blew it up with all who were within it. Leaving these eloquent memorials of the great epic in English history, the Prince and Princess moved on to the Fort, with the Diwan-i-am and the Diwan-i-khas, those splendid emblems of the greatness of the rule of the Mughals. Thanks to Lord Curzon's loving care for the relics of India's mighty past, much has been done in skilful restoration, and now, wandering through the exquisite inlaid marble halls of the Diwan-i-khas, and looking over the ruins of the once beautiful garden to the broad Jumna, it is possible to realise the spirit in which Shah Jehan had written round the walls of his creation :— "If there is a Paradise on earth it is this! it is this! it is this!" Thence their itinerary lay to the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and to the Jumma Masjid, that stateliest of mosques. Very wisely the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to these magnificent monuments was quite private, and so they were able to study their glories free from distractions. The Princess is an especially keen observer

of everything good that India can show, and on many occasions has surprised her guides by the extent and variety of her knowledge of Indian affairs.

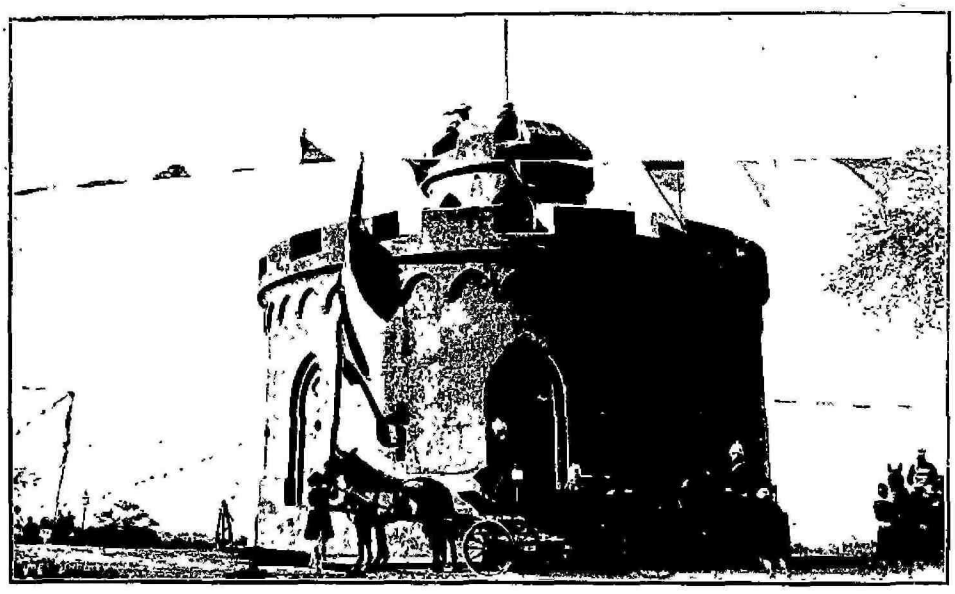
December 13th.

This afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales spent in a quiet excursion to those memorials of the Mutiny which hold so dear a place in the hearts of all Englishmen. Leaving the Circuit House they drove to the Flagstaff Tower, which was one of the four great posts on the Ridge during the siege, and was held by a strong infantry picquet. Next to Hindu Rao's House—the centre of the hardest fighting of those heroic days. The enemy knew that this building, once the residence of a Mahratta nobleman, was the key to the British position, and made desperate attempts to capture it, but all endeavours to dislodge Major Reed and his gallant Gurkhas were made in vain. Thence the Royal route lay to the Mutiny memorial, near which the besiegers had the heavy gun position known as the "Right Battery," twelve hundred yards from the city wall. The memorial is the one feature of the Ridge that jars. It is so entirely out of harmony with the scene that one wonders how it ever came to be erected. From its steps, however, can be gained a view of great beauty. The broken ground, dotted with trees, stretches to the city walls. Within lies the great city, with its matchless mosques and minarets, and the graceful white dome of the Jumma Masjid. But the growth of the trees has been so rapid that the scene is fast losing the character it bore in the days of the Mutiny; the purple walls are half-concealed, and many of the relics of the great siege cannot be discovered without close search.

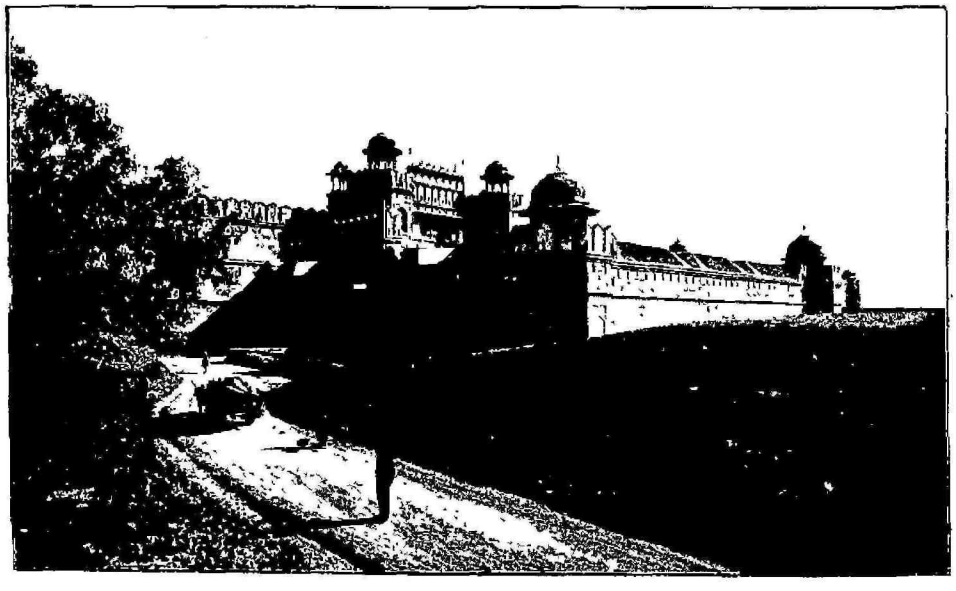


Delhi. The Diwan-i-khas

Having studied the terrain of the siege, Their Royal Highnesses passed to the Mori Gate, and by way of the old Magazine, and the old church with its shot-torn ball, to the Kashmir Gate. Here the memorial to Salkeld and those who cleared the way for the attack was examined, and the Prince climbed the adjacent breach in the wall through which Number 1 storming column advanced. The sites of the breaching batteries



THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER.



THE FORT, DELHI.

in Ludlow Castle Gardens and the Kudsia Gardens were inspected, and Their Royal Highnesses also paid a visit to the tomb of the heroic Nicholson.

But before visiting the Mutiny memorials there were certain official ceremonies to be observed. In the morning His Royal Highness received visits from the Raja of Sirmur, the Sardar of Kalsia, and the Nawabs of Pataudi, Loharu, and Dujana, and at noon returned the visit of the Raja of Sirmur. In the evening a reception was held in the grounds of the Circuit

The Iron Pillar, Kutab Minar, Delhi

House, after a small state banquet, which was attended by these Chiefs and many of the English gentlemen present in Delhi.

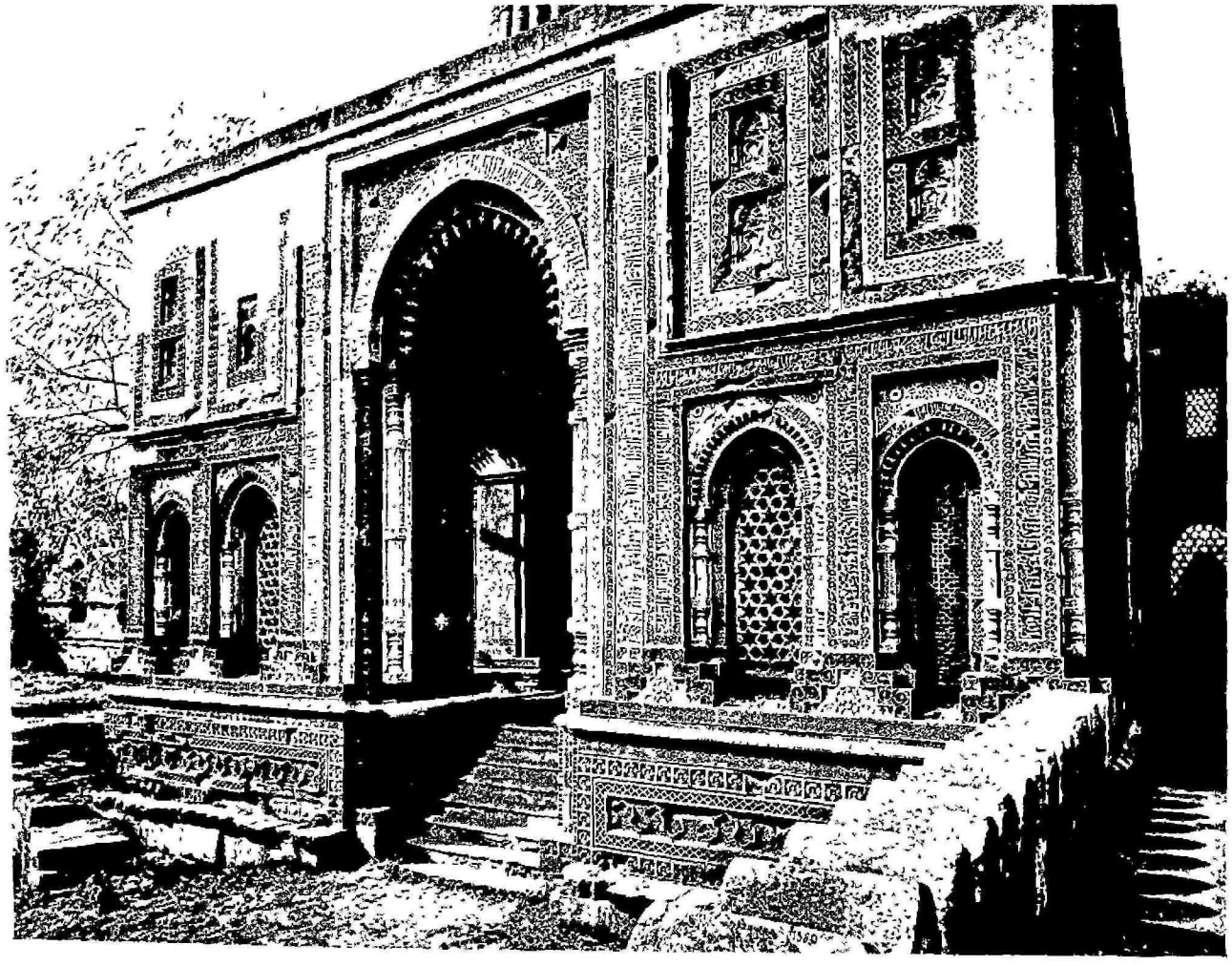
December 14th.

To-day was spent by the Prince and Princess of Wales in visiting those tremendous monuments of past greatness with which the environs of Delhi teem. After breakfast they motored through the Delhi Gate, past the ruins of the old Delhis, to Humayun's tomb. Thence to the Kutab Minar, where lunch was served, and after lunch to the tomb of Safdar Jung and back to the Circuit House in the cool of the evening. With the wisdom that has

characterised all the arrangements in Delhi, the excursion was quite private, Their Royal Highnesses being accompanied only by the smallest of Staffs, and by those who, well versed in the history of the Imperial City, could acquaint them with the significance of the monuments they visited.

Not since they arrived in India have the Prince and Princess passed, in a few hours, through scenes so amazingly rich in historical association, nor will they behold their like again in the course of their long tour. From the summit of the graceful minarets of the Jumma Masjid the eye looks down upon a panorama which cannot be paralleled outside Imperial Rome. In the distance are just discernible the perfect proportions of the Kutab Minar, which dwarf the insignificant iron pillar set up by the Aryan monarchs who founded the kingdom of Indra Prastha on land torn from the aboriginal peoples. Deeply graven in Sanskrit characters on the metal column is the proud boast of the Hindu monarchs :—"As long as I stand so long shall the Hindu Kingdom endure." The Kutab, set up by Kutab-ud-din, "The Pole Star of Religion," the first of the Mahomedan invaders, is the Moslem's proud retort. Between the Masjid and the Tower lies that amazing tangle of ruins—fort and temple, wall and mosque, which rose and fell as invasion succeeded invasion, draining the land of its substance, until Baber, placing his foot in the stirrup of recollection and his hands on the reins of confidence in God, marched against the hosts of Hindustan to found the Mughal Empire.

And at foot, modern Delhi, the city Shah Jehan created, enriching it with the noble Fort enclosing the Diwan-i-am and Diwan-i-khas, and the Masjid, grandest of Mahomedan fanes, from whose slender minarets the call to prayer still goes forth, crowding the courtyard with white-robed figures bent in devotion. The Delhi which, like a vampire, sucked the life-blood from the older cities to its own nurture. The Delhi which witnessed the first agonies of the Mutiny, the heroism of the small band of brave men who countered it, bringing down the last frail remnants of Mughal sovereignty in its collapse. The Delhi, too, revealed in the expanse of flat-roofed houses, the streets pulsating with vitality amid the smoke of a dozen tall stacks, which is bursting into new life. For is not this the greatest wonder of all, that through sack and storm, the loss of the court favour which was once the breath of its life, the rise of great cities and seats of government elsewhere, modern Delhi is, by sheer virtue of its incomparable position, growing into a potent commercial and industrial capital? Whilst other cities like Amritsar and Cawnpore may increase with it, nothing can rob Delhi of its birthright as the mother city of Northern India.

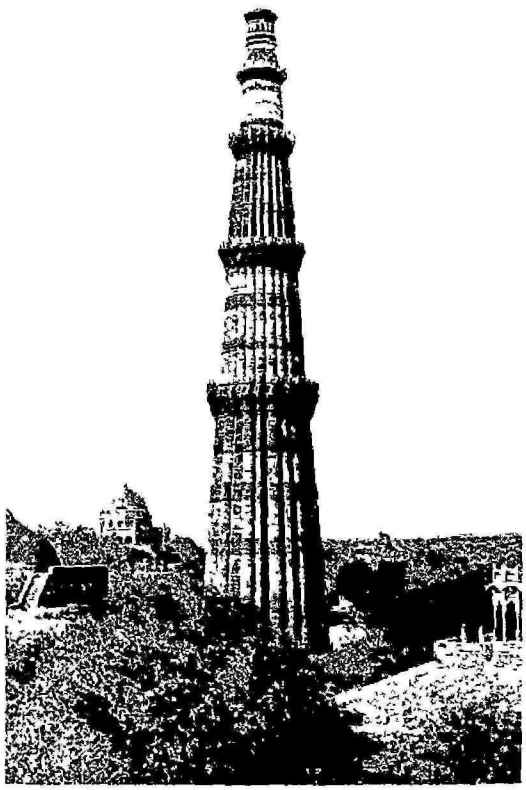


The Tomb of Ala-aud-Din, Delhi.

Through scenes vibrating with these recollections, Their Royal Highnesses drove through the Delhi Gate, over the shady road strewn with the relics of a mighty past, to Humayun's tomb. They paused on the way to note one of the two stone pillars of Asoka, the Purana Kila, with its lofty south gate, the mosque of Sher Shah, and Sher Mandal. Humayun's tomb itself crystallises two of the greatest names in Indian history. For Humayun was so beloved of his father, Baber, that he cheerfully offered his life for that of his son. When Humayun was apparently sick unto death, the stern old warrior king three times walked round the dying prince, a solemnity similar to that used in sacrifices, and prayed God to accept him as a substitute. The tomb was erected by Humayun's son, Akbar, the greatest of Mughal sovereigns, and in simplicity and chastity of design typifies the highest qualities of Mahomedan art. An octagonal mass of white marble and soft red sandstone, rising from a lofty platform crowned with a perfect Persian dome, and cunningly varied with cupolas, it is a monument entirely worthy of the builder. Through all these years it has preserved an amazing freshness. The walled enclosure is in spotless order, the paths are smooth, the shallow ponds, of the fashion of the Taj Mahal, are filled with water, and the trim hedges are a vivid green. Save for the erosion of the stone here and there, it might be the creation of a few years since instead of the heritage of centuries. Here was enacted the final scene in the tragedy of the decline of the Mughal Empire, when the frail old monarch, called from his obscurity by the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut, delivered his sword to the strenuous Hodson, and went forth to die in exile in Burma. From the tomb Their Royal Highnesses passed to the shrine of Sheik Nizam-ud-din Aulia, one of the three places of Mahomedan reverence in India, and were much interested in seeing men and boys dive into the tank which goes by the name of "The Heart-alluring Spring." The Princess specially admired the tomb of Jahanara Begum, the daughter of Shah Jehan, who shared his captivity. Grass was planted over her tomb, with the inscription :—"Let green grass only conceal my grave; grass is the best covering of the grave of the meek."

From the tomb a broad, shady, well metalled road led to the Kutab Minar, where lunch was served in the little bungalow which is hall-marked with the utilitarian ugliness of the Public Works Department. We have done much to beautify Indian scenery by the avenues of stately arborescence which shade the principal roads, much to disfigure it by the utter tastelessness of most of our Government buildings. On judgment, to which side will the

balance incline? The wonderful freshness which distinguishes Humayun's tomb is even more marked in the Kutab Minar. The mosque, which once stood at its foot, is now a mere heap of ruins. With difficulty can be traced the outlines of the buildings, which in their prime had no equal for beauty or extent. But the Kutab, that exquisite shaft of sandstone, red and purple and orange, rising nearly two hundred and fifty feet into the clear blue Indian sky, is as beautiful as on the day of its completion more than six centuries ago. Its impressiveness, coming from perfection of proportion and grace of outline, will endure as long as it weathers the earthquake shocks which more than once have shaken its very foundations. Their Royal Highnesses climbed the three hundred and ninety-seven steps to the top of the tower, but the superb view of the country, which can be obtained herefrom on clear days, was spoiled by the haze.

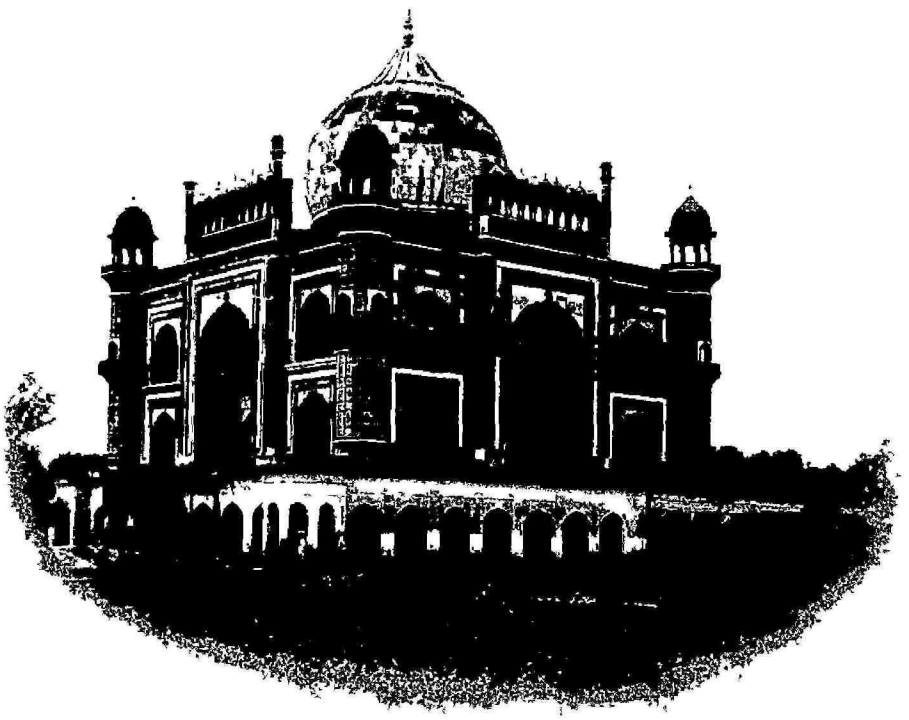


The Kutab Minar.

The Kutab Minar illustrates the beginning of the Moslem architecture which has enriched India with so many priceless monuments; Humayun's tomb portrays that art in its simplest and most dignified form; the tomb of Safdar Jung—"The Piercer of Battle Ranks"—marks its decline. For here Their Royal Highnesses saw the same spacious courtyard, laid out with shallow ponds now quite dry, the same smooth walls, and the same fashion of plinth, dome and minaret. But the grace and simplicity of Humayun's tomb have departed, the minarets are spoiled by over elaboration, the crispness and patient labour of the earlier workers have gone. By way of compensation, the last part of the excursion was made in the full glory of the declining day, when all things in India are beautiful, and when against the splendid amber and emerald of these winter skies the noble creations of the Muslim builders are revealed in their full perfection. Truly the only time to see the Imperial City is when the sun has passed the

meridian, and the land is wrapped in the subtle softness which foreshadows the departure of day.

December 15th. To-day, the last day of Their Royal Highnesses' stay in Delhi, was spent in the quiet, profitable fashion that has characterised the whole of the visit. This morning the Prince rode, and Her Royal Highness motored, to the amphitheatre



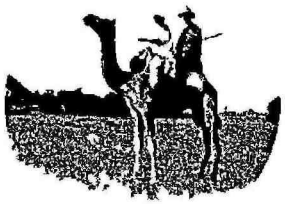
The Tomb of Safdar Jung.

where His Majesty the King-Emperor was proclaimed at the great Durbar. There they were able to reconstruct the principal features of that historic pageant. In the afternoon Lady Rivaz was "At Home" at a charming party in the grounds of the Circuit House. All Delhi, with the Chiefs who are now staying here in order to pay their duty, was present, and Their Royal Highnesses entered into close conversation with many of the guests.

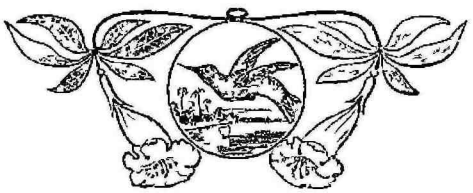
Leaving the Circuit House at half past nine o'clock, they drove through roads and streets, brilliantly illuminated, to the station, whence they departed for Agra.

The recollection of the visit to Delhi will surely live in the memories of Their Royal Highnesses as one of the most pleasant and fruitful in their tour. Both the Prince and Princess of Wales are ardent sightseers in the best sense of the term. They have a knowledge of the great events of Indian History which would put many old residents in the country to the blush, and an insatiable desire to learn everything India can teach them. In Delhi they have had spread before them the richest store of historical relics that exists outside the ancient capital of the Roman Empire, and they were diligent searchers amongst its treasures. They have visited all the scenes in the epic siege of Delhi—the Ridge, with its precious associations, the sites of the batteries which prepared the way for that most audacious assault, the breaches and gates through which the tiny columns advanced against the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers, the spot where John Nicholson, the Titan of the Mutiny heroes, fell, and the modest monument which covers his remains. They have seen those noble monuments of the splendour of the Mughal Court—the Fort, with the Diwan-i-am and the Diwan-i-khas, and the noblest of them all, the Jumma Masjid. They have seen those towering memorials of the old Delhis which make the road to the Kutab Minar the Appian Way of the East, and which in their decay are eloquent tributes to the magnificence and creative taste of the Mahomedan sovereigns.

Hindu Colonnade at the Kutab Minar.



All this they have done under ideal conditions, without fuss or ceremony, but with just the expert assistance of those knowing all the Delhis and loving their grandeur. The weather has been at its best, unusually bright and mild for this season of the year whilst not until to-day was there a taste of those high winds and clouds of biting dust which occasionally make life in Northern India a burden. With all these activities, Their Royal Highnesses have not been unmindful of their Royal and social obligations. They have met the Chiefs of the Delhi Division in formal visit, in reception durbar, and to-day at Lady Rivaz's garden party, and they have also met all actively engaged in work in Delhi, in whatsoever capacity.



CHAPTER XVI.

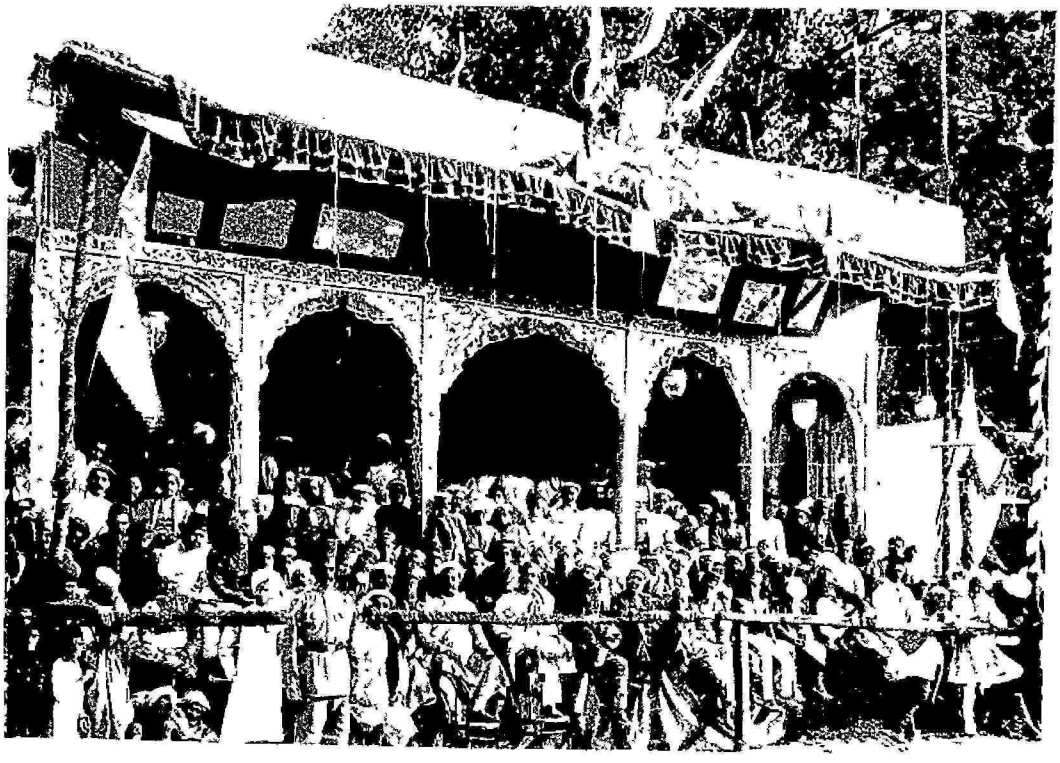
In Akbar's Capital.

THE CITY OF THE TAJ—A CHARACTERISTIC RECEPTION—AGRA'S LINKS WITH THE ROYAL HOUSE—A VISIT TO SIKANDRA—THE TOMB OF ITMAD-UD-DOWLAH—IMPRESSIONS OF THE TAJ—PLEASANT HOURS IN THE FORT—ART AND SMOKE—MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA—FATEHPUR SIKRI: "THE CITY OF VICTORY"—AN IMPRESSIVE MONUMENT OF MUGHAL POWER AND TASTE—MEMORIALS OF AKBAR'S REIGN—THE MAN HIMSELF IN STONE.

AGRA, *December 17th.*

IT is inevitable that there should be a certain uniformity in the receptions accorded to the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visit great centres of population in the course of their tour. Yet, at each of these centres there is some special characteristic, some determining feature, which differentiates it from those which have gone before. Certainly at Agra the scene which met the Prince and Princess, when they emerged from the station, was like nothing they have yet seen in India. Dominating the whole situation were the majestic red sandstone walls and the superb bastions of Akbar's Fort. In a serried line extending almost from the base of the walls, on both sides of the road leading towards the Jumna and on the railway bridge, were gathered thousands and thousands of the people of the city, whilst amongst the battlements themselves were grouped a few score British linesmen in scarlet, who lent the final touch of colour to the spectacle. It is a subject of never-failing interest to watch the attitude of the crowd as the Royal cortège passes. There they remain for hours, squatting on their heels, or standing quietly in unbroken rows, waiting for the arrival of the Emperor's son with the patience which belongs only to the oriental. The booming of the guns announces the arrival of the Royal train. A brief pause, and the appearance of the Mounted Police indicates the approach of the Royal carriage. Instantly a ripple of movement plays over the turbanned heads, as they are

THE ROAD TO SIKANDRA: SCENES BY THE WAY.



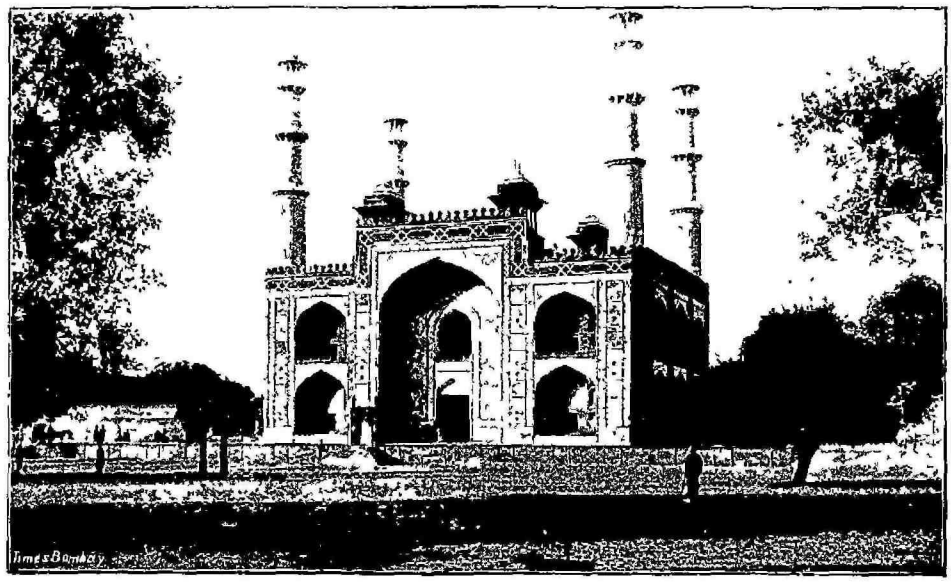
THE ROAD TO SIKANDRA: A GATHERING OF CIVIC WORTHIES.

craned forward in eager expectation, and the chatter of voices is hushed, a thousand hands are raised in reverential *salaams*, whilst others are so intent on studying the Prince and Princess that they forget to *salaam*. As soon as the cortège has passed at a slow trot, the waiting lines break and surge over the road, peopling it with a throng as dense as that which blackens the city at the Lord Mayor's Show.

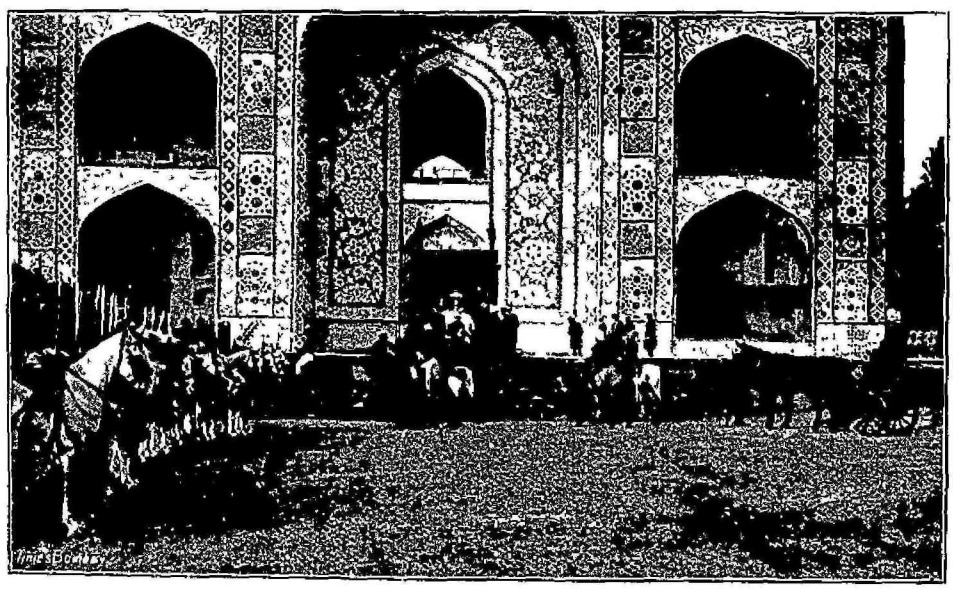
In a station carpeted with beautifully worked rugs, Their Royal Highnesses received the dutiful address of the Agra Municipality. In this reference was made to three events which specially linked the city with the Royal family—the circumstances that the people were able to pay their addresses to His Majesty the King-Emperor, on his tour, to Her late Majesty, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage, and now to the Prince and Princess of Wales. "It is a privilege," said His Royal Highness in his reply, "to any one, whether from the West or from the East, to approach your beautiful and historical city. We look forward with keen interest to seeing its artistic and architectural beauties, of which you are so justly proud; and I am quite certain that, during our visit, we shall gain impressions of Agra that will never fade from our minds."

Their Royal Highnesses made their first close acquaintance with the architectural glories of Agra in the afternoon, when they visited Sikandra and Akbar's Tomb, in the beautiful grounds adjoining which the members of the Agra Club were "At Home." At first it looked as if this excursion would be made under conditions the reverse of pleasant. In the forenoon a strong wind sprang up, raising clouds of dust which made driving disagreeable. Afterwards the wind fell and at Sikandra the Prince and Princess enjoyed the full splendour of a Northern India December evening. The beautiful monument that Jehangier raised to his father, the greatest of the Mughals, has benefited greatly from the informed zeal for the preservation of its architectural treasures which now animates the Government of India. The minarets of the main gates have been restored, and portions of the coloured work in the arches of the second of the four tiers of the tomb replaced, so that it is possible to form an idea of the appearance of the building when these hues had not faded.

In driving home, the long route through the town, and under the shadow of the Fort, was purposely taken, so that Their Royal Highnesses might view the illuminations. These commenced with torches flaming smokily in the dusk near Sikandra, and then developed, as the city was



THE TOMB OF AKBAR AT SIKANDRA.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT SIKANDRA.

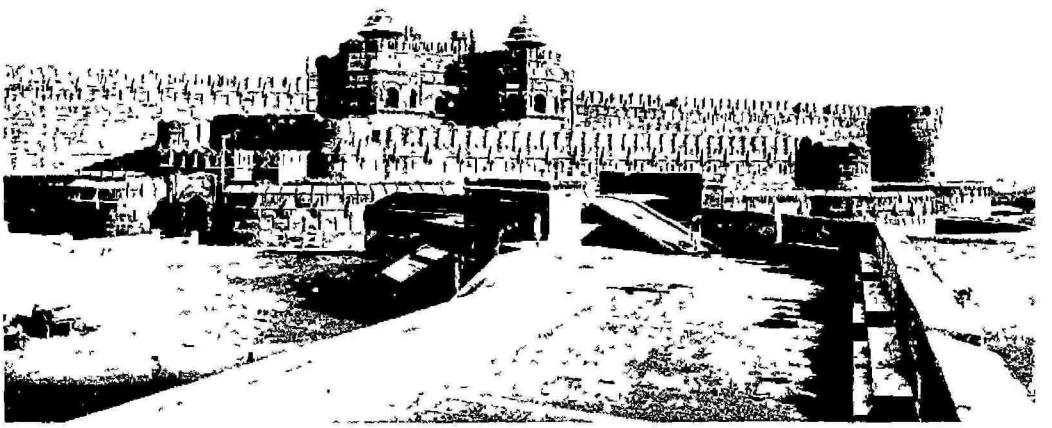
reached, into continuous lines of dancing flame. They culminated in thin streaks of fire on the grand walls of the Fort, and ripples of flickering light by the river ghats. In stands draped with red cloth, hung with chandeliers and ablaze with light, sat the city worthies, with their sons and small daughters, their uncles and their tribes of relations clustered round them, hugely enjoying the festival, whilst the whole population was in the streets below.

Sunday was the day of rest, and in the morning Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service at the Cantonment Church, where an impressive and apposite sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lucknow. In the afternoon they drove quietly across the bridge of boats to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah, on the opposite bank of the river. This, though not the most famous, is one of the most characteristic monuments of Agra. Built by Nur Mahal, the favourite wife of Jehangier, as a mausoleum for her father, the Lord High Treasurer—the officer who, as his Imperial master well knew, possessed an itching palm—it is graceful and refined rather than impressive. But these were the principal attributes of the Treasurer himself. The great gateway, through the complexity of the ornamentation, produces a somewhat unrestful effect, but the marble screens and filigree work are only surpassed by those in the Taj Mahal.

From the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah the Prince and Princess drove to the Taj Mahal, and spent the remainder of the afternoon appreciating its exquisite beauties in the softened light of the declining day. But this was not their first visit to "The Dream in Marble." Last night they left the Circuit House almost unobserved, and watched the moon rise over the river until it bathed the exquisite fabric in silvery light, transmuting the solid marble into an ethereal shrine of diaphanous opal. Is there any other building in the world that has so absorbed the literateur and the painter? And withal, neither brush nor pen has trasmitted its loveliness. It is far beyond the reach of either. The supreme creation of the artist in stone, the perfect material expression of man's love for woman—"the proud passion of an Emperor's love, wrought into living stone"—it stands irreproducible as the yearning which gave it birth.

But at least a word of gratitude may be offered to those who have made the surroundings of the Taj Mahal entirely worthy. Any one who visited Agra some years ago will remember the squalid village, the ugly ravines, and the generally poverty-stricken scenes through which he had to drive to

the main gateway. All this has been changed. The village has been removed, the ravines partially reclaimed, and the whole clothed in verdure. The approach to the Taj Mahal is now in as intimate sympathy with the peerless monument as is the close of Salisbury Cathedral with that great fane. Within, the same care has been exercised. The turf is velvety, the paths are scrupulously neat, and no colour breaks the subdued green of the garden, save the occasional flash of the poinsettia, or the crimson glow of the croton. If anything needs a restraining hand it is the too luxuriant growth of the trees, which sometimes obscures those oblique glimpses of the fabric which, when the sun is high, are the most fascinating. And let us take heart of



The Fort at Agra.

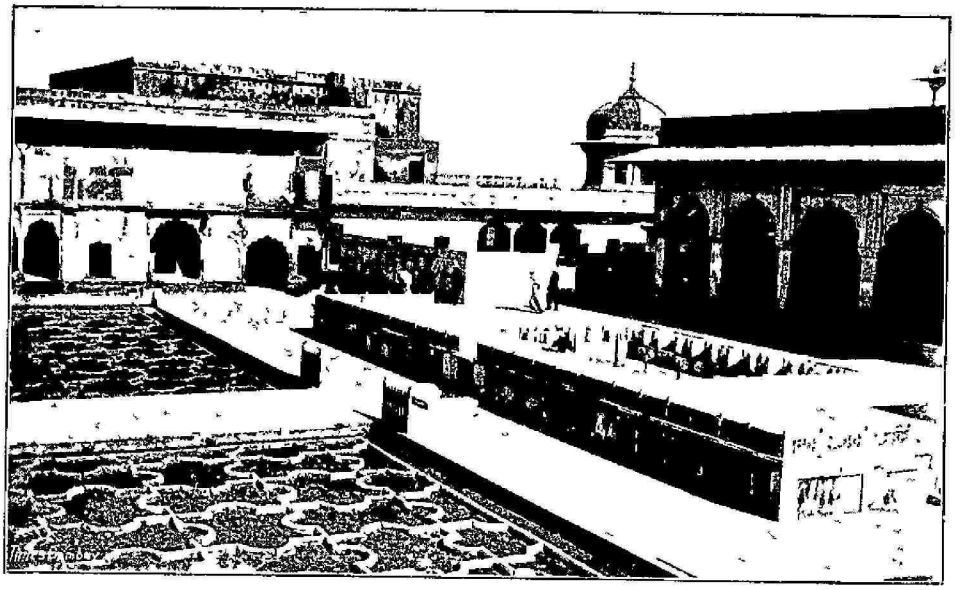
grace in that in some other ways we have emerged from the artistic barrenness of the past generation. When His Majesty the King-Emperor visited Agra they could think of no better way to entertain him than to place searchlights in the minarets of the Taj Mahal, and crude flares by the still waters of the canals.

December 18th. This morning was occupied by the Prince and Princess in studying the architectural treasures enclosed in the red sandstone walls of the Fort, which is such a conspicuous feature in the landscape of Agra. Entering through the massive Delhi Gate, they spent nearly two hours examining the principal memorials of the most magnificent of the Mughal Emperors—the Pearl

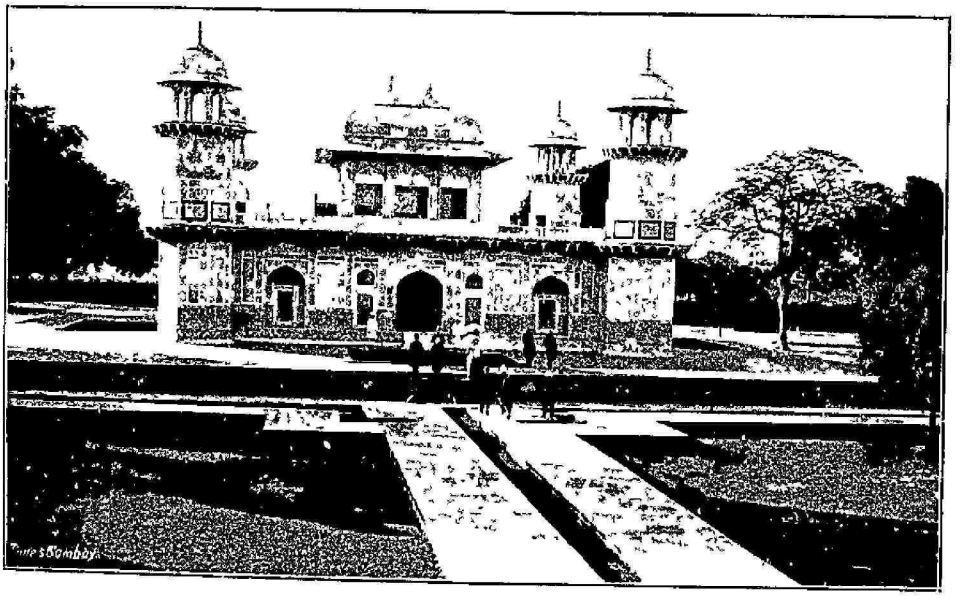
Mosque, in its exquisitely severe simplicity, still considered desecrate, because it was used as a hospital during the Mutiny; the Diwan-i-am, which has suffered as much as any other building in India from unskilful renovations; the Saman Burj; the gem of the fabrics within the Fort—the Jasmine Tower; and finally the irregular pile which goes by the name of Jehangier's Palace, and which, with its strongly marked Hindu characteristics, is reminiscent of much of Akbar's work at Fatehpur Sikri.

From the Jasmine Tower, Their Royal Highnesses were able to enjoy the grand view which it commands—the Taj Mahal, its graces half concealed by the red sandstone mosque, the beautiful gardens, the Jumna, its waters shrunk to a tiny rivulet, meandering through a bed of yellowish grey, and the unbroken, tree-dotted plain. They were able to view, too, a spectacle none can regard without serious misgivings—the foul, black, oily smoke belching from half a dozen factory chimneys. One of the most vivid impressions left on re-visiting the architectural hoards of Delhi and Agra is the sense of their amazing freshness after centuries of exposure to the elements. They have retained that freshness because the elements in Northern India are kindly, but with the spread of manufacturing enterprise a new constituent is being introduced into the atmosphere. What will be the effect of the clouds of inky smoke one sees at Delhi and Agra on the spotless marble and warm sandstone? True, these factories are on the outskirts of the cities, but it is impossible to witness without apprehension the smoke-laden clouds bearing down on the Taj Mahal and the Jumma Masjid. A wise Government has created a special department and spent liberally to conserve its precious heritage. But of what avail these pains, if for the sake of petty economy the atmosphere of Delhi and Agra is vitiated with factory filth?

The principal event of the Agra visit was in the afternoon, when His Royal Highness unveiled the statue of Her late Majesty the Queen, which has been erected in memory of her splendid reign. The veneration inspired by Queen Victoria in the Provinces which had special reason to value the gracious terms of her proclamation, was so deep that in the province of Agra alone the sum of six and a quarter lakhs of rupees was collected. In all districts where the subscriptions amounted to twenty-five thousand rupees, seventy-five per cent. of the local donations were refunded for the erection of local memorials, and the remainder of the fund was allocated to the raising of provincial memorials at Agra and Allahabad. In this way twelve district monuments were erected, and at Allahabad a seated figure of Her Majesty,



AGRA FORT: THE ROYAL VISIT.



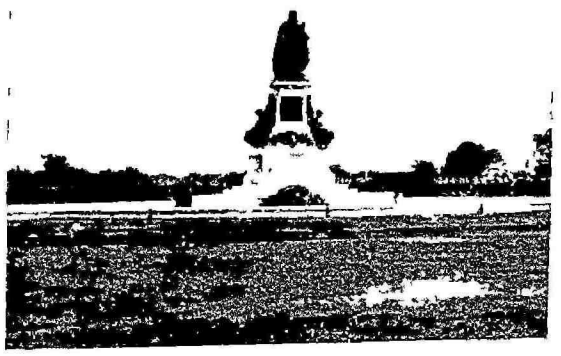
THE TOMB OF ITMAD-UD-DOWLAH.

in marble, under a Gothic canopy of grey limestone. The Agra statue represents Her Majesty standing. It is of bronze, raised on a lofty pedestal, and flanked by allegorical figures of Truth and Justice, with a bronze panel descriptive of Empire at the back. Round the base of the support is a marble reservoir, fed from bronze shells projecting from the pedestal.

The site of the memorial is extremely fine. It stands on the summit of a grassy knoll, the highest point in the vicinity of the city. Thence the bronze figure looks towards the salient of the red-walled Fort. Behind is the Taj Mahal. At the foot the city lies stretched out in all its picturesque confusion. The unveiling ceremony was simple and reverent. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Knox, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, read the address whose note is indicated in these two paragraphs :—

"Such is the love, such the reverence, which the present generation feel for the memory of the late Queen Victoria, first Empress of India, that this love and this reverence will long survive any memorial, be it of bronze, or be it of marble, which can be erected as a token of their existence. It is not therefore mainly with the object of perpetuating the memory of our late great and noble Queen that this and other statues in this province have been erected.

"The thought that inspires this memorial is rather the simple desire to bear witness to the wondrous power which Her late Most Gracious Majesty held over the hearts of all her subjects in this land. Whatever their race, whatever their creed, all have united in one joint memorial to emphasize the confidence felt that in Her Majesty's eyes all were equally precious. And next, through it to proclaim in silent and reverent unison of one and all, the farewell tribute, the farewell blessing—'She wrought her people lasting good.'"



The Victoria Memorial Agra.

"No words of mine," said the Prince, "are needed to tell you that my revered grandmother loved the Indian people, and that

she bequeathed to my dear father and to me her regard for India. I unveil this statue not only as a memorial of the first Queen-Empress, but also as a memorial of the fact that India knows how to be grateful for her love."

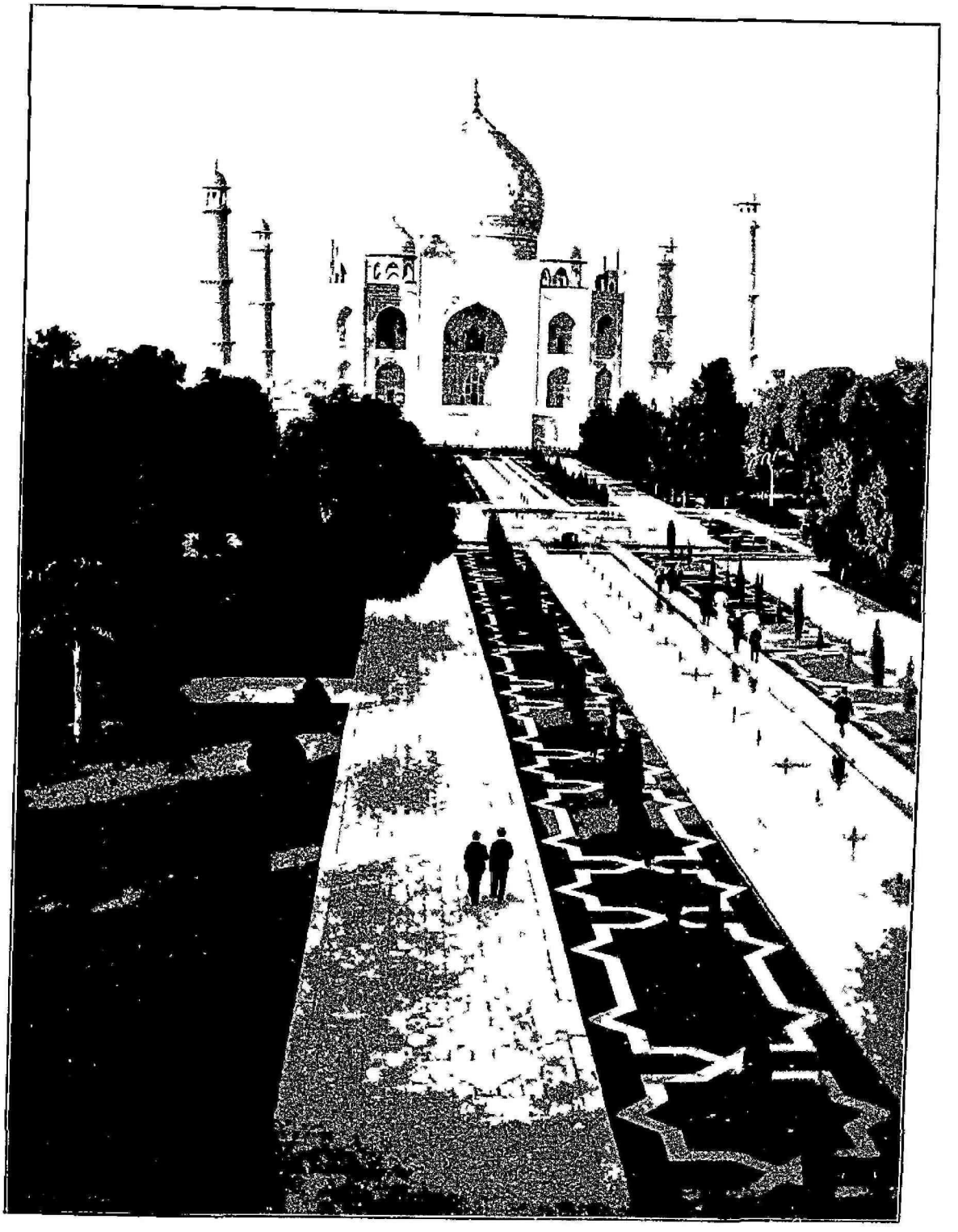
Few people in England, and perhaps not many in India, realise the place Queen Victoria held in the minds of her Indian subjects. How she was, and her memory is, to them, not only the embodiment of these regal virtues—truth, and justice, and integrity,—but the impersonation of that sympathy which finds so ready a response in the Indian heart. Hence the wisdom exhibited in these Provinces of making all memories of her reign personal, so that the community may have ever in their midst the likeness of the Sovereign so deeply beloved by them as the wise, far-seeing Empress and the noble, sympathetic woman.

Unveiling Ceremony : the Royal Arrival.

In the evening, a reception was given by the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, Sir James La Touche, and Lady La Touche, at the Circuit House.

December 19th.

To-day was spent by Their Royal Highnesses in visiting Fatehpur Sikri—"The City of Victory"—the great town built by Akbar in an outburst of pious devotion for the birth of an heir, occupied for a few years, and then given back to the beasts and the birds who held dominion over the plain until the Emperor disturbed their rule. Starting early from the Circuit House, Their Royal Highnesses motored over the broad and well shaded road which links Fatehpur Sikri with its successful rival, Agra. After some time had been spent in viewing the principal buildings, lunch was served in the Daftar Khana. Then the tour of the abandoned town was completed, and in the pleasant coolness of the afternoon the Royal party returned to Agra.

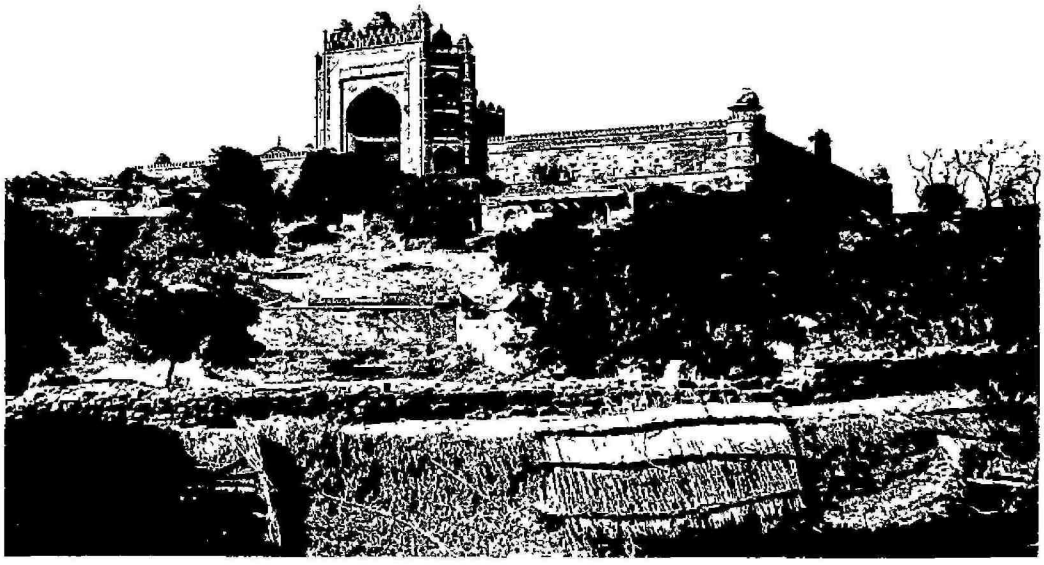


THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS VISITING THE TAJ MAHAL.

Surely Fatehpur Sikri is the most impressive monument of the power and majesty and taste of the Mughal Court! Shah Jehan built more lavishly, more artistically, and more perfectly; but none other raised a magnificent city in the jungle, stamped it indelibly with the impress of his own great soul, and before the last stone was laid, left it to the bat and the panther and moved his Court elsewhere. To stand on the "Gate of Victory" and gaze over the six miles of crenellated wall, the dry bed of the artificial lake which once laved the fourth side of the city, the riot of mosque, temple, palace and tomb, almost as perfect as the day they were forsaken, is to gain a far truer insight into this magnificence of the Mughal power than can be induced by the contemplation of the Taj Mahal, the Fort at Agra, or even Imperial Delhi. For none but a Titan amongst his contemporaries could have raised this splendid monument to his power and imagination, peopled it with the statesmen, philosophers, priests, artists, and beautiful women who flocked to his Court, and in the full zenith of his fame, whilst his craftsmen were yet busy in the building, discard it like a costly toy, and, in obedience to a whim or a sentiment, draw away and forget it as if it never existed.

This is how the story runs. Three and a half centuries ago, returning from one of his campaigns, Akbar halted at Sikri. Oppressed by the death of his twin children by Mariam Zamani, his Rajput wife, he approached Sheikh Salim Chishti, an ascetic who dwelt in an adjoining cave, and sought his counsel on the subject of an heir. Chishti advised him to come to Sikri, and nine months later Mariam gave birth, in the cave of the Saint, to a son called after the ascetic Salim, and known to history as Jehangier. In his gratitude, Akbar built the city of Sikri, afterwards called Fatehpur, or Victory, after the conquest of Gujarat. There he raised the Buland Darwaza, the noblest portal in India, whose majestic proportions are visible for miles around, to celebrate the conquest of the Sesodia capital of Chitor, the Jumma Masjid, the purest and most elevated of Mahomedan fanes, the Diwan-i-khas, concerning whose exact use archæologists still dispute, his own modest apartments, and the palaces which are as perfect as the day he left them; and dug the lake which broke the aridity of the plain. Why, in the plenitude of its glory, was the new city so completely cast aside that in a few years the wild beasts made it dangerous of approach? One story is that it was unhealthy, another that the water-supply was deficient, a third that Chishti, annoyed by the bustle of the city's life, said he or the Emperor must go—and the Emperor went. It could have been no very active cause that did not find exact record in the full history of his reign.

But whilst the vivid desertion of Fatehpur Sikri affronts by the audacity and wastefulness of its abandonment, the city fascinates by the completeness with which the characteristics of the founder are wrought into the fabric. Without other guide, his brief capital affords an index both to the cast of his mind and the main purpose of his life. Akbar's strong, virile, masculine being sought a fitting medium in the rugged red sandstone of the vicinity, and marble was but sparingly employed in works. His noble soul found its best expression in dignity and breadth rather than in subtle perfection of detail, and only in the adornment of the feminine apartments was the decorative skill of his Hindu architects allowed to run riot. The

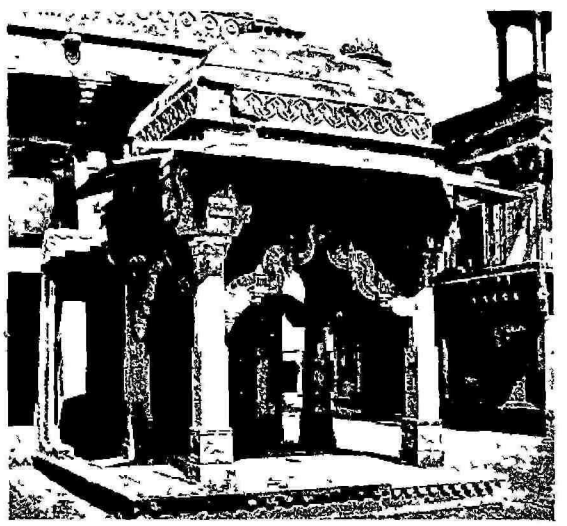


"The Gate of Victory," Fatehpur Sikri.

Buland Darwaza, or "Gate of Victory", bespeaks the soldier. Simple almost to the point of bareness, this splendid portal, standing on the point of the ridge over which the Court buildings are scattered, impresses by the sheer majesty of its proportions, and for miles around it was a visible sign of the power of Akbar's sword. The Jumma Masjid reveals the deep religious mind. In the reserve and dignity of its decorations it is unsurpassed, and the cloisters of the great square are true haunts of peace. The marked Hindu feeling in Jodbhai's Palace, Mariam's House, and Birbal's House, betrays the catholicity of his artistic instincts and his love for the solid and enduring. The variety of ornamentation in the Turkish Sultana's House and other

of the women's apartments, discloses the lighter side of his æsthetic tastes. Then this grouping of Hindu, Jain, and Saracenic styles in his new city, all of which are embodied in the quaint five-storied pavilion known as the Panch Mahal, evidences the liberality of mind and broadness of vision which distinguished Akbar from all his contemporaries. Fatehpur Sikri is the man himself in stone.

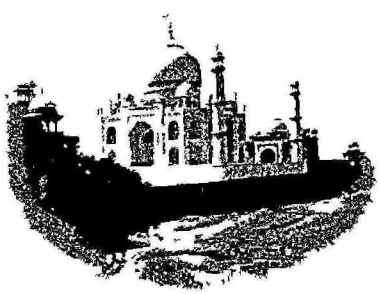
The most absorbing memorials of Akbar's life and reign that Fatehpur Sikri enshrines are the monuments to his wide religious tolerance in an age of bigotry. The Jumma Masjid is the declaration of his early Mahomedan belief, but in the pulpit he stood to pronounce the new all-embracing faith, which, dispensing with a priesthood, recognised only one God, the Maker of the Universe, and Akbar as God's vicegerent on earth. Near the Diwan-i-khas is the "Yogi's" seat of one of the Hindu *fakirs* who enjoyed his favour. The hospital is the model of that set up by the Jesuit Fathers, who were also permitted to erect a church and instruct the Emperor in the principles of the Christian religion. On one of the portals of the Buland Darwaza is written in Arabic: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there'." In the Ibadat Khana the learned men of all religions assembled for discussion. Akbar's new state faith died with him, as it was bound to do; but never sought man more diligently for the truth. It was no real failure to have aimed so high.



The Seat of the Hindu Saint: Fatehpur Sikri.

With all its strength and freshness, which make Fatehpur Sikri not a ruined city, not a city of desolation, but just an abandoned city, which yesterday might have pulsated with warm life, there are those human links which preserve it from hardness. In the exquisite marble lace work of Sheikh Chishti's tomb are the little coloured threads of hope tied by the women who suffer from childlessness—the greatest curse in the East. On the gates of Buland Darwaza are the horse-shoes, nailed as votive offerings by those whose steeds are sick. Sir Pratab Singh says that in the palmy days of Rajput

chivalry, if the enemy's gates could be neither blown nor beaten in, a band of chosen horsemen, blindfolding their steeds, would gallop madly at the wooden barrier, dashing themselves to pulp, but carrying all before them. In the modest house near the Masjid lived Abdul Faz, who, coming to Court as a minstrel, compiled the classical Ain-i-Akbari which records in detail the events of Akbar's reign. The gentle-mannered guide who pilots you through the mazes of the city is a lineal descendant of the great Sheikh Chishti, in whose honour Akbar raised Fatehpur Sikri, at whose behest he is said to have quitted it. Having been ridiculously overpaid he importunes you for another rupee, and haggles over the value of cheap photographs!



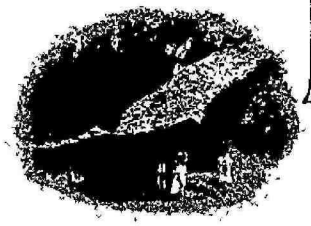
Agra · The Last Glimpse

CHAPTER XVII.

A Mahratta State.

An Imperial Welcome—Procession of gorgeously-caparisoned Elephants—A Typical Mahratta City—The Dread Mahratta Horse—Eastern Pomp and Civic Reform—Review of the State Troops—A Quaint Sham Fight—The State Banquet: Scindia's stout Pledge of Loyalty—A Day in the Jungle—Exciting Experiences—Christmas in Camp—The Princess' Fete—A Fine Tiger bagged—Memories of Gwalior.

Gwalior, *December 20th.*



IT was reserved for His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the truest Indian fashion, by a great state procession on elephants. The elephant is the real Imperial beast. The four-horsed carriage which has hitherto done duty on the tour is a recent importation by comparison, and the employment of elephants on a large scale for the entry into this Mahratta city invested the ceremony with a far more distinctive Indian character than any which have gone before. At Udaipur the feudatories were more interesting, because they lined the route in the torn costumes and battered armour of centuries ago. At Jaipur the assemblage of retainers more accurately depicted India in the early days of villainous saltpetre. But the march of gorgeously-caparisoned elephants through Gwalior was the real Imperial India. It was instinct with the spirit of the East, and yielded a series of the most oriental pictures Their Royal Highnesses have yet seen.

A noble sight it was to see thirty-six of these regal brutes, in all the pomp and circumstance of eastern state, arrayed in readiness for the Royal visitors. Those for the Prince and Princess were gigantic animals, painted from head to foot a slatey grey, with the Prince of Wales' feathers on their foreheads, the historic motto "Ich Dien" beneath, and a riot of fanciful ornamentation in green and vermilion round eyes and ears. Their howdahs were of carven wood sheathed in beaten gold; trappings of crimson

ENTERING GWALIOR: THE ELEPHANT PROCESSION.

cloth, heavily broidered with Scindia's arms, almost swept the ground. In their ears were huge earrings of gold, their massive frontals were sheathed with gold mail and screened with shields of rhinoceros hide, whilst solid silver chains ringed their huge ankles. The mahouts bore fly-whisks of peacock feathers, fixed in sockets of gold studded with gems, and urged on their unwieldy chargers with goads of solid gold; whilst from the trappings hung silver-gilt bells, which tinkled melodiously as the brutes moved restlessly from side to side. Except that silver was substituted for gold, the accoutrements of the elephants for the Staff were scarcely less magnificent. Here the decorative fancy of the mahouts was given freer play. A favourite device was of twin tigers, the tails beginning jointly down the trunk and bifurcating into two vividly yellow tigers, one round each eye of the elephant. The eye of the tiger corresponded with that of the elephant, and when the beast winked, it looked for all the world as if the tiger were alive. Beyond, again, on a score of the elephants just as brilliantly painted and with sweeping cloths of crimson and orange, were the principal Sirdars of the State.

Escorted by smart Imperial Service Lancers in blue and white, and footmen in ochre and claret liveries, Her Highness the Maharani and her mother drove to the station and passed into the purdah enclosure. A little later came His Highness, an intensely alert and active figure in a pink surtout, embroidered with gold and crossed with the ribbon of the Victorian Order, and wearing the characteristically cocked Mahratta turban. His only ornament was a necklace of pearls of priceless value. As the train steamed in the Prince and Princess were received by the Maharaja, whilst the guns from the fine old fort, which crowns the hill rising like a gigantic battleship from the yellow plain, roared out a Royal salute. In the graceful pavilion of delicate shades of pink, yellow, and green, were gathered the Maharaja's guests, including General Sir Archibald Hunter, but no figure was more conspicuous than that of sprightly little Sitolin, as the senior Sirdar of the State, booted and spurred, and in the smart uniform of the Gwalior Cadet Corps. The guard-of-honour, in dark rifle green and forage cap of the fashion of the Gurkha regiments, was inspected, and Their Royal Highnesses mounted the Royal elephants by a flight of easy steps.

The scenes in the streets of this typical Mahratta city, though like many witnessed in Jaipur and Udaipur, had their own peculiar character. There were the matchlock-men with covered guns, who guard the Maharaja's

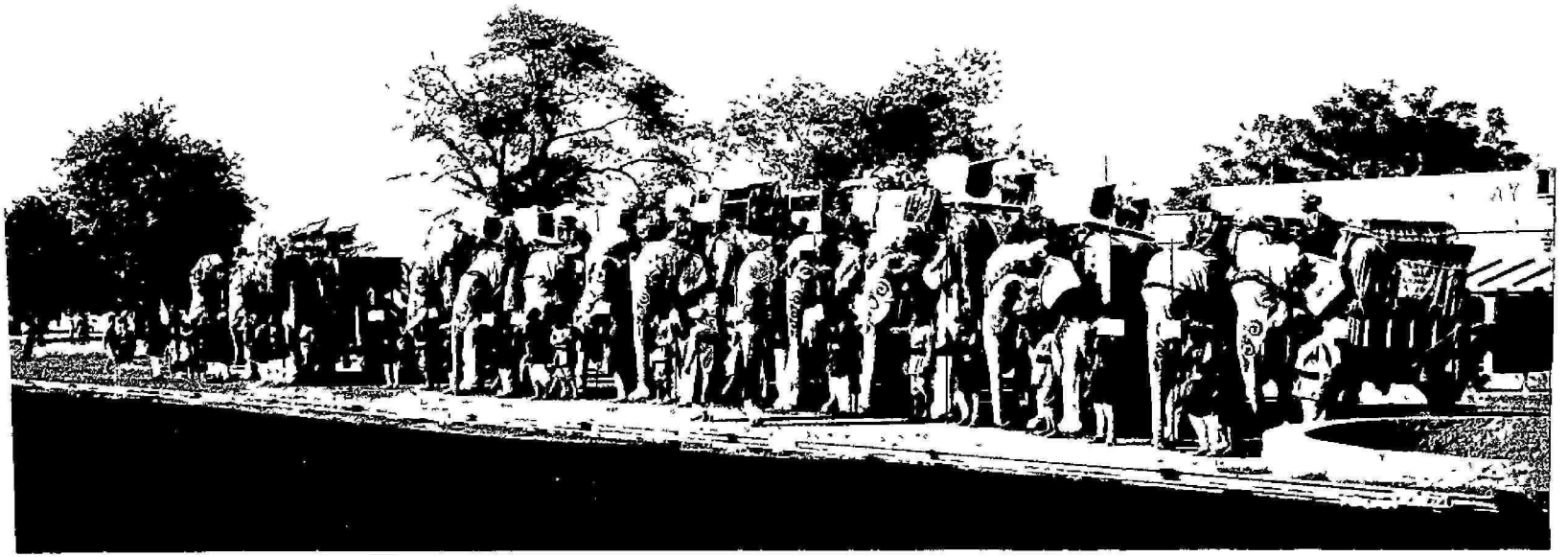
sleep, the camelry with wooden swivel blunderbusses, the spearmen, the circus horses with nodding plumes and garters of green and silver, Imperial Service Lancers in neat uniforms, Imperial Service Infantry in riflemen's green, and Household Troops with obsolete rifles. All this we have seen before on many occasions, but not the wiry swordsmen on tough countrybreds, who stood silently in the second line. For these were the descendants of the dread Mahratta Horse, who wore down the Mughal power and scourged India from Satara to Delhi and from Bombay to the Bay of Bengal. Bassein, with its ruined walls, Calcutta with its Mahratta ditch, Delhi with its story of a captive sovereign, Rajputana with its shorn districts, and the Central Provinces with their towers of refuge, bear witness to the widespread power of these irregular cavalry in their palmy days—these "Deccani Rats," in the phrase of John Jacob, who drilled them into stout frontier soldiery. Besides these survivals of a great fighting force, there was a distinctiveness in the decorations and the crowd. Failing flowers, the roadside burst into trees with paper palm-shaped leaves and brilliant blossoms, and myriads of flags. The people clustered most thickly on the prow of the rock fort and the streets near the palace. As they were garbed for the most part in white, with gorgeous headgear, the play of light on the brilliant turbans was delightful.

Through scenes thus recalling the wild Mahratta days the procession moved onwards to the palace at a walk. The spectacle as it passed under the gateway was extraordinarily picturesque. The State Lancers with dancing lance pennons lined the road, and the women crowding on the flat house-tops splashed the background with colour. Down this guarded way came the camels with their soft, swishing motion, mounted swordsmen, with their war-horns wailing and tom-toms beating erratically, more swordsmen in quilted doublets of purple and orange pántaloons, cavalry with squealing fifes, and footmen bearing the heraldic emblems of the State. Now the road was alive with showy chargers caparisoned in red and gold and silver, with bells on their backs and garters round their knees. These passed, and it was crowded with porters carrying gilded palanquins. Following the mounted band that played "God bless the Prince of Wales," were the State Lancers with fluttering pennons and gleaming lance points, and they in turn gave way to a powerfully-horsed battery in column of route.

Again the scene changed, and one stepped back a century in beholding a swarm of spearmen carrying enormous weapons and accompanied by raucous music, and then to the present again, when another mounted band

played up the Cadet Corps. The Maharaja maintains, amongst other educational institutions, two colleges for the sons of his Sirdars,—one to fit them for civil employ and the other to equip them for duty with the Imperial Service Troops. Both joined in furnishing this part of the escort, and uncommonly smart they looked, too, in uniforms of blue and white, well-mounted and sitting like soldiers. All this was but the prelude to the great feature of the day—the elephant procession. Round the bend in the road came the head of the column, two abreast,—His Royal Highness riding with the Maharaja, and the Princess of Wales with Major Daly, the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India. When the road was blocked with these monstrous beasts, shuffling along with their peculiar gait, their gay trappings glistening in the strong sunlight, it was indeed a vivid blaze of colour, and as they passed under the gateway the melodious notes of their silver bells pleasantly smote the ear. Through the gardens wound Their Royal Highnesses and their retinue, round the great courtyard of the palace, and so to the main entrance, where all dismounted. The Prince and Princess were so struck with their experience that they came to the front of the palace to see the painted monsters led away.

The palace at Gwalior is a huge, modern pile, in the Italian fashion, and washed the whitest of whites. But the hall, where the durbar was held soon after Their Royal Highnesses' arrival, is a more restful apartment, decorated in cream and gold, with some of the largest glass chandeliers ever made. The ceremony was quite unique in its way, combining a durbar with the formal and return visits, and was watched with keen appreciation by the Princess from the library. Having been received with all ceremony and conducted to the chair of state, His Royal Highness entered into close conversation with Scindia. The Maharaja personally presented his twelve leading Sirdars, commencing with little Sitolin—men in whom the Mahratta characteristics were very strongly marked. Then entered a solemn body of perfectly-drilled retainers who bore trays with the vessels containing *attar* and *pan* and gold-braided garlands, and the ceremonial ornaments and weapons to be presented to His Royal Highness, and laid them on the ground. The presents comprised beautifully embroidered cloths of every kind, the ornaments were studded with diamonds, and the weapons included everything from a bow and arrow to muzzle-loading gun. Outside were arrayed the ceremonial gifts of animals, five elephants and six horses. The Maharaja gave *attar* and *pan* to His Royal Highness, and put a handsome garland round his neck. The Prince garlanded the Maharaja in return, the gifts—for no gifts were accepted—were removed and the Prince left.



THE STATE ELEPHANTS, GWALIOR.